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BE COMFORTED.

Dedicated to the Bereaved of Brooklyn.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Be comforted! Our hearts are sick with sighing,
Our lives are sore with grief;
We mourn incessant for our dead and dying,
O hearts of unbelief!

The world is full of sorrow and of losses,
Of friends that part;
We bow beneath the weight of constant crosses,
O doubting heart!

Be comforted! Earth's shadowy recesses
His feet have trod;
His constant love each path of sorrow presses
Which leads to God.

He takes from us our treasured ones, our nearest
That may be found,
And then His hand, His loving hand and dearest,
Binds up the wound.

His face is sometimes stern, and sore denial
His features bear;
And, following Him, our souls grow faint with trial
And constant care.

And yet, His love enfolds us in its keeping
Through all our days,
And eyes that heavy are and dim with weeping
Shall see His ways.

Can we not trust Him with our earthly treasures
A little while?
His heart of love each fond affection measures,
His kindly smile

Shall still our hearts, worn with earth's grief and sorrow;
His hand restore,
Within the scope of heaven's undawned to-morrow,
Our lost once more, . . .

They all are there! He holds them in His keeping!
They are not dead!
His hand shall wipe from eyes grown dim with weeping
The tears unshed.

And so we trust Him, knowing that He leads us,
Our heavenly guide,
Content to wait until at last He needs us
Beyond the tide.

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

[For the better understanding of those of our readers who have not perused the opening chapters of this powerfully-written story, we herewith present a synopsis thereof. The story opens in that portion of the East-end of London familiarly known as Spitalfields—a locality where, in years gone by, resided the blue-blooded aristocracy of England, but whose almost deserted streets now present nothing suggestive of the part it played in the fashionable world of the past, save perhaps the huge, ancient-looking, worn and faded mansions of red brick and stone, with their massive oaken doors, spacious halls and immense rooms, reared and occupied by those who long ago forsook it for the more favored West-end. Into one of these time-blurred but still stately old piles, standing back in the corner of grass-grown Spital square, the author takes us, and here, in a large, dreary front room, with high iron-barred, dust-begrimed windows, a few long-neglected paintings upon the paneled walls, and some pieces of unwieldy, mouldering, antique furniture keeping company with a frayed Turkey carpet, we are introduced to two persons who figure prominently among the characters in the story. These are "Cli," a youth of fifteen, with a face wearing the expression of thirty, and whose dark, penetrating eyes indicate a troubled spirit; who, when first seen, is seated in a ponderous arm-chair before a small wood fire in a huge fire-place, awaiting the coming of his older companion, "Melchior," a tall, handsome man, slim of build, polished of mien, with eyes yet darker and more piercing than those of the pale-faced, dreamy lad, who rises to assist him in removing his heavy cloak. Dropping wearily into the chair mechanically placed before the fire by Cli, he proceeds to remove the wig and false forehead which has served as a disguise during the day, and we see that he has a clear, dark and a fair complexion, contrasting strangely with his intensely black eyes. These two, with an old wrinkled dame, are the sole occupants of this great, roomy, rambling, fast-decaying relic of the past, and there is an air of mystery enveloping them and their mode of life, which is only partially unraveled by the discovery, after they have discussed a frugal supper, and passed through a panel in the wall, down a winding stone staircase into a dark, cavernous, bewildering cellar, that the pair are engaged in the dangerous coining of counterfeits of the Queen's golden sovereigns. Here are a red-hot furnace, smelting-pots, crucibles, jars of chemicals, a pile of metals, and a machine for stamping coins, and, encased in iron armor, the two strange personages pursue their silently-plied craft until St. Paul's strikes the midnight hour, when the implements used in their unlawful business are laid aside, the shining but base metal representing five hundred sovereigns is carefully packed away, and they retire for the night. Rising at six o'clock the next morning, as is his custom, Melchior dresses himself neatly and with care, and, after pistol-practice at the straw figure of a man set up in a lower room, which serves to demonstrate his unerring aim, supplemented by a lesson to Cli in the art of fencing by way of an appetizer for breakfast, they proceed through a subterranean passageway into a ricketty old house standing in one of the dark courts out in the main thoroughfare, from which they pass unobserved, and in a moment mingle with the living stream. They now assume the relationship of brothers, and Cli is for the nonce known as "Ralph." In Chapter II the scene shifts to Rivershall, a stately old mansion standing in the midst of parks and meadows, overlooking the Thames—a grand old pile, which for many years has been the home of the tilted Melvilles. It is now occupied by Sir Ralph Melville—once the world a cold, reserved, haughty, proud man, but loved and respected by his tenants and the poor around Rivershall, and always tender, loving and gentle to the one creature who bears the name—Lily, a beautiful girl of fourteen. Sir Ralph has just finished his dinner, and is seated in his easy-chair before the glowing fire, when his old lawyer, Mr. Packer, whom he has sent for, is announced. From their conversation we learn that the Baronet's deceased brother, Sir William, bequeathed Rivershall to the heirs-male of his body, and upon the "He had male issue, as we know," says the lawyer, when he is stopped by Sir Ralph with "Enough, enough. Pray don't touch upon that question." The estate descended to the Baronet and his male issue, but in default of male issue it reverts, after his death, to Lady Melville, Sir William's widow, who receives £10,000 a year from the estate, and, should she survive Sir Ralph and Lily, she can claim to take the entire property. The Baronet's purpose in consulting the lawyer is to obtain his advice in regard to his right to some thousands upon the estate; and upon Mr. Packer informing him that, owing to Lady Melville's claim, he is debarred from touching the timber, the house or the land, but suggesting that "terms might be come to, as her ladyship is now in town," Sir Ralph indignantly refuses to make terms with the "woman who wrought my poor brother and my child ruin," and the appearance upon the scene at this moment of Lily dispels the fast-gathering mental storm indicated by the darkening frown upon the Baronet's face, and the hard-faced lawyer, as he withdrew from the room, received a kindly bow from his aristocratic client.]

CHAPTER IV.

With the lad's slight arm resting within his, Melchior walked leisurely to the top of Bishopgate street, and there with a gesture summoned a cab. Regent Circus was the direction given, and, rumbling and jerking along in the ordinary fashion, the light vehicle made its way from the East to the West.

The lad Cli, after watching with a slight, very slight, appearance of interest the passers-by and the gayly-decorated shops, sank back amongst the cushions, and relapsed into the same dreamy state in which we first saw him. His companion, though outwardly as indifferent to the ever-moving, ever-changing panorama before him, was in reality keenly noteful of every face and every house. His piercing and really beautiful eyes took in everything, though they appeared half hidden by the careless droop of the clearly pencilled eyebrows. Dismissing the cab at the Circus, Melchior once more drew his arm through his, then threaded his way along the crowded pavement with the mein and manner of one well acquainted with a fashionable throng.

We are writing of the early portion of the Victorian era, when the elegant and slightly pompous fashion of the Georges still clung to the aristocracy, and high collars, carefully adjusted stocks, regulation bows, cane, and elevation of the eyebrows were the order of the day. Fashionably, but not over-dressed, the man attracted no little attention, and the occupants of the carriages crawling slowly by in the long procession in the road eyed him through their gold eye-glasses and muttered approving criticisms. Nor did the pair pass unnoticed. Many a fair face turned back to look at his pale, finely-carved features, stamped with the strange, mournful and dreamy expression, and many were the comments murmured almost audibly upon his peculiar grace and bearing.

Seemingly perfectly unconscious of the attention they were attracting, though the slight curve of his nether lip would have betrayed him, Melchior lounged down the broad pavement with an easy, well-bred air, and, stopping as if on the impulse of the moment at a jeweler's shop-window, called the attention of the lad to some trinkets. Cli, with a slight start, looked at them silently.

"They are really very nice, Ralph," said Melchior approvingly. "They would suit you very well, I think. You want a set of studs. We will go in and see them," and, arm-in-arm, together they entered the shop.

The jeweler, with profound gravity, handed them chairs, and waited to receive their commands.

"There are some studs in the window—plain, set with diamonds. Have the goodness to let me see them."

The shopkeeper glided behind the counter and produced the tray.

Melchior, who with an indifferent air had commenced a conversation with the lad, was some minutes before he noticed that the articles were awaiting his inspection.

"Ah, there they are," he said, taking up the set he had admired. "Very pretty and neat. How do you like them, Ralph."

Then, turning to the shopkeeper, he said graciously:

"My brother's birthday. I am making him a small present."

The lad glanced at them and frowned, but remained silent.

"You like them?" said Melchior suavely. "So do I. What is their price?"

"Thirty guineas, sir," said the shopman.

"Oh, too expensive, eh, Ralph?" exclaimed Melchior. "Something about twenty, please."

The shopman produced several other sets at a lower price, but, of course, the first were preferred.

"Well, I suppose it must be these, Ralph," said Melchior with a brotherly and most benevolent smile.

The shopman, without giving him time to hesitate, commenced encasing them, and the generous brother opened his elaborately frogged coat and felt for his check-book.

"Dear me," said he, "I have left it at home. What a nuisance. I shall have to trouble you to send them, please."

"Oh, certainly, sir. What address?" asked the shopman.

Melchior pulled out a silver card-case, upon which was engraved in bas-relief a heavy and elaborate crest, and extracted a card.

"There, please," he said, "and send them soon. Your messenger can wait for the money."

The shopman, with fervent thanks, bowed his customers to the door, and watched them with grateful admiration as they passed down the street. Presently, however, they stopped and turned back, and Melchior, walking in, said:

"I have just remembered that I have some spare gold. My brother, with the impatience of youth, would rather carry his prize home than wait. Thirty pounds, I think," and he counted out thirty sovereigns upon the counter, saying as he did so: "I intended the gold for another purpose, but I must postpone it until to-morrow."

The shopman dropped the bright-looking coins into the till and handed Melchior the tiny but valuable parcel. Still, however, his customer lingered, patting his pocket with a thoughtful air.

"This gold is heavy," he murmured, "and, as I cannot pay the account, I may as well get rid of it." Then aloud to the jeweler: "Perhaps you can give me notes for fifty pounds? I wanted to buy up some bank-stock and bought gold, but, as I cannot do so until to-morrow, having broken into the amount, it would scarcely be safe in this crowd to carry the remainder about."

"Yes, sir," said the jeweler. "I will give you notes for it, certainly. Allow me, sir," and he took the bag which Melchior held in his hand.

On the bag was stamped the name of a well-known bank, and the jeweler, unsuspicious as a lamb, counted out the fifty pounds, and, with a polite bow, handed his courtly customer ten five-pound notes.

With these in his pocket, Melchior sallied out and rejoined the lad, and the two were soon lost in the crowd. Quickening their pace, they made their way towards the unsavory region of Seven Dials, the lad relapsing into his passive state and allowing himself to be led upon the arm of his companion whithersoever he chose, with perfect indifference. At the opening of an alley Melchior paused for a moment to point with admiring finger at a small cage of foreign birds displayed at the shop-door of a bird and dog fancier, and, while doing so, cast a keen glance up and down the street.

Finding themselves unperceived, he pressed Cli's arm lightly and glided into the passage. Once there he felt safe. A score of constables would fail to capture him now, for the alley was but the opening to a hive of subterranean passages, whose entries were the dimly-lighted and dust-obscured marine-store shops and old-curiosity depots. With a smile of calm but well-satisfied triumph, the handsome adventurer pushed aside a bundle of old clothes that prevented ingress to one of the shops, and, still retaining Cli's arm, entered.

Evidently he was not a stranger, for, without waiting the appearance of the owner, he gave a slight cough, and, threading his way through a perfect maze of piled and tattered garments, second-hand gallipots, wonderful medleys of old iron, tools, kitchen utensils and rickety, useless furniture, pushed open a small glass door, partially shrouded by the usual dirty screen, and entered the shop beyond. At the sound of his footsteps, something which would scarcely have been taken for a human being rose from a rickety, one-armed chair, and, limping forward with a most grotesque and slightly demoniac gait, exclaimed in a sharp, nasal tone, impossible to describe:

"What, my tear, ish it you? And my tear Cli! Ah, what a boy he ish! what a boy!" and lifting his rugged, dirt-thickened eyebrows up to the roots of his iron-gray and still dirtier hair, the old Hebrew rolled his eyes with admiring wonder.

"Yes, Mo," replied Melchior, seating himself in the chair the old man had vacated, and pulling another one forward for the lad, who sank into it and fixed his full dark eyes upon the old Jew with a thoughtful, speculating gaze. "We have just called in in a friendly way; passing, you know, simply passing," and he smiled a significant smile, which the old Jew responded to by wriggling his lank body like a snake, and distorting his monkeylike face till it was perfectly hideous and fiendish in its attempt at humor.

"Ha, ha! always will have your joke, my tear. A most charming sheentleman, Mishter Melchior, my sweet," and he turned his piercing eyes upon the lad.

Cli bent his eyes upon Melchior with a glance of calm inquiry, and, receiving no instructions by word or look, took no notice of the remark.

"And how is business, Mo?" asked Melchior, after the Jew had dragged a chair corresponding—at least in condition—to the one he had vacated.

"Business! There ish none!" retorted Mo, lifting up a pair of clawlike hands and shaking them like castanets before his face. "Do not speak of business, my tear! I alwvear I do not take a penny an hour. The Dials ish a-goin' to rack and ruin; such a fine place ash it was too!"

"Oh, the same old tune. You are a wonderful man, Mo, wonderful! I've heard you say the same words a hundred thousand times. What's this? This looks as if things are moving," and, with a sudden rapidity peculiarly his own, he stretched out a hand and seized a cloth that appeared to cover something on the table.

The old Jew sprang up as if moved by machinery, but too late to prevent Melchior taking up a small box and opening it.

"Ah, ah!" he said with a slight smile, "that's an improvement, Mo, a great improvement!" and with respectful care he lifted from its bed of white wool the wax model of a man's hand.

"Sh! ah!" hissed the Jew warningly, raising himself and peering through the glass door. "Don't shpeak so loud, my tear. Be careful, for goodness' sake, be careful!"

"Bah!" retorted Melchior, but in a lower key. "There's no business, you know, Mo, and no customers likely to drop in. Yes, that's very good; rather rigid, perhaps, but an improvement certainly. It's a clever dodge," and as he spoke he placed the hand upon the edge of the table and covered it at the wrist with his cloak. "In a bad light no one would suspect it to be other than the real thing. With a pair of those stuck well in view, who could guess that the real ones were hard at work picking one's pocket?" and, with a glitter of the eyes that was more malicious than mirthful, he laughed his strange, low laugh, which seemed, by some unaccountable reason, to move the Jew most unpleasantly.

Eagerly seizing the wax hand he replaced it in its box, and, glancing round the room with half-fearful eyes, muttered:

"Always have your joke, friend, always have your joke!"

"And who is that for, pray?" asked Melchior, leaning back in his chair, and toying with a diamond-mounted toothpick. "Slender Charley or the Marquis? They are both good at the hand-dodge, though both idiots at any other."

"Hush! my tear, hush!" exclaimed the Jew, once more looking round the room with such an apprehensive air that Melchior, rendered suspicious, bent his keen, piercing glance upon him, and then, with a suddenness that made Cli start, sprang from his chair, and, with a revolver in his hand, which might have got there by magic, so quickly and so secretly had it appeared, said in a low, stern voice, and with a fearfully composed face:

"My friend, you have someone in the room. I give him half a minute to show himself."

And there stood Cli, pale as death at the grotesque and terror-stricken face of the Jew.

"Holy Moses!" he exclaimed with chattering teeth. "Don't be so rash. My tear!" raising his voice and glancing at a corner of the room, "my tear! for Heavensch's sake, come out! Here's Mr. Melchior."

Melchior, without turning or dropping his pistol, glanced round in time to see the bundle of old clothes hanging up pushed aside, and a tall, well-dressed figure emerge from the ambush.

"Soh, Mr. Charley, you were playing spy, eh!" he said, still covering the pistol, but keeping it firmly grasped in his long, strong hand. "Do you think I didn't know you were hiding there? How long have I been blind or an idiot that you should try to hide your lanky frame behind a heap of Mo's stock in trade?"

The newcomer sat himself down on a corner of the table, and, with a peor effort at unconcern, drawled:

"No offense. Old Mo's doing, not mine. I've nothing to hide for. How are you?"

"Well that at Bow-street," retorted Melchior, with a pleasant smile, and utterly disregarding the inquiry as to his health. "And so this pretty piece of workmanship's for you, Charley." And he tapped the box with a jeweled finger. "Well, do it credit, that's all."

"Trust me," retorted the exquisite, with a languid smile. "It's not a bad make-up, eh?"

"Very good," said Melchior concisely. "But take care, my friend. The Philistines are getting sharp; a time will come—it may have come already—when they will understand the possibility of a man having four hands."

"Hem!" said Charley, not relishing the reminder. "One trick's as good as another till it's blown upon, I suppose. What are you doing now?"

"Nigh about the same business," replied Melchior, with the pleasantest smile imaginable.

The man colored and seemed inclined to resent the curt retort, but instead glanced at Cli, and, with a nod of calm approval, said:

"He's growing. How old is he? What are you going to do with him?"

"Caution him first against the fatal habit of impertinent curiosity. Next, perhaps, teach him how to resent it when he meets with it in other people," replied Melchior sweetly.

"Ah!" sneered Charley. "You are in a good humor this morning, Mr. Melchior; too keen and pleasant for me. I'll leave Mo to enjoy it all to himself. Good-morning."

And, with a bow of mock humility, he lounged out, having received a nod of calm superiority from his opponent.

Old Mo had evidently been in a state of deep anxiety and disquietude, rubbing his hands together, scratching the pimples and warts upon his chin, shuffling his feet upon the mixture of carpet and dirt that lined the floor, and muttering at particularly short intervals.

"My tears, my tears," he ventured to remonstrate; "he's a goot boy, Mr. Melchior, a very goot boy. You're too sharp on him, my tear."

"Charley's too fast, Mo, too fast," replied Melchior quietly. "The curb does him good; and now I want a word with you. Cli, there's an old favorite of yours in the corner there. Go and renew acquaintance."

And he pointed to a large quarto edition of the "Arabian Nights," which lay on the several other dust-covered books in an old cabinet.

The lad rose, and, taking his chair into the corner, was soon lost to the presence of the other two.

Leaning forward in his chair, Melchior commenced a rapid conversation with the Jew, evidently laying before him some plan or scheme which met with Mo's approbation, for at intervals he chuckled with enjoyment and rubbed his hands with a grotesque air of delight and admiration.

"And now," said Melchior, "here are some specimens."

And he drew from his pocket several sheets of paper upon which were traced, with great skill and exactness, copies of the headings of newspapers, bill-forms and other printed and engraved matter.

The Jew eyed them through his spectacles with the greedy scrutiny of a vulture examining his prey, and then looked up with a mumble of satisfaction.

"Beautiful, my tear, beautiful, my tear," he muttered, glancing at the lad—not for the first time. "And he so young too! What will he be when he growsh up?"

A dark frown passed like a thunder-cloud across Melchior's face.

"What I choose to make him," he replied in a low but stern voice.

The old Jew bowed, with hand, eyebrows and head.

"Of courash, of courash, my tear! But it is wonderful! And—well—there is no difficulty, you think, in getting him to do it? He is not an obstinate boy, hem, eh?

Melchior smiled.

"If I told him to cut your disreputable throat, my friend, he would not hesitate so much as to ask how!"

The Jew drew back with a horrified glance at the unconscious Cli.

"Holy Moses! Well, well, it is wonderful, wonderful. To think now, my tear, that he should be such a goot boy; never to ask 'who ish my fathersh, my mothersh?' Where did I come from ——?"

"Enough," interrupted Melchior sternly. "Leave the lad to me. You think this will do—and you are ready to back me?"

"To the death, my tear," eagerly replied the Jew.

Melchior smiled significantly.

"No, I follow you there," he said; "and now for a make-up. That stupid jeweler will be biting my pretty little medals by this time. We must have a change."

The Jew nodded and limped to an old wardrobe.

"What shall it be, my tear?"

"Nothing there," replied Melchior decisively. "They are all used up long ago. Let it it be something clerical."

The Jew nodded and limped from the room, returning presently with some clothes upon his arm. These Melchior donned with his usual rapidity, and having adjusted a wig over his golden hair, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, he was transformed, with a completeness not only of costume, but of gait and manner, into the model of a sedate clergyman.

"Excellent! mosht excellent!" croaked the Jew, standing to gaze at him. "The Reverend Mishter Barlow, my tear, to the T! And now for my tear child, Cli—what shall we do?"

"Give me that cloak," said Melchior.

And, taking one from the hand of the Jew, he enwrapped the lad in it.

"Now a little powder, Mo—just a *soupcon*, for he is almost pale enough already. There! The Reverend Mr. Barlow and his invalid pupil! Mo, a coach!"

CHAPTER V.

Beware! dark are the tresses of her raven hair,
And deeply dark her eyes;
Sweet is her smile, but in her heart
Deep, dark destruction lies.

Entering the coach at some little distance from the alley, ——"You can't be too careful, my tear," said Mo, and Melchior had nodded approvingly—Melchior gave the coachman the name of a well-known and aristocratic establishment in Regent street, and, with an air of clerical amiability and suavity, leant back amongst the cushions.

Cli, upon whom no disguise donned by his companion, however strange, seemed to have effect, asked, speaking for the first time and in the strange musical tone at once so youthful and meditative:

"Where are we going?"

"To lunch, my dear lad," replied Melchior, with a benevolent smile over his spectacles, and the very tone and gesture of the character he was assuming. "It is a principle with him, and one Cli was well acquainted with, to keep up as much assumed character in manner, speech and gait—in every particular indeed—for the whole time the disguise was worn, and notwithstanding the absence of necessity.

"Do not pretend," he had once said to the lad, and Cli never forgot any commmand or injunction, "to deceive others, but be sure you deceive yourself, and it is easy to deceive others. Always, when in disguise, act as if the audience in a large theatre were focussing you with their opera-glasses. Only by such careful practice can you hope to succeed."

Consequently, though alone with his tool, dupe, or accomplice, whatever the strange lad might be, he was as careful to play his part as he could be before the outer world. Satisfied with the reply, Cli sank back again, and remained silent till the coach stopped before a well-known cafe.

"Here's a good man," said Melchior, placing a double fare in the coachman's hand. "Please to wait, will you?"

Pushing open the all, swinging door, Melchior entered the large saloon and, choosing a quiet corner conveniently screened, took his seat, and, bringing a chair with a fatherly air for the lad, pulled off his gloves and looked round for a waiter. The carte presented on a silver salver with a respectful bow, his reverence conned it carefully and marked the dishes and the order of their appearance with the air of an epicure. Beyond some soup and a small piece of chicken, Cli ate nothing, though much pressed by his reverend guardian, who took care to give the impression he desired to his near neighbors.

"My dear lad, you eat nothing! I thought the drive would have given you an appetite. Nay, nay; endeavor to eat a little cutlet. No? Well, well, you will be strongeri n a little while."

And with a cheerful nod he returned to his own dishes, leaving Cli to examine the gorgeously decorated saloon and its occupants at his leisure.

The talking in the room was carried on in a well-bred undertone, and Melchoir, though not so regardless of it as he looked, could only catch a word here and there. Presently, however, just as he had produced his purse and was looking round to summon the waiter the doors opened and two gentlemen entered. oth were handsome men—one dark, the other fair. They strolled up the room with the peculiar and languid, self-composed gait of men of fashion, and quietly took their seats at the table behind the screen. The quick eyes of the mock clergyman had taken in both figures at a glance, and a certain but not perceptible glint had flashed between the spectacles as they approached. He covered the purse with his hand, and, looking another way when the waiter came up, seemed to have decided upon remaining a little longer.

"The carte," said the dark gentleman in a deep, grave voice. "Now, shall I mark for you, Claude?" he added, addressing his companion.

"Yes, do," drawled the fair one wearily. "Don't let it be heavy, though, for I am scarcely up to it this morning."

"Hem! clear soup and a trifle, eh?"

The other nodded.

"And the wines?" aked the waite

"Amontillado and Chablis."

With a low bow the man withdrew noiselessly.

He who bore the name of Claude leant back with a smothered yawn.

"You seem done up this morning," remarked his friend. "What was it last night, loo or ecarte?"

"Neither," replied the other, with a low laugh.

"No play?" was the retort. "That was hard for you, mon ami!"

"No," drawled Claude. "The balls of destruction moved in vain last night. I was at Clinton square."

"Clinton square—where?"

"At her ladyship's," was the reply. "She returned some days since, and received last night."

His companion raised his dark brows with a look of mild astonishment.

"So soon! Had Paris no charms, Milan no delights, Venice no moonlight, or Mont Blanc no snow?"

"Heaven knows; I did not ask," retorted Claude. "It was enough for me that she was here. She may be gone to-morrow—to-night; one takes her as she flies, like the rooks."

"Or the eaglets," said his friend.

"Well, yes, she is as restless as either—and as untamable."

"And how looks her ladyship?"

"As beautiful, as young ——"

"As proud as ever?" broke in the other softly.

Claude nodded.

"I saw little of her. The saloon was filled. A score or two of courts, the duke, and a hatful of the elite. Why were you not there?"

"Because ——" commenced the other. Then suddenly broke off to ask: "Did she inquire for me?"

"Of course. 'Where is Lord Harcourt?' was her first question when I made my bow. It was not pleasant or flattering, but I am so used to play my jackal to your lion, my dear Harcourt, that I managed to smile and look amiable while replying that I believed you were at that moment playing ecarte at the club."

"Ah," said the other, after a pause. "And how did she take it?"

"How should she?" asked the other sarcastically. "Smiled sweetly for a moment, looked over my head into vacancy for the next, and, before a third could fly, was gliding towards the duke."

Lord Harcourt smiled.

"Unchanged. Claude, there you are matched, and, what is more, beaten. Leonora Melville is too strong for you!"

"And you?" asked his friend with a sneer.

Lord Harcourt bowed.

"Pardon me, one cannot be victor or vanquished if he does not play."

"True," said Claude Ainsley; "but it is wonderful how a man can keep from the cards, knowing that fortune has dealt them for him."

Lord Harcourt smiled a strange smile.

"Sometimes the game is not worth the candle, mon ami—I say sometimes ——"

"And you mean 'now,'" interrupted the other. Then, in a still lower key: "Do you tell me that Leonora is not worth playing for? Do superlative wealth, beauty — aye, and youth—go for nothing? She is the leader of ton, the richest party in London, the most intellectual, and, rarer still, alas! the most virtuous."

One more the calm, cold sneer came that spoke more than volumes.

Claude Ainsley almost rose from his chair, languid, well-bred man of fashion though he was.

"Harcourt," he breathed, "you slander her."

"And you dupe yourself, my dear fellow," was the retort, in the same low key. "Listen. You know Lady Melville, the beautiful and powerful? I know her as something else less fortunate."

The other nodded eagerly.

"I thought," he said, "Harcourt, you knew her in le past; but you are so silent, so close, so immovable. Do you tell me that——"

"Nothing save this, and perhaps a dozen other men with as many years on their heads might tell you the same: Lady Melville was once plain Leonora Burton, the daughter of a poor clergyman down somewhere in the fens of Lincolnshire. Her title is new to her, comparatively; that is; her beauty was her birthright. Daughters of such hid-away clergymen must marry, and Leonora Burton was to marry a young fellow, half Spanish, half English, tutor to the son of a country squire. But Leonora Burton was ambitious as well as beautiful, and, when Sir William Melville took the shooting at Mudcorne, the beautiful Leonora became the faithless. That is, she preferred poor Melville's paint, wig, false teeth, and thirty thousand a year to the devoted young tutor who was to have the divine felicity of espousing her.

"She deserted her old lover and married the new. Sir William and her ladyship started for the Continent; the forsaken started no one knew whither. At any rate, he never came back. From the day of the wedding, when I believe he stood at the church door to speed the happy couple with a good, hearty anathema, he was lost to this mundane world.

"Sir William and Lady Melville started for the Continent, did the regular Swiss round, and returned to London. Thence, at the close of the season, they went to the family-seat, Riversball, in Berkshire, and there settled down quietly for a time.

"Presently, some twelve months after their marriage, a son and heir was born, and the Riversball bells rang for twenty-four consecutive hours in honor and for joy of the event. Two days later, the same bells were tolling in misery and sorrow for another. The old baronet had been shot while taking his constitutional upon the grand terrace. There was a terrible outcry, and a corresponding intensity of confusion, in the midst of which the son and heir suddenly disappeared. How and when, not a soul of the hundreds who filled the great place could tell.

"He had disappeared—simply gone, vanished, fled! The nurse who saw him last had left him sleeping in his belaced cot. After an absence of five minutes she had returned to find the cradle empty and the precious infant gone.

"Somebody says 'murder will out.' I suppose this will some day; but the murderer of the old man, and the abductor of the child—one and the same, no doubt—has had a comfortable fifteen years of it to make himself scarce in.

"The fine old estate was left by Sir William, in default of male issue, to his brother, Sir Ralph—that stern, haughty old fellow you see sometimes at the 'Travelers'. Lady Melville's income of ten thousand a year comes out of it, however, and if anything happened to Sir Ralph and that beautiful little girl of his the whole would fall into my lady's handsome hands. Of course there is the bitterest enmity between Sir Ralph and her ladyship. He could never forgive her for daring to marry Sir William, and she could never forget that, had not the boy been stolen, he would be the lord and master of Riversball. For some years she expected the missing boy to turn up, but now she concludes, I presume, that he is dead."

"But what has this to do with Leonora Melville's honor?" asked Claude Ainsley, watching his companion with ill-concealed anxiety, as he paused and leisurely sipped his Chablis.

"This was merely an interval, as they say on the programmes," replied his lordship coolly. "Her ladyship, who was only eighteen, and a shoe girl, took the loss of her husband and child to heart. She went into convulsions, hysterics, or whatever else you please, and from them easily glided into a dangerous fever.

"People with fevers talk. She did, and in her delirium told what she ought not to have told to any save the dead in the family-vault. Better to have married the young tutor after all, than play both him and Melville false. She came round, however, and—only eighteen, remember—got over both bereavements, re-entered the world, and made victims of you, my dear Claude, and some hundred other poor butterflies."

For a moment the silence that followed the low, cold whisper was unbroken.

Claude Ainsley was too polished to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but there were drops upon its forehead that revealed how much the concise, pitiless narrative had appalled him.

"But—but the rumors—how did the world take them?"

"As it should, mon ami—politely. Delirious invalids are not accountable for their ravings. Her ladyship was young, beautiful, with ten thousand a year, and, consequently, the model of all the virtures."

"And the assassin—were no steps taken?"

"Every step possible, but without success. He disappeared as thoroughly and completely as this."

And, with a gesture, he drank off a glass of wine. The other sat for a few moments with his eyes bent upon the ground in meditation; suddenly he raised them, and said:

"One question more, Harcourt. Why do you so dislike her?"

"Dislike the beautiful Leonora?—shame!" retorted his lordship. "Well, if you must know, my dear Claude, for this reason: I was the first victim of her ladyship's Circslike art. I fell in love ——"

"You!" said the other incredulously.

"Yes, I," nodded his lordship, "for the first and only time. Fourteen years ago, my friend, I was young and foolish. Her ladyship took a fancy to me. I had a heart then; but she ——"

And here he took up the delicate wine-glass between his fingers and crushed into a dozen pieces, adding, with a quiet smile, as he broke it:

"Waiter, the bill, and put this glass down."

While it was being discharged, the clergyman at the next table awoke from a peaceful slumber, and, with a slight start and "Dear me, I was nearly falling asleep," called for his bill, discharging it, and rising at the same moment as his neighbors.

Indeed, so exactly timed were the movements of the two parties, that there was a slight crowding at the door, and a reverence, with that sweet humility which should, but unfortunately does not always, distinguish the cloth, slipped aside with a polite bow, to allow the two exquisites to pass.

They, with well-bred salutation, of course refused, and, after a slight hesitation and a benevolent smile, particularly bestowed upon his lordship, the reverend gentleman, with his pupil's hand upon his arm, passed out.

The two gentlemen, Lord Harcourt and Mr. Claude Ainsley, were evidantly well known; for, as they stood on the pavement before a cabriolet, lighting their cigars, several salutes were received from the occupants of carriages, and answered, and the reverend gentleman, while assisting his pupil into the coach, was not surprised to hear that the order given to the smart tiger was:

"To the Drive."

It seemed to suggest to him that he couldn't do better than to follow so good an example, and, in a loud undertone, he gave the coachman the same direction, seating himself so that he could with a little trouble keep the handsome cabriolet in view.

The Drive was full—it was the fashionable hour—and there was much pushing, shouting and jerking. Too much for the worn-out steed dragging the clergyman's coach, for, after several ominous slips, he gave way and fell.

There was a stoppage, with increased shouting, and confusion immediately. Footmen jumped down from their perches—coachmen scrambled, and my lords and gentlemen thrust their heads out of windows and expostulated.

In the midst of it the coach-door opened, and the clergyman stepped out, followed by the lad, who had not heard, or certainly had not obeyed, the whispered command:

"Stay there!"

After a great deal of pushing, twisting and advicegiving, the poor hack was got upon his four legs again, and the line suddenly commenced to move.

So suddenly, indeed, that Melchior had only time to slip into the coach, and Cli was left behind. For a moment he was confused, and before he could determine upon which side he should run, a pair of splendid bays came down upon him and threw him to the ground. A shriek clove the babel of sounds as the coachman pulled up the horses, and a gentleman rose in the carriage, which was an open one, to ask what was the matter. Before he could get any information, a little girl at his side had leaned over and caught sight of the lad lying in Melchior's arms, and, with a pitiful cry, had opened the carriage door and leaped out. The gentleman, with an exclamation of alarm and warning, followed her. The little girl, stooping over Cli, clasped her tiny hands together and burst into tears.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she cried, "he's killed. Oh, papa, papa!"

At the sound of her voice Cli opened his dark, wonderful eyes, and looked u at her face. Perhaps coming back so suddenly from the land of the twin-brother of Death, he really still thought himself out of the world and in the presence of an angel, for his large, mournful eyes looked into the sweet, angelic face of the girl-child with an expression of wondering awe most peculiar and intense. The low cry of delight that escaped from the perfectly-formed lips at the sign of his recovery awakened him to reality, and, with a sigh, the expression gave place to a mournful wistfulness.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the gentleman. "Allow me, sir, to assure you of my deep regret that this accident should have occurred to your son through the restlessness of my horses. Pray exchange your coach for my carriage—he will rest easier there, and we may be able to reach assistance more quickly."

Melchior, who through it all had maintained his assumed character, bowed with feigned embarrassment and distress.

"Thank you, sir, most kindly. But really you were not to blame. My pupil was unwise enough to alight from the coach, notwithstanding my request that he should remain. He is recovering, thank Heaven! and I don't think he has received any harm. With all gratitude for your kind offer, I think I will return with him."

And, with a low bow, which the gentleman returned, urging his entreaty meanwhile, Melchior regained the coach.

There his calmness changed to severity. Turning to the lad, who had escaped by a miracle all injury but the fright, he said sternly:

"Cli, make your next attempt at suicide when I am absent. Your folly might well have been fatal, not only to yourself, which matters little, but to me. Why did you not remain here?"

"I did not hear you desire me to do so."

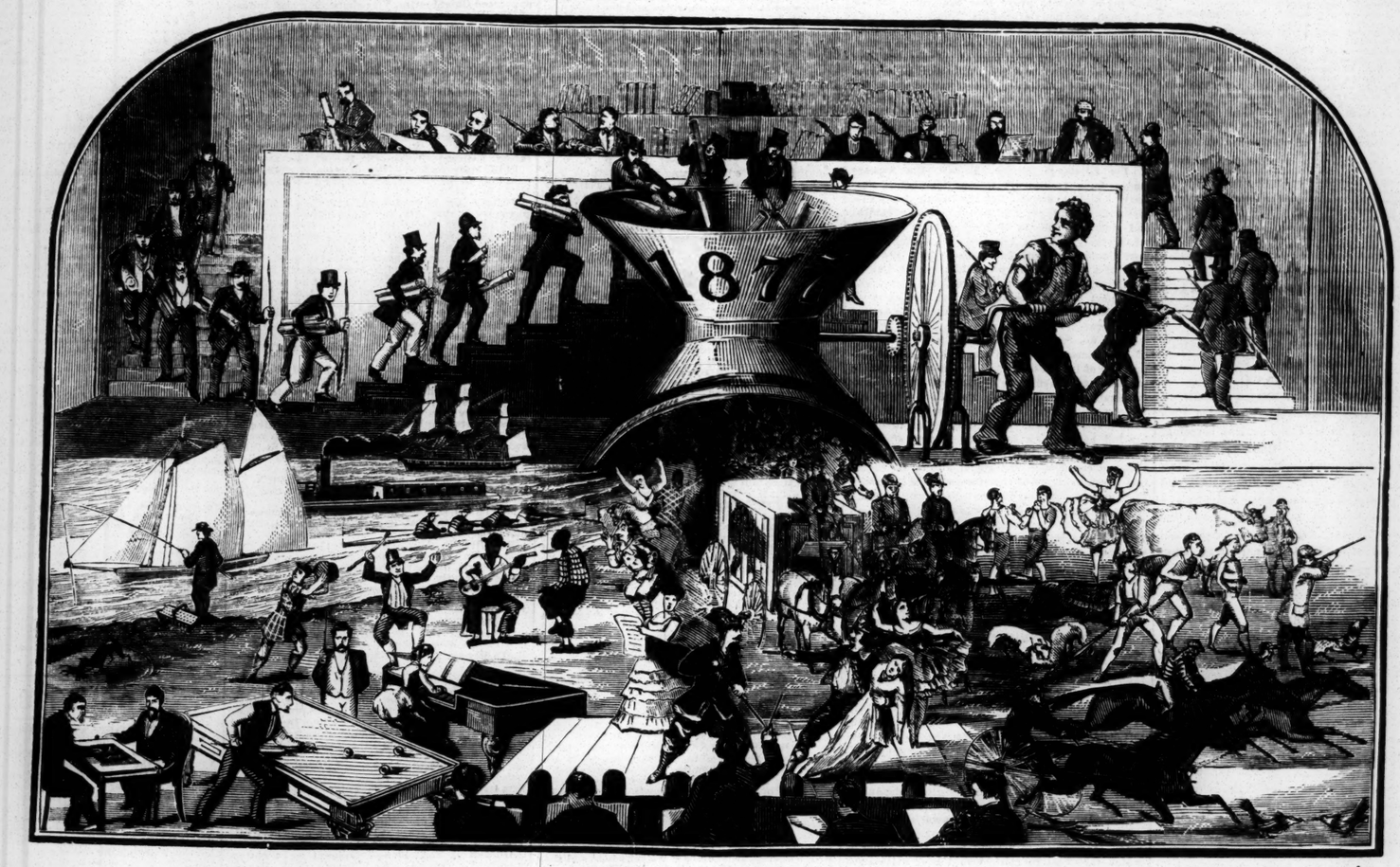
"The excuse is worse than the folly. Enough. For the future be keener of ear and more acute of eye. Only fools are willfully blind and deaf."

The lad made no reply, but shrank into a corner of the coach, and once more relapsed into his dreamy state, but this time there was less of vacancy in his rapt gaze, for the shadowy form of a child, with an angel's face, was flitting across his fancy—flitting now but slowly, growing upon the mirror within his heart, and shining there a star, peerless, seraphic, the one gleam of light in his dark, mysterious existence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GRIST TO THE MILL.

The Clipper Corps and Clipper Contributors Commencing the New Year.



THAT BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
That flies in your face wherever you go,
That's a-packed and whirled in the dizzy street
Till it blinds your eyes and freezes your feet.
It's all very fine, this beautiful snow,
If you've cash in your pocket and somewhere to go;
But the poet was born in the Summer, I know,
Who finds something pretty in beautiful snow.

Beautiful, is it, eh? "Beautiful snow!"
The thermometer just three degrees below,
Your "benjamin" "hocked," not a cent in your "*kick*,"
And beautiful snow till you can't see a brick
In the sidewalks around, in this dreary old town;
And that "beautiful snow" is still coming down.
Oh, had I a room, with a fire aglow,
I could envy the one who wrote "Beautiful Snow."

Beautiful, is it, eh? "Beautiful snow,"
When it falls on a sinner with nowhere to go?
It seems to me now (I'm a practical man,
And no love-sick damsel or innocent lamb,
Therefore I can not be expected, you know,
To stand on my head about "beautiful snow")—
It seems to me, though, that this poet should go
And bury himself in his "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, fickle as love!"
Well, I wish they would keep it in heaven, not throw
So much down on earth of that beautiful snow.
"Pick up a pure flake!" How can they say so?
See how it sticks; it *never* will go.
March, April and May may come and may go,
And still we'll be beat with that beautiful snow.

BILLY DEVERE.

A SINGULAR FIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In old Virginia, when peace and plenty dwelt in common, the Rock Bridge Alum Springs was a famous resting-place for the planters of the Sunny South and the farmers of tide-water Virginia. At times there were as many as fifteen hundred guests under the roof of the great hotel at the same time, and it was at a time like this, in the middle of August, that a party were lounging in the neighborhood of the billiard-room, when one of them spied a blacksnake coiled upon the edge of the creek. "Let us kill him," says one, and no sooner said than out came a pistol barrel, and primed but as the party was about to take aim, Col. Winston, an old Virginia farmer, protested against killing the harmless reptile. As he said, "It was part

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

G. J. Z., Cohoes.—The reason is that it was our decision that was called for. Until about ten months ago, that game was not mentioned in the book you refer to, which is printed for sale and contains anything that comes handy. This paper has had to give decisions for years on that game. The book-maker should have framed his rules, when at last he printed them, so as to conform to decisions already given. You have the same right that he has to devise rules and print them, but it does not at all follow that we must change our decisions to agree with whatever you may choose to print. As to this particular case, we will now give you a reason for *our* decision. Sancho and pedro are both innovations upon the game of auction-pitch. High, low, jack, and game has for a century been a settled method of counting. They are counted in this order because there must be some sort of precedence; but they would not be so counted if the jack or the game reckoned for two points, to one for low or high. So, if sancho and pedro each counted the same, pedro might well be reckoned first, because it was introduced into the game a little while before sancho was. But when two cards have a different value, is it not absurd to count the lower one before the higher? Finally, a game that was originally pedro has successively become sancho-pedro, don-sancho-pedro, and bunko-don-sancho-pedro. By-and-bye, it is expected, a fifteen spot will be rung into it, and two or three years afterwards somebody will print a book requiring the five-spot to be counted before the fifteen. If you will look in your "book," you will find no line treating of "bunko" or of "don," and yet "bunko" has been a part of the game for more than a year.

OLD READER.—1. We are in doubt as to whom you refer in three or four instances. If we understand you correctly, you are covering a period that dates back to 1854; and in the interval there have been several ladies on the American stage bearing the surnames of three or four of those you mention. It is of little or no assistance to give us their Christian names, because many actresses are billed by their surnames only, and it even happens occasionally that the names are identical throughout. Therefore, to save us trouble, and to insure correct answers, you will kindly give us the line of business of each, and also tell us where they were playing when you last heard of them. We think it is about twenty-one years since you heard of one of them. 2. As to the others, concerning whom there can be no mistake (unless possibly you mean, instead of Maria Barton, her sister Julia), Lina Windel, we think, is in Europe; Mrs. Coleman Pope is living in retirement in Indianapolis; Marie Boniface still follows the profession, and a few weeks ago acted in Newark, N. J.; Maria Barton became Mrs. C. T. Smith, and died in St. Louis, Mo., in 1863; and Miss Rose France is in retirement.

NEWARK.—You could not get a new cloth for the smaller sum named, and could scarcely get a set of balls. Those things you see advertised are not billiard-tables. Some of them are merely toy-tables for children, while others are simply pine-boards covered with baize, which are to be set on a dining or work table. You would be disgusted with either at the end of two weeks, and could yourself make as good a one (barring the "finish") for less money than you could buy it. As to a regular billiard-table, see our advertising columns.

J. F., Three Rivers.—1. All vessels are not obliged to have pilots. 2. A pilot is useless except when nearing or leaving ocean-ports, and except on a few rivers, such as the East River, this city, and the Mississippi. 3. Every man who steers a vessel is a pilot literally, though aboard ship he may be called "helmsman," "wheelsman," or "captain." Then, again, there are regular or licensed pilots who never touch the steering apparatus, who simply give orders, and are, in fact, for the time being commanders of the vessel.

IDIOT.—Were an attempt made to get Norton's saloon down fine, it might be ascertained that it is exactly on neither the northeast nor the northwest corner; but for the purpose of this bet, which is as to whether it is on the northeast or the northwest corner, it is on the northeast, though it seems to anyone but a Ninth-warder to be on the northwest. It is pretty near time that this "landlord's game" was played out, and that Chatham and Pearl streets should come into play again.

UNCLE TOM.—1. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced in Purdy's National Theatre, July 18, 1853, J. B. Howe was not in the original cast, but he subsequently acted St. Clair after G. C. Howard withdrew. 2. G. C. Germon acted Uncle Tom; Mr. Siple, George Harris; Mrs. W. G. Jones, Eliza; Mrs. G. C. Howard, Topsy; and G. C. Howard, St. Clair. 3. It was played until April 19, 1854, and after that was acted three evenings and Wednesday and Saturday matinees until May 13, 1854.

D. C., Phila.—The ace of hearts can always be withheld from certain cards, just the same as the jack or the five-fingers can. The two last-mentioned cards can only be withheld because they are trumps. It follows that, were they always trumps, they could always be withheld. Therefore, any card that can be withheld when some other suit is trump can be withheld, unless otherwise provided for, when its own suit is trump. There has never been any such exceptional provision.

L. F., Belleville.—If you mean the three largest cities in the United States, in point of population, they are New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. Of the American cities of note, Philadelphia is the largest in area. The area of cities is of little account. Rome, N. Y., is larger in this respect than Philadelphia, or even London, Eng.; and there are cities in the West, such as Chicago, with a prairie on one side of them, that, if area without population were of any account, could be extended almost out of sight.

PALACE ROYAL, St. John.—Calling the value of a hand at poker is of no account whatever, for this reason: Suppose A called a full hand; B would not take his word for it, but would demand that the cards be shown. As a man cannot win on the mere call, he cannot lose. There must be a show of cards, unless the antagonist is willing to waive that formality.

A FRIEND, Philadelphia.—The report was sent by our correspondent, and we presume the fact that the lady had been previously married was established in court. The report has been widely circulated in various journals, and the lady has not as yet publicly denied it. The correction should be over the lady's own signature.

INQUIRER.—1. Joe Coburn and Jim Mace fought 12 rounds in 2 hours 38 minutes, near Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 30, 1871. It was declared a draw. 2. We have no knowledge of such a challenge having been issued. 3. Heenan challenged Morrissey shortly after their fight in Canada, in 1858.

M. G., Camp Baker.—Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown were the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-president in 1872. They were also the candidates of the Liberal Republicans. Charles O'Conor was nominated by a wing of the Democracy, but he was not a candidate on election-day.

CONSTANT READER.—Cards composed of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are not necessarily a flush, though they always form a straight. A straight composed of 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 will beat them. If both hands should be flushes, as well as straights, the result is the same. A straight with an ace and a five-spot in it is the lowest in the pack.

ONE OF YOUR READERS, Phila.—If the stakes were $100, we would prefer, before giving a decision, to have it asked for by both parties. A *decision* given at the request of but one of the parties to the dispute would not affect the stakes, and to give a mere *opinion* at this "stage of the game" might prejudice the case.

W. H. B., Urbana.—1. The shot is fair, and the pocketed ball counts. 2. Of course, a player can claim the game when he is 61 and a scratch. This is not what you mean to ask, probably. Assuming that the game is two handed, and also that one of the players has no scratch, then the player who has 61 with a scratch cannot claim the game.

B. C. G., St. Louis.—Miss Neilson was the wife of Philip Lee, from whom, we believe, she is now divorced. About 33 years old. She never ran away with the Prince of Wales. No actor traveled with her last season continuously. Eben Plympton is engaged to travel with Miss Neilson, and act the opposite leading male characters.

P. M.—The odds A gave B and C is to be deducted from the score of each, and the lowest man of those two loses the game. What A gave B counts against A himself, and not against C; and the same applies to the odds A gave C. Having made 57, A is clear.

M. H. C., Newark.—For a tumbleronicon, use cut-glass goblets. The quantity of water used in each will regulate its tone. You can use your fingers, moistened with water, to elicit the tones, or a stick covered with a thin piece of rubber or silk, and then moistened with water.

R. H. C., Richmond.—Are you certain that the date you give is correct—Aug. 17, 1857? We have examined the paper of that week and several others, both before and after, but can find no report of any jig-dance in Toronto for a medal and the championship of Canada.

M. B., Chicago.—1. At euchre, a player who has not a trump is at liberty to order up the dealer. 2. The best three stand-forward jumps of which we have a record is 34ft. 3in., by C. A. Bennet, at San Francisco, Cal. The best standing high jump is 4ft. 10in., made in England.

D. S. C.—Three trays at raffles do not count seventeen, but they will beat exactly seventeen, and will also beat any nine that is not made up of three trays. In other words, nothing but three fours, fives, or sixes will beat three trays.

THREE READERS.—When a player revokes, and does not correct it until after the man behind him has played, the latter, if he has been misled by the card constituting the revoke, can take back the off card he had played in default of having suit, and can "rough" the trick.

OLD READER, Cleveland.—B, who expressly assumed the negative (not the converse) of A's proposition, is the winner. A's bargain was that he himself would win at least eleven games out of twenty. B did not agree to win more than ten.

J. C., Fort Lincoln.—There is never any fixed price for beef, at retail, in this city. That is, there is no standard, butchers varying in price on the same block, even. Some few of the papers publish a list of prices-current weekly, but it is deceptive.

F. W. T., Boston.—Unless he had a ten in his hand when he made "ten" more for his partner, his side loses the game. If he had that ten in his hand, then he need not have taken in his kings.

WARNER & JAMES, Elyria.—In a minstrel show the first piece of music played is the overture, and that piece only is so designated. The other selections sung before the olio are as a whole called the first-part. James wins.

STAKEHOLDER, Dayton.—The vote in Albany County was—for Tilden, 17,642; for Hayes, 16,462; Peter Cooper, 90. Tilden's majority, 1,090. We have not the vote of the city proper.

SUBSCRIBER.—When "Rosedale" was first produced in Wallack's Theatre (his present one) Sept. 30, 1863, Mrs. Hoey acted Lady May. She continued a member of the company there until 1864, when she retired from the stage.

F. M. C.—The Chicago Club came near defeat in a game at Wilmington, in June, when the Quickstep led them 5 to 1 on a four-inning game, stopped by rain. They were only defeated, however, by the Stars of Syracuse.

P. J. D., Brooklyn.—The statement was correct. The White Star steamer Britannia made the passage from Queenstown, Ireland, to New York in 7 days 13 hours 11 minutes, mean time, arriving Nov. 4, 1876.

CONSTANT READER.—She was born in this city in 1830, and has been on the stage since June 2, 1851. We do not answer questions concerning the private domestic affairs of professional ladies. Married Oct. 15, 1868.

SCRIBBLER, Albany.—Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., it is estimated, will hold 3,800. The Bolshoi Theatre, St. Petersburg, Russia, is estimated to hold 5,000. We cannot say which is the largest theatre in the world.

M. F. A., Hartford.—No answers by mail. Write to Charles Gayler in care of this office. He can dramatize the work. Apply to one of the dramatic agents in this city to secure a leading man.

ANON, Chicago.—The reason that "The Comedy of Errors" is so seldom performed is because it is difficult to find two comedians who can satisfactorily act the two Dromios.

CONSTANT READER.—It is a matter of opinion. Both are good. Miss A. Hathaway, formerly an actress in the Bowery Theatre in this city, is now living in retirement in the West.

TOM, East Joplin.—The fight between Heenan and Morrissey took place at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

WILLIMANTIC.—1. John Morrissey was never defeated in the ring, but he was beaten by Bill Poole in a rough-and-tumble fight. 2. Billy Wilson never lost a ring battle, but he beat Jim Stewart and Ned Hughes.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, Reading.—A jack fairly turned at seven-up always counts, whether the cards run out or the same suit has been passed before the jack was turned. No answers by mail.

LEMONS.—The player is out on his call. If such a player cannot call out, then the other never can; and if both reach the game point, and neither has called out, how can either have won?

H. R.—More than thirty horses have repeatedly started for the Derby, there being 31 in Merry Monarch's year, 32 in Cossack's year, 33 in Teddington's, and 34 in Caractacus' year.

M. V. F., Kansas City.—There is no such standing offer that we know of, and there ought not to be, for it is all one-sided. You might be able to get someone to bet you $500 that you could not eat a quail a day for thirty days.

C. T. H., Chicago.—Chicago first, Hartford second, and St. Louis third is the standing of the League clubs in the pennant race of 1876.

BASEBALL.—A wins both his bets on St. Louis beating Boston, and Hartford beating St. Louis; but he loses on the Athletic beating Boston.

J. C. FORD, Boston.—Homer Lane was declared the winner of a wrestling match with J. H. McLaughlin at Oneida, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1868.

W. H. S., Chicago.—Your letter did not arrive in season to answer in our last issue. The arrangement you propose will answer.

A. B., Columbus.—No answers by mail. Letters addressed to the several persons named, in care of this office, will reach them.

TROJAN.—A loses. In turning the jack from the bottom, which jack does not count, he exhausted his right to turn on that deal.

L. A. F.—There was such a convention about a year ago. Address Ed. James for book of rules, which contains those.

W. H. B., Scranton.—Horses upon the English turf are not timed. All that has been written affirmatively of the time made by Flying Childers and Eclipse is nonsense.

H. B.—John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie, when last heard from, were traveling in the south. Their Winter quarters are always in Cincinnati, O.

OLD NED, Chicago.—The bet has not been decided, and is off on account of the limit fixed for payment (New Year's Day).

XXX, Terre Haute.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, ready this week. 2. Time is not officially taken on the English turf.

W. F., Beaver Falls.—At seven-up, a jack turned up will count, even though the suit it represents has already been turned down.

J. F. O'B., Albany.—A is wrong. B need not play his ace of hearts except when the jack of trumps or the five-fingers calls for it.

W. S., Albany.—We think not.

NAPOLEON, Brooklyn.—Jenny Lind's first concert in America took place Sept. 11, 1850, in Castle Garden, in this city.

F. G. K., Norfolk.—There are several persons named Minnie Gray before the public. Which one do do you refer to?

WORCESTER BOY, Phila.—The five-mile foot race between James H. Griffin and the Lynn Buck at Franklin Trotting Park, Saugus, Mass., took place June 17, 1865.

A. B. C. D., San Bernardino.—A and B were not skunked. Their odd card counted before the honors held by C and D, who were in the nine-hole.

VARIETY, San Francisco.—Nothing that is not injurious to the skin, except plucking out the intruders with a pair of nippers.

W. SCOFIELD, Wappinger's Falls.—We do not procure engagements for anyone. Write to some of the dramatic agents.

OLD CLIPPER READER, New London; KADY BEEFSTEAK, Newark; J. H. B., New York; MICHAEL J. G., Chicago; and D. C., Holyoke.—See next week.

W. H. C.—Miss Maud Granger can be addressed in care of this office.

W. E. CROCKETT, Boston.—A deposit should have accompanied the challenge.

G. W. M.—Bill Poole died March 8, 1855, from wounds received early in the morning of Feb. 25 preceding.

TROUBLE, Lincoln.—It is pronounced as if spelled Atch-a-fay-lar-yer.

COLON, New Brighton.—We cannot say. A letter addressed to him in care of this office may reach him.

CONSTANT READER.—Having once passed the bid, B cannot offer to bid without the consent of all his antagonists.

SWALLOW HOUSE, London.—Three deuces and an ace in hand, with a ten turned up, count six.

W. W., Allegheny.—We should say that there never was such a gun.

J. H. E. JR., St. Johnsville.—It means that the coin was struck at the Carson City Mint.

J. D. L., Petrolia City.—It is done by means of a needle, which reflects itself in a magnifying mirror.

D. C.—We cannot recall such just now. What was the man hanged for? That will guide us in our search.

P. H. C., Louisiana.—Mlle. Nilsson the opera-singer is a native of Sweden.

C. K. B. Newark.—The referee's decision settles it. It was solely his province to decide the fight.

L. B. F., Brooklyn.—A is right. Both A and B had a run of three.

P. McG.—No trick having been turned and quitted, P was in time in his claim of a misdeal.

G. A. H., La Crosse.—The player who was first to make eleven should have claimed the game at once.

CHINAMAN, Chicago.—Address W. H. Murphy, printer and publisher, this city.

J. Z.—Address Scott Brothers, Fulton street, near Broadway, this city, for their price-list of coins.

A. G., Baltimore.—See Toronto, Ont., correspondence, in this issue.

FANCHON, Macon.—Such an advertisement would cost 75 cents for each insertion.

F. F. C., East Cambridge.—Their names do not appear in the city directory, and we know nothing of them.

AN OLD READER, Chicago.—We have written to Mr. Jennings regarding the matter.

CONSTANT READER.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, which will be ready Jan. 8, contains the desired information.

CONSTANT READER, Phila.—Tom Sayers, who fought John C. Heenan, was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, Eng.

E. P. S., Streator.—The Great Eastern steamship is about 690ft. long and 83ft. wide.

ANXIOUS, Boston.—Inform us whether you wish to go on the dramatic or variety stage.

J. P. D., Atlanta.—Peter Conklin is keeping a saloon at No. 52 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester.—Messrs. Rickards & Walker, Lincoln's Inn, London, Eng.

G. L.—Two eights, two sevens and an ace count fourteen.

CONSTANT READER.—Get Dobson's book of instruction.

P. H. P.—His father's citizenship made him a citizen.

L. D. G., Moline.—He gets the next card at once.

R. J. T., Aymer.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

ELLA D., Exeter.—It will soon appear.

S. H., Norfolk.—A was out on his call.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC, for 1877,

Will be Ready January 8,

and can be obtained after that date of all newsdealers and agents.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877 WILL CONTAIN:

THE CLIPPER TIME-TABLE—Fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeplechasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicycle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers, and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Brick-laying, etc.

CHRONICLE OF IMPORTANT THEATRICAL EVENTS for the year 1876.

SPORTING CHRONOLOGY for 1876.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION FOR THE YEAR—Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets Brightest, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

BASEBALL—THE SEASON OF 1876, GIVING THE PLAYERS' AVERAGES AND RECORD OF MODEL GAMES.

A LIST OF THEATRES DESTROYED BY FIRE.

RACING CALENDAR.—Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat Race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

ILLUSTRATIONS—
- Frontispiece.
- The Mill of Devers.
- The Course of True Love.
- The Dancing Girls.
- The Mad Poet's Monument in Greenwood.
- The Chase in Old Gaul.
- The Raw Material—"My Only Comic Song."
- The Dog of Montargis.
- Our Art Studies—No. 1, Music, No. 2, Tragedy No 3, Comedy.
- The Pilots' Monument in Greenwood.
- The Infant Prodigy.
- Falstaff Reduced.

Area of United States and Territories.
Burial of Sir John Moore, and Parody on—Poems.
Baseball—The Season of 1876.
CALENDARS.
Calendar, Explanation of
Chronologists' Theories of Date of Creation.
Calendar for All Time.
Callboy's Treat, The
Crime of a Clown, The: An Advance Agent's Story.
Chase in Old Gaul, The
Dancing Girls, The—Poem.
French Dynasties and Sovereigns.
Kings and Queens of England, Table of the
Lightning Salve.
Locust Year.
Mill of Devers, The—Poem.
Monument to McDonald Clarke the Mad Poet.
Miser's Hand, The: A Tradition of Italy.
Mail Time, etc., to Prominent Cities.
My Only Comic Song—Poem.
Magic Squares of Archimedes.
Non-inflammable Fabrics.
Nutriment in Various Articles of Food.
Old Year, The—Poem.
Postage, Rates of, etc.
Passion-driven: A Romance of an Artist's Model.
Pilot's Monument in Greenwood, The
Population and Expenditure per Head of Different Countries.
Religious Denominations.
Railway, Statistics of
Statistics of Population.
Simple Mode of Computing Interest.
Sovereigns of Europe.
Sovereigns of Scotland.
Seasons in Australia.
Theophilus Brown: A Legend of Printing-house square—Poem.
Tumblety's Band. A Reminiscence of the Early Days of Minstrelsy.
Useful Rules for the Barometer.
Weights and Measures, Table of

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spaulding's Swiss Bell-players.
Tony Pastor's Great Star Troupe; Healy's Hibernian Minstrels.
Shannon, Miller & Crane, Theatrical Goods.
"De Witt's Baseball-players' Guide;" The Brahams, Sketch Artists; Van Fleet, Printer; Ed. James, Sporting Goods.
Peck & Snyder, Skates, Baseball and Sporting Goods.
Tarrant & Co., Druggists; Roe Stephens, Music; "De Witt's Acting Plays;" W. J. Judd, Magical Goods; American Hotel, Franklin, Pa.
Merchant's Gargling Oil.

NEWSDEALERS can secure their supplies, as usual, through their wholesale agents.

COPIES WILL BE MAILED from this office on receipt of price, 15 cents.

FRANK QUEEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.
P. O. Box 3,860.

REDUCTION OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscriptions for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER will be received after Jan. 1, 1877, at the rate of FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books will be extended in conformity with these rates.

"THEY SAY" that, owing to the dullness of trade, the shoemakers of New Jersey are on a strike. Heretofore they have been paid one dollar and a half a dozen for lapstreaks; but now they want *ten cents a pair!* "Our Jim" thinks the wax-enders will be out of pocket by the operation should the bosses agree to the new schedule, and we think so too. The shoe-builders had better reconsider their reckless demands, and compromise on eleven cents!

THE PROVINCE OF CRITICISM.

Pope—not Pius IX, but the pious and sometimes prosy poet—sings somewhere this strain:

"In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share."

Which is undeniably true. Doubtless Pope, when he penned this couplet, was thinking only of the book-critics, but his words are equally applicable to the censors of the drama. Criticism, to be worth anything, must express the honest individual opinion of the critic; and the critic must possess brains enough to form an opinion apart from the generally expressed views of others. Now, it would not seem a very difficult task for a man who has read a book or witnessed a play to tell whether he likes the one or dislikes the other. And yet that is really the secret of true criticism. To find out what your opinion really is may be set down as the first and most puzzling requisite of the critic's art. Let us suppose that "Hamlet" should be enacted for the first time in New York to-morrow. What would be the probable verdict of the public? Assume that the name of Shakespeare had never been heard, and that the melancholy Dane was an unknown creation of the fancy. What would then be our opinion of "Hamlet?" Why, half of us would pronounce it meaningless bosh, and half of the other half would wait to hear what the first half had to say! Very few of us, indeed, would be able to form an honest opinion of the merits of the play.

When the profound and learned critic of *The Edinburgh Review* picked up a small, thin volume, sixty years ago, and found upon the title-page the unknown name of George Gordon, otherwise designated as Lord Byron, it occurred to him, naturally enough, that here was a golden opportunity of displaying both his profundity and his learning. So he went to work to prove that the young English nobleman, who had devoted his "Hours of Idleness" to writing rhymes, had much better spend his time in some other manner. He would never be a poet, so said the wise reviewer; and, as nobody had then discovered him to be a poet, the assertion seemed both reasonable and safe. Yet it turned out in the end that this profound and learned critic was not a prophet. The young English lord did not desert the Muses, as it was predicted he would; and after he had given the world "Childe Harold," the world concluded that he had a right to sing, in spite of *The Edinburgh Review*. To-day, the average reader finds it difficult to understand how anybody could question Byron's claim to poetic distinction; and yet the Scotchman who riddled and ridiculed "Hours of Idleness" did precisely what ninety out of a hundred critics would do to-day. He found an unknown name upon the title-page of a volume of very ordinary verses, and he straightway dipped his pen in the gall of satire and proceeded to slay the author with the arrow of criticism. Unfortunately for him, the arrow proved a boomerang.

What we want in criticism, whether it be of art, literature, or the stage, is a candid expression of honest opinion. Poe has given us some excellent specimens of close analysis and nice discrimination; and, although his critiques are often unnecessarily harsh and bitter, they are at least honest, and his own. Lamb, less severe than Poe, has left behind him some fragmentary efforts in this direction, so just and perfect in their way that we could wish the genial author of "Elia" had given us more of the same sort. A standard English authority has declared that a critic should speak without fear or favor, so long as he can speak with the courtesy of a gentleman. We think this advice may be acted upon with profit by very many of our dramatic critics. Personal animosities and petty prejudices certainly ought not to enter into any criticism which is worthy of serious consideration. Then, again, there is a very numerous class of ambitious writers scattered over the country who possess neither the ability nor the training to pass criticism on the stage or anything else. To borrow a term from our variety performers, they are "mushrooms," and their growth is astonishingly rapid. We remember, not long ago, of reading in a Western sheet, published daily, an elaborate criticism of the play of "Julius Cæsar," called forth by the presentation of that drama in the town where the sheet is printed. The writer of this remarkable composition devoted a third of a column to the purpose of showing wherein William Shakespeare had over-stepped the bounds of art in the composition of "Julius Cæsar!" Another third of a column was given up to a scathing review of a great actor's impersonation of Cassius; while the remaining third was devoted exclusively to setting forth the manner in which this Western critic would have written the play himself, and enacted the character which one of our best tragedians failed (in the judgment of this writer) properly to depict! Alas! that the tribe of this Western critic is more multitudinous than the sands of the sea.

The province of criticism is to improve the art which it criticises. It needs, therefore, to be just, impartial and intelligent. A shoemaker may be an excellent judge of shoes, but he is not supposed to know much about landscape-painting. It is to inculcate this obvious principle, perhaps, that we repeat the aphorism: "Let the cobbler stick to his last." In the same spirit, we would advise the Western critic and all of his kind to stick to their legitimate callings. They may be eminently fitted to detect the demerits of a school exhibition, but when they come to the professional stage they are pretty certain to get beyond their depth. Nobody will find fault with them if they refrain from expressing their opinion. If the cobbler can make a good pair of shoes, that is all that is demanded of him. True criticism is something more than mere fault-finding. It need not be unduly harsh nor acrimonious, as was that which killed poor Keats and sent Frank Murdoch to an untimely grave. It may be fully as quick to point out the good as the ill. It may be generous, and still just; discriminating, and yet good-tempered. It need never overstep the bounds of courtesy, nor usurp the character of abuse. And when it partakes of these attributes, criticism accomplishes its end and fulfils its mission.

THE LEASE of the ground occupied by the Main Exhibition Building in Philadelphia was signed on Dec. 29. The clause limiting the rate of admission to 25 cents and 10 cents on Saturdays is stricken out, thus leaving the company at liberty to charge any price they please. It is expected that the Exhibition will open about March 15.

PUMPED OUT.—We have just succeeded in convicting a milk-dispenser who watered his wares. Let him be drowned in his favorite fluid. His name is Schrumpf, and

We've been hunting a word that will rhyme with Schrumpf,
But the nearest we've got is h-u-m-p-h humph!

THIS is a terrible Winter for us Northern people. Not only is the weather dead against us, but we are denied even the necessaries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries. Down South they are enjoying the first run of shad, while out in San Francisco the people are feasting on strawberries.

"ANOTHER BRUTAL HUSBAND" has just been imprisoned for beating his wife; and yet such men are called *freemen!* If a man is denied the sweet boon of bulldozing his wife, what is the use of a republican form of government?

THIS is the time for taking in partners; but, if you are strong enough to go alone, let the partnership business go on without *your* assistance. Now, a fisherman seldom takes a partner. *He* prefers doing business *on his own hook!*

YOU WILL doubtless remember that, last Summer, when people were complaining of the heat, we were the very first to inform you that a hard Winter would be the result. You see? We're ahead in *everything*.

TIN HORNS were in demand on New-Year's Eve, but they were not the only horns in demand. We never could see much music in tin horns; their tunes are so monotonously alike.

THE ORB OF DAY, like many callers, started all right and bright on New-Year's morning, but became obscured and undistinguishable as the day advanced.

PERSONS disposed to turn over a new leaf on New-Year's Day should be certain that the new leaf is cleaner than the old.

LIKE the children of Israel, the children of the Ring are to be gathered together. Sweeney is now on his way to the "promised" land.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—The same ship that carries Jas. Gordon Bennett and his bride to Europe also conveys Mrs. Dion Boucicault.

IF IT WASN'T for our own little "unpleasantness," this country might urge the threatened European war.

DURING the "carnival" the horses got slayed, while the drivers got slewed.

SHUFFLEBOARD.—An exciting match was played on the evening of Dec. 28 at the Centennial Ball Court, Philadelphia, the contestants being Quigley and Maguire against Tom Nicholas of handball notoriety, partnered by Walter Firth of quoiting celebrity. Quigley and Maguire won the first and third games by scores of 21 to 20 and 21 to 18, while the veterans placed the second and fourth games to their credit by scores of 21 to 17 and 21 to 15. At that point the players agreed to call the contest a draw, and divide the stakes.

TOM NICHOLAS of Philadelphia wishes to arrange a match between five players of that city and an equal number from Brooklyn, in order to test and settle the mooted question of superiority.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Dec. 25: A cry of "Fight!" being taken for "Fire!" during a performance of "The Two Orphans" at Washington, D. C., an excitement ensued, several persons being injured. A false alarm was also given at the Newark, N. J., Opera-house, causing a momentary stampede, a woman and a boy being badly hurt......A boiler explosion at Oil City, Pa., caused the destruction of 35,000 barrels of oil, five iron tanks, and five Erie Railway boiler-cars—total estimated loss $200,000....News was received of a double tragedy at Stone Mountain, in Georgia. Dec. 20, Jack Thompson being killed by Jim Jackson, who, after being arrested, committed suicide by hanging......Munroe Dickey of Laconia, N. H., ended his life by cutting his throat.....Augustus Anderson hung himself at Boston, Mass......During a fight with pistols between George Pease and Christopher Smith, at Chattanooga, Tenn., both were probably fatally wounded....Geo. C. Washington was fatally stabbed by Ebenezer Brewster in Boston, Mass......Alonzo Thompson suicided by shooting at Windsor, Vt......Cable news: The estimated loss by storms on the Scotch and English coast within a fortnight was 250 lives and 120 vessels; Marajah Lela and six others, implicated in the murder of Mr. Birch, the British resident in the Malacca settlements, were sentenced to be hanged; Midhat Pasha refused to accept the proposition for an international commissioner to superintend the reforms; the temper of the Turkish population is war like, and the Softas had made a demonstration before the Russian Embassy, shouting "Down with Russia!" and the Russian steamers had ceased running on the Black Sea......Losses by fire: Jane Gibson's building, Mercer street, this city—loss $6,000; Mrs. Wilkes' dressmaking establishment, this city—loss $3,000; N. B. Beede and J. B. Birdsall's stores, at Newburg, N. Y.—loss $8,000.

*** Dec. 26: The Centennial anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, N. J., was celebrated by a sham-fight......At Washington, D. C., an attachment was issued to compel the manager of the W. U. Telegraph at New Orleans to produce the required telegrams before Mr. Morrison's committee......News was received of the burning, on the evening of the 25th, of the convent at St. Elizabeth, Canada. Eight bodies were taken from the ruins, and five more persons were believed to have perished.....Mrs. Kinney was burned to death by a coal-oil explosion at St. Clair, Pa......Matthew Sanderson was fatally injured by being struck by a railroad train at Rockport, Mass. ......Charles R. Beckwith of this city was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for forgery.... The schooner Costello of St. John, N. B., was reported wrecked at Southwest Harbor Dec. 24, five persons being lost......The Norwegian ship Rjukan went ashore at Ocean Grove, N. J., the crew being saved......It was stated that Charles Leighton shot and instantly killed Bryan Mason at Springfield, Mo., on the 25th.

*** Dec. 27: Major-general John P. Bankson committed suicide by shooting in Philadelphia, Pa., the act being attributed to depression caused by financial troubles......The Florida vote was recanvassed, the result showing that Drew is elected Governor and Hayes has a majority of over 200, while Davidson, democrat, is elected to Congress. .....A message from President Grant was published, showing that the extradition treaty is again operative by England's request......Mr. Barnes, W. U. Telegraph manager, was arrested at New Orleans, La., and started for Washington, D. C......Gen. Nikitin, who superseded Gen. Tchernayeff, ordered corps commanders of the Serbian army to proceed to their posts at once....The Russian fleet was ordered to rendezvous at Otschakoff, active measures by the Turks being apprehended....The decree of Oct. 6, 1875, reducing the interest on the Turkish debt one-half during five years' was annulled......Edwin L. Alexander died in this city from injuries sustained while trying to jump on a passing train on the Elevated Railroad......Hugh McCabe, also of this city, died from the effects of a blow on the head with a hammer inflicted by James Rice...... Fires: Joe Mangam's and other stores, at Collierville, Tenn.—loss $30,000; Boyce Bros.' carriage-shop, at Donaldsonville, Ct.—loss $7,000, insured for $5,000; W. F. Gill's store and other property, at Boston, Mass.—loss about $10,000; the Clinton Manufacturing Co.'s cotton-mill, at Brainard, R. I.—loss not stated......M. Gambetta's proposal to resist the French Senate's claims was rejected in the Budget Committee.

*** Dec. 28: The Supreme Court, General Term, upheld the rights of the Gilbert Elevated Railway Company of this city......Governor Hayes denied that he intends to resign the Governorship of Ohio. ......The plague was reported to have reappeared in Bagdad......Satisfaction was demanded of the Serbian Government because the garrison of Gladova had fired on some Roumania troops.....Judge Duell resigned as Commissioner of Patents at Washington, D. C., with the intention of engaging in the patent-law business in this city......Jeremiah Fletcher, an aged resident of Biddeford, Me., ended his life by taking a dose of poison........Disappointment in love caused Nellie Minns, an orphan of eighteen, to commit suicide in Worcester, Mass......John Alsover of North Bennington, Vt., a railroad brakeman, was run over and killed at Blackinton, Mass......The British steamer King Arthur left New Haven, Ct., for Constantinople, with 10,080,000 cartridges, 10,000,000 bullets, 10,001,600 Martini-Henri shells, 40,600 guns, 40,000 scabbards, 50,000 gun wads, and miscellaneous merchandise, the whole valued at $1,344,000, for the Turkish Government......The wrecking of the German steamer Goethe on Lobos Island, off Maldovado, Uruguay, S. A., was reported. No lives were lost........Serbia decreed the mobilization of her army......Fires: Fredericks & Co.'s photographic establishment on Broadway, this city—loss $80,000, insured for $30,000; D. Atwater and Newcombe & Walker's boot and shoe manufactory, at Elmira, N. Y.—loss $75,000, insurance $45,000; Herbert J. Levy's residence, at Middlebury, Vt.—loss $4,000, partially insured...... Simon Waltz hanged himself at Brooklyn, N. Y...... David Milligan was shot and killed by William Milligan, both colored, in Canton, Md.... The House Investigating Committee counted South Carolina for Hayes......At Skowhegan, Me., Jacob Herrin, who killed his son-in-law, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment, and Fred Eaton to five years for forgery.

*** Dec. 29: A westward-bound express train broke through an iron bridge at Ashtabula, O., eleven cars being precipitated into a frozen stream, where they were crushed and caught fire, about sixty persons being killed outright and many wounded, some fatally......Seven men were drowned by the breaking of an ice-gorge at Augusta, Ky. ......The Montreal express train broke through the railroad bridge near Pittsfield, Vt........Capt. Riehl was killed by the explosion of a tugboat boiler at Baltimore, Md........It was affirmed that the Porte had declared its willingness to make concessions and offer securities to the powers, but will not sanction the occupation of the Turkish provinces by any troops whatever......The council at Vienna deliberated upon the eventuality of Austrian occupation of Bosnia......The Russian Grand Duke Nicholas was reported to be dying..... It was stated that, on the night of the 27th, at Mount Forest, Ontario, Capt. James Parce shot and seriously wounded his stepson, Simcoe Grass, and his stepdaughter, and then committed suicide...... Valois & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers at Montreal, Canada, failed; liabilities $250,000, assets $100,000......Fires: Bremoker, Moore & Co.'s paper-mill, at Laurel, Ind.—loss $150,000, insurance $45,000; a building occupied by A. Seiler, hatter, Thos. Flynn, paper-box maker, and others, in this city—loss $20,000, partially insured; John Connor's house at Providence, R. I.—insured for $22,600; the Rhode Island House, near Providence—loss $6,000.

*** Dec. 30: The ship Circassian, from Liverpool for New York, with a miscellaneous cargo of 1,400 tons, which stranded Dec. 11, and after the rescue of the crew was put in charge of the Coast Wrecking Company, went to pieces on the outer bar at Bridgehampton, L. I., twenty-eight persons, including Captains Richard Williams and John Lewis, Mate Evan Johnson, Boatswain James Scott, Steward Horatio Johnston, and Engineers P. Karns, Luke Stillman, and P. Donohue being lost. Vessel insured for $100,000, and cargo for $90,000......E. A. Woodward, Boss Tweed's ex-confidential clerk, was released from custody on his own recognizance after transferring to New York City and County property amounting to $105,000, and furnishing security for the restitution of $50,000 more......Two couriers named Dillon and Reddy were reported to have been killed, and "Jake," a mail-carrier, mortally wounded, by "friendly" Indians near Red Cloud Agency, Dakota Ter., on Christmas......It was officially announced that the armistice had been prolonged until March 1, and a peaceful solution of the Eastern difficulty was anticipated......Harry and William Weinhardt were stated to have been killed on the 28th by a fall of coal in a mine near West Bellville, Ill......Fires: The St. Louis Drug Company's warehouse, St. Louis, Mo.—loss $60,000, insured for $28,000; W. H. Edwards' house, J. S. Moore's and M. T. Crowfut's drug-stores, and J. Buckley's grocery, West Stockbridge, Mass. —loss $25,000, insurance $10,000; Philip Asa's house, Grandon, Vt.—loss $5,000, insurance $3,400. ....John Errickson, while reefing topsails off Sandy Hook, N. J., fell to the deck of the brig Henry B. Cleane, and was killed......The Democracy in this city nominated David Dudley Field as a candidate for Congress from the Seventh District, to fill the unexpired term of Smith Ely Jr. ......Charles Nixon was run over and killed in the railroad depot at Portland, Me.

*** Dec. 31: George Hollander, a clothing dealer of Worcester, Mass., was shot dead by the accidental discharge of a gun he was cleaning......Ten prisoners escaped from jail at Cleveland, O......The bark Disco, stranded on the bar at Charleston, S. C., was wrecked..... Judge W. N. Maton was stated to have disappeared from Hartford, Ct., and it was thought that he had taken his life......The amount of subsidiary silver coin issued by the U. S. Treasury since the passage of the act of April 17, 1876, was stated to be $25,270,781, of which amount $15,548,884 was issued to redeem fractional currency, and $10,720,937 in lieu of greenbacks......News per cable: The Marquis of Salisbury, in an interview with the Sultan, advised him to accept the proposals, and, upon the Sultan saying that he was compelled by the Constitution to decline giving his adhesion thereto, remarked that in that case England would leave Turkey, to her fate, to which the Sultan replied that, if he accepted the proposals, he would do so at the risk of his crown and life. The British fleet was withdrawn from Turkish waters........ The Porte proposed that the force to be established in the Christian provinces be composed of Christians under European officers, said officers to be commissioned by Turkey. At a meeting held at the Duke of Sutherland's town-house $25,000 were contributed for the relief of the Turkish soldiers in the Balkans, the Duke of Portland giving $5,000. .....James Maloney, a private watchman, shot and fatally wounded William Cooney, aged 17, for trespassing, at Baltimore, Md......Major Robinson committed suicide by shooting near Bloomington, Ill.

JOHN MORRISSEY JR., the only son of Senator John Morrissey, died at Saratoga, N. Y., on Saturday, Dec. 30. He recently graduated from St. John's College, Fordham. Never physically strong, his lungs became affected through the excessive smoking of cigarettes, and by the advice of his family physician he passed the Winter of 1875-6 at Nassau, N. P., having as a companion and adviser John Lawrence of this city. He returned, looking much improved and weighing about fifteen pounds more than when he started South. His health began to fail again a couple of months ago, and, despite medical skill and careful nursing, he died on Saturday evening last, aged 21 years and 5 months. The young man was idolized by his parents, who have the condolence of their many friends in their great bereavement. The funeral will take place at Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, Jan. 2.

THE DEARBORN RIFLE CLUB of Chicago, Ill., a few days ago elected the following officers: President, George E. Adams; vice-president, George Willard; secretary and treasurer, John W. Roberts; executive committee—O. C. Blackmer, A. G. Alford, T. P. Keator and H. G. Howe.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BANKSON, Maj.-general John P.—Commanding officer of the First Division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. He was secretary and treasurer of the Hannisville Distilling Co. Committed suicide—Philadelphia Pa., Dec. 27.

BREEVOORT, Meta C.—Daughter of the late Henry Brevoort of this city—Dorking, Eng., Dec. 20.

BROWN, Mrs. Laura—Widow of Dr. George Brown, formerly of Rome, N. Y.—Woodside, L. I., Dec. 27, aged 76.

BURRALL, Harriet Holly—Widow of the Hon. William P. Burrall—Springfield, Mass., Dec. 30, aged 68.

CAMPBELL, Dr.—Principal of the Aberdeen (Scotland) University, having received his appointment in 1855. Prior to that he was professor of Greek—Aberdeen, Dec. 12.

CRAWFORD, David—(See Turf columns)—this city, Dec. 25, aged 43.

DE FLORES, Mme.—Wife of Senator Don Antonio de Flores, who a few years ago, in Washington, D. C., represented the republic of Equador. The lady was Mlle. De Riuz before her marriage, which took place at the Catholic Cathedral, Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1872. She was born in Havana, Cuba, and educated in the United States—Quito, Equador, Oct. 16, aged 22.

DUFFY, Miss Margaret—Known in religion as Sister Mary Basilia. She was born in New York, and educated at the Sisters of Mercy Convent, E. Houston street—Newport, R. I., Dec. 31.

EDSON, Loren H.—Junior member of the law firm of Edson, Rand & Edson of St. Albans, Vt. He was born there in November, 1852, and was graduated at the Harvard Law School. He was a Republican in politics, and during the recent campaign was president of the Young Men's Hayes and Wheeler Club of St. Albans, Vt.—there, Dec. 28, aged 24.

EDWARDS, Sir Bryan—Formerly Chief-justice of the island of Jamaica. He was born in 1799, was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1825, and appointed Chief-justice, Vice-chancellor and Judge of the Vice-admiralty Court of Jamaica in May, 1856. In 1859 he was knighted by patent, and in 1869 he retired. Sir John Lucie Smith succeeded him as Chief-justice—Eltham Pen, Spanish Town, Jamaica, recently.

FARRAR, Lysander H.—Member of the State Senate from Monroe County, N. Y., in 1862-3, and in 1872-3 a member of the State Constitutional Commission—Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 25.

FAWSITT, Miss Amy—English actress, and recently of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city. (See City Summary)—here, Dec. 26.

FRANKLIN, H. W.—Superintendent of the Housatonic Railroad—Canaan, Ct., Dec. 27, aged 40.

FISK, Mary Safford—Wife of Isaac H. Fisk, and daughter of the late Dr. John Safford—Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 21.

FINLAY, Dr. Edward S.—At one time a leading physician of this city, and especially a favorite in the Nineteenth Ward. He never wholly abandoned practice, but failing health for many years past had narrowed the area of his operations. He was born in Santa Cruz, and educated primarily in the West Indies. Going to Ireland, he was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and as a student of medicine passed several years in London, Paris, and Copenhagen. He came to the United States in 1844, settling in this city, where he is said to have early founded a charity hospital at his own expense, and to have also established a medical school. As an art patron he was a member of the Arcadian and Palette Clubs—this city, Dec. 25, aged 63.

GMEINER, Rev. John G.—Chaplain of the Convent of Our Lady of the Angels, at Glen Riddle, to which institution he had been transferred from St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia. He had come to this country from the Tyrol in 1852, and for twelve years was stationed at Trenton, N. J. Returning to Europe, he remained abroad for about two years, and when he came back he was assigned to St. Vincent's R. C. Orphan Asylum, at Tacony, Pa.—Glen Riddle, Pa., Dec. 27, aged 80.

KELSEY, Charles—A resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and largely interested in dock property in that city—there, Dec. 28, aged about 48.

McATEE, Jesse—For seventeen years a fireman on the Northern Central Railroad of Maryland—Baltimore, Dec. 27.

MARCHAUD, Mlle. Alida—At the age of ten years, or in 1778, she danced in the ballets at the Opera, Paris, by the side of Mlle. Guimard—Paris, France, recently, in her 108th year.

McCAULEY, James—Democratic member of the City Council from the Seventh Ward of Newark, N. J.—there, Dec. 27.

MORRISSEY, John—Son of the Hon. John Morrissey—Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 30, aged about 21.

MORGAN, Rev. James H. Eldest son of the Rev. R. U. Morgan, D. D. Of appoplexy—this city, Dec. 28.

NYE, Gen. James W.—Born in Madison County, N. Y., in 1815. Having studied law, in early life he became District-attorney there, and also County Judge. In 1848, as the Free-soil candidate for Congress, he was defeated by Hon. William Duer, Whig. Soon afterwards Mr. Nye removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where he resided until the Metropolitan Police Commission was created for this city, when he was appointed president of the board. In 1861, Washoe being made a territory, President Lincoln appointed him its Governor. When Nevada was admitted as a State, its Legislature elected him U. S. Senator for the short term, and in 1867 he was chosen for the long term. The precarious state of his health during the past few years had been well known—White Plains, N. Y., Dec. 25, aged 61.

ORMSBEE, T. Holden—Prominent as a cotton-merchant in this city—West Orange, N. J., Dec. 28.

PARKER, Wilbur F.—Of Meriden, Ct., and founder of the newspaper known as *The Rod and Gun*—Florida, Dec. 25.

POWERS, Dr. Thomas E.—Prominent in Woodstock, Vt., in which town he had held about all the important offices. He had been a member of both branches of the Vermont Legislature, and for many years was Speaker of the House. He was superintendent of the building of the State House, and also of the county court-house in Woodstock, and he was virtually the originator of the Prohibitory Law in Vermont—Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 28, aged 68.

ROBINSON, Major—A wealthy settler of Central Illinois, and prominent in politics there. Supposed to have committed suicide—near Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 31.

RELF, Charles P. Philadelphia turfman. Death announced in these columns last week. (See Turf columns of this week.)

SALT, Sir Titus, Bt.—A manufacturer of woolen fabrics, and a member of Parliament for Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. He was also a Justice-of-the-peace, Deputy-lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a magistrate of Bradford. Death announced from London, by cable, Dec. 29.

SHOEMAKER, John L.—Elected to the Common Council of Philadelphia in 1867, and in 1870 was chosen to represent the Thirteenth Ward in the Select Council. Born in Montgomery County, Pa., studied law in the office of Charles M. Wagner, and about 1856 was admitted to the bar. He was solicitor and counselor of the Centennial Commission—Philadelphia, Dec. 26.

SMITH, Avery—An old circus-proprietor. (See Circus)—Newark, N. J., Dec. 26.

SCHMŒLE, Dr. Henry—A physician who stood in high repute among the Germans of Philadelphia—that city, of heart disease, Dec. 27.

SILKMAN, Mrs. Sarah Bailey—Relict of the well-known Daniel Silkman—Yonkers, N. Y., Dec. 28, aged 87.

STOWE, John—Circus proprietor. (See Circus)—Vicksburg, Miss., Dec. 17, aged 59.

TURNER, William—A native of this city, but for many years proprietor of the Flushing Bay (L. I.) Hotel. He was a member of the Tammany Society and of the Democratic Central Committee of Queens County, the First Assembly District of which he represented in the State Legislature in 1860—West Flushing, L. I., Dec. 27, aged 53.

UHLHORN, John F.—Of Brewster & Co., carriage manufacturers, and a member of the Rulledge Club of this city—here, Dec. 30.

WHEELEY, Thomas—An old resident of Virginia, who for more than thirty-five years had been connected with the Richmond Blues—Chesterfield County, Va., Dec. 22.

WARREN, Judge Edward J.—Prominent in North Carolina as a lawyer. He was born in Vermont on Dec. 23, 1826, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1846, and was admitted to the bar of Beaufort County, N. C. He served several terms in the Legislature of that State, was a member of the State Convention of 1866, in 1871-2 was Speaker of the Senate, and from the close of the war until the adoption of the Constitution of 1868 he was Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina—Washington, N. C., recently.

WRESTLING MATCH—COL. McLAUGHLIN DEFEATED.—The collar-and-elbow wrestling match between Col. J. H. McLaughlin and Joseph Owens of Fairfield, Vt., announced as for "the championship and $500 a side," best two in three fair back falls, was decided at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., at half-past one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 28, the men having been upon the stage since eight o'clock of the previous evening. Col. McLaughlin's record is familiar to our readers, but of Owens but little is known by the general public, such reputation as he had, previously to this engagement, possessed as a wrestler being purely local. We are informed that he is a native of Fairfield, 28 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighing 185lb. He is credited with having, in matches for small amounts, obtained victories over a man named Burt at St. Albans, about 1873, and another, named Holmes, in Plymouth County. The hall was crowded to excess and by a most respectable assemblage, the meeting having been extensively and judiciously advertised by the experienced manager. Dr. John P. Ordway was chosen referee, and the judges were G. R. Smith for McLaughlin, and M. Hink for Owens. The champion, who is much the larger and heavier man, was the favorite in betting at considerable odds. They took hold at 8 o'clock, but not a fall was gained by either until 10.45, when Owens scored one by forfeit, Mac breaking his hold as he was forced to his knees. The Vermonter had previously thrown McLaughlin on his side, and his umpire claimed a fall, but of course it was not allowed. McLaughlin's foot, which was badly hurt in his match with Murphy, had bothered him all along, obliging him to be more than usually careful, and to avoid forcing matters in his usual way, and it received another hurtful twist as he went down; so that now he had to act solely on the defensive, having in reality only one leg to stand on. After a long struggle, showing little skill, and rendered tedious by long rests, during which efforts were made to bring about a draw, to which both men were agreeable, but the referee objected, Owens, at 1.30 A. M., secured a square backtail, and was declared the winner.

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—At the last regular meeting of this club, held at their new rooms, N. E. corner of Seventh avenue and Twenty-sixth street, this city, the following officers and committees were elected for the ensuing year: President, M. E. More; vice-president, M. M. Forrest; secretary, H. B. Wilson; financial secretary, M. F. Cahill; treasurer, J. F. Luther. Games Committee—M. E. More, M. M. Forrest, H. B. Wilson, M. F. Cahill, J. F. Luther, A. W. Adams, D. F. Knox, W. Dittmar, and W. H. Griffin. Handicap Committee—M. E. More, W. McEwen, and B. Greig.

A STONE-PICKING MATCH for £25 a side was contested by John Mutten and John Hope at the Hendon Grounds, Sunderland, Eng., Dec. 2. The conditions were—each man to pick up 100 stones placed one yard apart, bring each stone in separately, and put it in a basket placed at the starting-point, putting one foot over a mark drawn two yards from the starting point each time a stone was placed in the basket. Each began by running the full hundred yards, and picking up the stone farthest from the start, and Mutten won by about 200 yards in 35:15; distance, 5 miles 120 yards.

FISTIANA.

DOINGS IN THE PRIZE RING DURING 1876.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Allen, Thomas, beaten by Joe Goss. While returning from the fight by rail, Allen was arrested and lodged in jail at Covington, Ky., Sept 7; subsequently released on bail ($4,000). Rearrested in Chicago, Ill., at the instance of his bondsmen, Nov. 3, and liberated on $1,000 bail; case called in court Nov. 9, but he failed to appear. Indicted Nov. 24, by the Grand Jury of Kenton County, Ky., for prize-fighting, and warrant issued for his arrest, bail being fixed at $3,000.

Bradley, Mrs. M. J., widow of the late Dominick Bradley, died, Philadelphia, Pa., June 4, aged 35.

Brown, A., beaten by Tracy.

Carney, Robert, the opponent of John Ryan in the fight which resulted fatally to the latter, surrendered himself to the authorities at Boston, Mass., Feb. 10. Arraigned for manslaughter Feb. 14, and committed in default of $5,000 bail.

Collins, Tim, sent to the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., about April.

Collyer, Sam, sentenced to six years' imprisonment for manslaughter in having acted as second in the fatal fight between Weeden and Walker—Salem, N. J., Nov. 3.

Cleary, Michael, bt. James Weeden, $500, 7Sr., 1h. 32m., foul, on Maryland soil, near Strickland, Pa., Mar. 22.

Corbin, Fred, and Larry Powers, glove contest, police interfered, 3r., Troy, N. Y., May 29.

Collins, J., beaten by J. Keenan.

Campbell, T., beaten by Sheffer.

Clark, John H., sentenced to two years' imprisonment for manslaughter in having attended the fatal fight between Weeden and Walker, Salem, N. J., Nov. 3.

Dwyer, Johnny, and Steve Taylor, glove contest, 5r., police interfered; Dwyer awarded the gate money—Lyceum Theatre, New York City, Jan. 24.

—— bt. Steve Taylor, glove contest, 15r., 23m.—Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Feb. 10.

—— received a testimonial benefit, at which he was presented with a costly gold watch and chain—Brooklyn (L. I.) Rink, April 24.

Edwards, Billy, bt. Steve Taylor, glove match, 1h. time, 17r.—Brooklyn (L. I.) Rink, June 5.

Finnell, Michael, acquitted of the charge of murdering Ed. O'Baldwin the Irish Giant—N. Y. City, Feb. 19.

Goss, Joe, arrived at Boston, Mass., from England, April 15. First sparred in America at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, with Jim Mace, April 20.

—— beat Tom Allen, championship and $5,000 (?), 21r., 48m., foul, two rings—Kenton and Boone Counties, Ky., Sept. 7. Goss was indicted by the Grand Jury of Kenton County for prize-fighting Nov. 24, and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Gillespie, Mike, beat Martin ("Fiddler") Neary, $500, 20r., 19m., near Wilmington, Del., Aug. 23.

—— and Patsey O'Hara, glove-fight, $50, 18r., 57m., draw—room in Philadelphia, June 27.

Godfrey, Andy, pugilist, died, Hull, Eng., March 23.

Goodwin, Richard, sentenced to six years' imprisonment for manslaughter in having acted as second in the Weeden-Walker mill—Salem, N. J., Nov. 3.

Hogan, Michael, beat John McDonald, off-hand, "for love," 10r., 45m., near Morrisville, Pa., March 12.

Hall, T., beaten by N. Leary.

Jones, Prof., teacher of boxing, died, London, Eng., Sept. 3.

Jordan, W., beaten by Keenan.

Keenan, Johnny, beat Billy Jordan, $200, 4r., near Philadelphia, May 29.

—— beat Jim Collins, 91r., near Pennsville, N. J., July 28.

Leary, Ned, beat Tom Hall, purse; off-hand, 10r., 45m., Wilmington, Del., April 26.

Leffler, Joseph, beat Henry Nipp, $200, 61r., 2h. 10m., St. Joseph, Mo., Aug. 3.

Mace, Jim, arrived at Boston, Mass., from England—his second visit to America—April 15.

—— and Joe Goss commenced an engagement of several weeks' duration with Howes & Cushing's Circus—N. Y. City, April 24.

—— beat W. M. Davis, blacked gloves, face hits alone counting, 8r., 30m., room, Virginia City, Nev., Dec. 16.

McDonald, J., beaten by M. Hogan.

McDonald, Charley, and Steve Taylor.

Neary, Martin ("Fiddler"), beaten by Mike Gillespie.

—— sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Trenton, N. J., for attending the fatal fight at Pennsville—Salem, Nov. 3.

Oxford, Tom, sparrer, died, Philadelphia, March 11, aged 35.

O'Hara and Gillespie.

Powers, L., and F. Corbin.

Rusk, Mat., pugilist, died, Philadelphia, Feb. 14, aged 66.

Reed Alec. ("Chelsea Snob"), pugilist, died, St. James Union, London, Eng., March 10, aged 76.

Ryan, William, beat Tom Giffens, $50, 21r., Carroll's Woods, near Troy, N. Y., April 9.

Rooke, George, sailed from New York for Liverpool, Eng., with his family, Aug. 5.

Sullivan, J., beaten by J. Trevillian.

Sullivan, Tom, shot by Mark Ford, at Steubenville, O., Aug. 18.

Sheffer, R., beat T. Campbell, $50, 7r., New Orleans, La., Sept. 8.

Tracy, Leonard, beat Alex. Brown, purse, 21r., near Canarsie, L. I., Jan. 15.

Trevillian, James, beat John Sullivan, $500, 7r., near Virginia City, Nevada, March 21.

Taylor, Steve, and Charley McDonald, rough-and-tumble fight, Queen's park, Toronto, Ont., July 29.

—— and J. Dwyer.

—— and Wm. Edwards.

Timony, Ted., and Billy Tapley, $50, off hand, 23r., 46m. 40s., draw, room, Cordaville, Mass., Aug. 29.

Tapley and Timony.

Weeden, James, beat W. Walker (Philip Koster), $400, 76r., 1h. 58m., fatal to Walker, near Pennsville, N. J., Aug. 31. Weeden was convicted at Salem, N. J., of manslaughter, Nov. 2, and sentenced Nov. 3 to six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Trenton Penitentiary.

—— beaten by M. Cleary.

AQUATIC.

LUMSDEN vs. NICHOLSON.

It will be remembered that W. Lumsden of Blyth and W. Nicholson of Stockton, Eng., rowed on the Tyne, over the straight mile from the High-level Bridge to Waterston's Gates, in open boats, for £200, Dec. 4, when, after a splendid contest, the race was declared a dead heat, and the men were ordered to row over again on the 9th, when Lumsden landed himself a winner by a little over a length. On the second day there was a very large number of people present, among whom the betting was spirited, Lumsden having the call at 5 to 4. Owing to a wind blowing from the west, the water was in rather a lumpy condition. This was a point in favor of Lumsden, who had the north or sheltered course. Great attention was paid to the men after the first struggle, and the result was that both turned out in capital condition on Saturday, the improvement being most noticeable in Lumsden, who, at the conclusion of Monday's work, seemed altogether knocked up. Nicholson got away with a start of two or three feet, and he slightly added to his lead in the first three or four strokes. Almost directly after starting, Lumsden's boat ran against a piece of floating timber, and, taking advantage of the mishap, Nicholson increased his lead to half a length. Lumsden, however, quickly recovered himself, and lay to his oar with such a will that, opposite the Mansion House, he gradually drew up level with his opponent. Just past this point Nicholson put on a spurt, and the result was that he drew his boat ahead again, and was leading by nearly three-quarters of a length. Approaching Wylie's Quay, Lumsden once again drew up almost level with Nicholson, and, just after this point was past, the boats got into dangerously close company, owing to Nicholson pulling in towards the north. Both men, however, gave way, and all danger of a foul was passed. Off the Skinner Burn, Nicholson was leading by half a length; but now Lumsden once more began to spurt, and with such effect that at the foot of the Grindstone Quay he was leading Nicholson by a quarter of a length. Lumsden gradually improved his position, and passed under the Redheugh Bridge (half a mile from the start) with a lead of one length and a half. After clearing the bridge, Lumsden kept well into the north, so as to have the sheltered water, whilst Nicholson kept on, and got into rough water. After passing Cooper's Ferry landing, Nicholson made a great effort to recover the lead, and he succeeded in reducing Lumsden's lead to half a length. Both the men rowed very gamely until the Gas Works Quay was passed, but Lumsden was still able to maintain his lead. Neither man made any effort in the last 100 yards, and Lumsden went in a winner by a length and one yard, doing the distance in 8min. 9sec., with wind and tide against him. Thomas Jones was referee, and John Blenkinsop distance-judge.

DEATH OF JAMES SHEA.—The announcement which we are called upon to make this week of the death on Dec. 25, at 5.45 A. M., of James D. Shea of Boston, Mass., will be received with feelings of genuine regret and sorrow by many readers of this column; for, though not practically an exponent of rowing, or any other branch of sport, he was an enthusiastic patron of the art, and very few races (especially professional) of any importance have taken place in this country within the past fifteen years at which he was not an interested spectator, while he not unfrequently found money for the main stakes in big matches. The large wine-store for a number of years past kept by deceased and his brother John (noted as an athlete, strong man and scientific exponent of the art of self-defense), at 46 Eliot street, Boston, was the resort of local and visiting oarsmen, and here were arranged more than one match which caused considerable interest in aquatic circles. In the days when pugilism had not fallen to such a depth as it is at the present time, "Jim" took an active interest in the doings of the ring-artists. He devoted much time and spent considerable money in efforts born of pure friendship to secure the liberation of the late Ned O'Baldwin the Irish Giant, when he was imprisoned at Lawrence, Mass., for his fight with Joe Wormald, was the chief worker in getting up a benefit for him after his release, and, agreeably to O'Baldwin's dying request, received his remains upon their arrival at Boston, and attended, with Joe Cassidy of this city, and his brother John, to their interment in Holyrood Cemetery. Of a genial, kindly nature, social disposition, frank, manly and generous, Jim Shea was a very popular man at the Hub, and the prosperity which he and his brother enjoyed in their business enabled him to accumulate considerable valuable property. He will be greatly missed in rowing circles in the East, over whom his sudden and entirely unlooked-for demise has cast a gloom the influence of which will not be easily removed. It was a sad Christmas for his young wife and family, who have our heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VS. CORNELL.—The issue of *Bell's Life* dated Dec. 16 has this to say concerning the declination by Oxford and Cambridge Universities of the challenge sent them by Cornell, proposing a race on the Thames during the Summer of 1877: "The American challenge has been respectfully declined by the O. U. B. C., and the C. U. B. C., the captains feeling it would be impracticable and almost impossible to meet our American cousins in friendly rivalry on the river in the 'long vacation,' as desired. No doubt the motives of our collegemen will be misinterpreted across the channel, and the Harvard race be pointed to as evidence that the English Universities can row if they feel so inclined; but this would be unfair, as that memorable event was simply the result of public opinion, the then president (Mr. Willan of Exeter) having gradually and almost imperceptibly drifted into the match. The difficulties experienced by Mr. Willan, and the prejudices to be overcome as negotiations progressed, are, perhaps, only known to a few; but it will suffice to say that, had that gentleman not been a strong-minded president, the affair would probably have fallen through, even after it had assumed the form of reality. Of course, Mr. Willan had the strong support of the press, which wore down the prejudices of individuals, and tended to make the affair what it eventually became—a great international race. It is not always, however, that presidents are to be found of the type of Messrs. Morrison and Willan, who, of former officials, are amongst the few remembered by the present generation. Their names are still familiar to the mouth as household words amongst all classes of boating men. The present president, Mr. Edwardes-Moss of Brasenose wields the present baton of office with the entire confidence of the whole University, and we doubt if the official rejection of the American challenge would be questioned by any of its members."

WM. LUMSDEN AND THOS. BLACKMAN have been matched to row from the High-level to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, 3 miles 713yds., Tyne, Eng., for £100 a side, April 16, 1877.

AN INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, supplemented with two rowing races between members of yacht clubs, is announced to take place at Naples, Italy, in April next.

THOSE VETERAN OARSMEN of the "black country" Robert Cooper of Redheugh and William Waterston of Newcastle rowed in skiffs, over a straight course of nearly a mile and a half, on the Tyne, for £25 a side, Dec. 11. Cooper won with great ease by several lengths.

THE RING.

JIM MACE AND BILL DAVIS.

The match between these prominent heavy-weights, announced as for $500 a side, the men to spar with blackened gloves, face-hits alone to count, one minute time between rounds of four minutes each, was decided at National Guard Hall, Virginia City, Nev., on Saturday evening, Dec. 16; and, as there was no reason to doubt would be the case, Mace won easily, as far as the record of hits is concerned, though "Old Bill" made it livelier for him than it was supposed he could. This may be in a measure accounted for by the fact that Davis was in much the better condition of the two, having, we are informed, been in training for some weeks previously, with the expectation that his old conqueror Tom Allen, whom he desired to meet again, would visit that section with Mace. They sparred in a ring twenty-foot square, using small-sized gloves. Mace was waited upon by Joe Farnsworth and "Big Frank," while Davis' esquires were Fred Williams and Jack Ker. Bing Williams (the quondam opponent of Jim Chatham) officiated as referee. We take the following description of the rounds from *The Chronicle*, a local journal:

Round 1. Mace was the first to open business, putting in his left on Bill's forehead, and then springing back to avoid the counter. Bill was too quick, however, and countered finely on Mace's nose, amid loud cheering. Mace advanced again, and sent in a rapid blow, which was cleverly stopped; but, without retreating, he struck again at half-length with his left, and, following quickly with his right, got in two in succession. Bill countered splendidly with his right, and Mace, reeling backward to catch his balance, slipped and went down, amid cries of "First knock-down for Davis." Bill, however, did not claim the fall, and so the score stood 3 for Mace and 2 for Davis.

2. Mace led off on Bill's nose, but could not get back quick enough to avoid the return, which came back savagely on his forehead. Bill followed up his advantage, and forced the fighting in good style. Mace took the blows, and, springing about the ring like a panther, got in his work while on the retreat, countering like lightning all over Bill's face, and dodging the heavy lunges which his antagonist sent in for his head. He would often catch a blow on the face and give three in return, while he dodged the counter like a cat. Bill finally got an opening for his favorite right-handed blow, and, with a terrific hit on Mace's forehead, sent him reeling to the floor amid wild cheering. Jim went smiling to his corner, and the referee announced 18 for Mace and 9 for Davis.

3. Mace was breathing heavily, and both men rested their arms on the ropes as if they liked it. At the call of time Davis rushed in to force the fighting; but the clever Jim was not to be caught again, and, while retreating, kept up a rattling fire all over Bill, who still kept forcing his work, and got in four good hits, while Mace responded with six.

4. Mace led with two telling blows on Bill's forehead and eye, and got one on the nose, dodging Bill's heavy cross-counter, and then closing.

5. Both men were breathing heavily when they came to time. Each got in a good hit, and then closed. Davis dropped on his knee.

6. Mace now brought all his science into play, and got in four stinging blows before he caught the counter, which was a terrific right-hander on the mouth. The fighting was very sharp, and Mace, when forced to the ropes, had got in his score finely.

7. The fighting in this round was slow on both sides. Mace led with two blows on the nose and forehead, and Davis got in one sharp counter.

8. Both men attempted to force the work, but Mace found that he must retreat or go down, and Davis rushed him again to the ropes, but not until Mace had put in some clever work on his head. The round ended in a clinch, and the score stood 6 to 3 in favor of Mace.

9. The wind-up was now called, and both men did their best work. Mace led for Bill's face, but it was stopped finely. The next time he was more successful, and got in his blow well, but also got the sharp counter, and returned again with two quick hits on Bill's eye. The men then clinched, and the round ended, with a score of 52 for Mace and 33 for Davis.

In a letter before us, Mace says that he broke his little finger by the fall in the first round, which operated considerably to his disadvantage thereafter; also, that the number of rounds contested was eight, and the time occupied thirty minutes. He speaks of Davis as one of the most honorable men he ever met, and no one who knows gentlemanly Bill will gainsay Jim.

PATSY HOGAN'S FAREWELL.

The parting testimonial benefit to that clever and well-behaved member of the light-weight division of the boxing brotherhood, Patsy Hogan, who as we write is en route for 'Frisco, by way of the Isthmus, was one of the sporting events of the past week, occurring at Harry Hill's Theatre Dec. 28. This now commodious and much-improved establishment was crowded with the better class of supporters of athletic sports, whose presence in such numbers was a flattering compliment to the beneficiary. Young Carman and Ed. Mullen commenced the fistic exercises in a way which greatly pleased the audience, who next welcomed Jack Bowles and "Chicken" Cash, who hammered each other without mercy, and were applauded right heartily for it. Johnny Saunders and Jack Riley, both good 'uns, followed with a set-to in which science was more prominently displayed than hard hitting, their efforts being successful in gaining the approval of the spectators. Prof. Whitney, one of the old-timers, then came to the front, along with Mike Coburn. The set-to was thoroughly scientific, and a treat to look at. Now came the oft-opponents Jim Kelly and Seddons' Mouse, who gave another instalment of their hammer-and-tongs work, which was duly appreciated by the amused and not a little excited onlookers. The popular Edwards Brothers—Billy and Warry—followed them, giving a capital set-to, but one which does not require remark further than to say that the champion's younger brother shows signs of constant improvement, and Billy finds it a very difficult job to get the better of him. This settled the preliminary proceedings, and now were introduced the parties to the principal set-to of the occasion—Patsy Hogan and Pete Croker. It will be remembered that, in the Fall of 1872, these men encountered each other in an off-hand mill, without the softening influence of the gloves, in a room in Ward 4, when Croker, who was then looked upon as the rising light-weight of the East, gained a decisive victory after a stubborn contest. During the four years which have elapsed since then, Hogan has, by practice and always keeping his head level, considerably improved, while Pete has fallen off in proportion. This change in the order of things was clearly shown on Thursday afternoon, and especially to the satisfaction of Patsy's immediate friends, for he unquestionably got decidedly the best of Sir Peter this time. The Fourth-warder is much slower in delivery, and altogether a less effective sparrer than formerly—a result mainly attributable to the course of life he has pursued, and which is greatly regretted by his true friends. The encounter was, nevertheless, a rattling affair from end to end, each man administering punishment with a liberal hand, and taking his gruel without grumbling. A storm of applause greeted them as they clasped hands and retired behind the canvas. Uncle Tovee was on hand in his usual capacity of M. C., and now and then got off one of his little jokes, which, as usual, set the several tables in a roar. The beneficiary, with pockets tolerably well lined as a result of the matinee, sailed for San Francisco on Saturday, Dec. 30.

FATAL GLOVE MATCH—HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

Upon the night of the recent glove contest between Marcellus Baker and Crockett, at the Palais Royal, Boston, Mass., an agreement was entered into for another encounter of like sort between Patrick J. McDermott and Daniel Davidson (both members of the Howard Associates), a previous meeting between whom, at Cambridge, resulted in the latter gaining the upper hand. According to agreement, the men met at Revere Hall, corner of Green and Chardon streets, on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 28. A select company of about seventy-five persons were present. McDermott was seconded by Dan Dwyer and Tom Mahoney, while Jimmy Gallagher and Tim McCarthy esquired Davidson. Sol Aaron acted as referee, and kept the time. It was a hard, determined contest, though more a test of physical endurance than ability to stand punishing hitting, as neither man was much bruised during the fifty-five minutes occupied by the battle; but both were so completely worn out that they had to be assisted to the scratch by their seconds in the last two or three of the twenty-four rounds fought. At the close of the twenty-fourth round Davidson was found to be insensible, and failing to respond to the call of time, McDermott was proclaimed the victor. The application of restoratives failed to bring Davidson back to consciousness, and at 5.25 (the contest began at 3.30) he expired. Upon learning of this sad result, McDermott at once proceeded to Station 1 and gave himself up, from whence he was transferred to Station 3, and locked up. Aaron, Gallagher and Mahoney were arrested as witnesses, and each bailed in $800. The Judge of the Criminal Court would not grant a warrant for his arrest on a charge of manslaughter, however, and on the 29th McDermott was discharged, as were also the others who had been taken into custody. The reason for this action on the part of the Court was the fact that Drs. Cilley and Goddard stated that they had ascertained that Davidson had previously been troubled with a heart-affection. Taking this into consideration, the doctors came to the conclusion that death was caused by an attack of heart disease, aggravated by his exertions in the match. The statements of the friends of both parties, that Davidson and McDermott had always been on the most friendly terms were also submitted, and the Court considered this. Coroner Cilley impaneled a jury, who viewed the body, and the inquest was adjourned till Monday evening, Jan. 1. Dr. Treadwell was to make the autopsy.

JIM KELLY AND SEDDONS' MOUSE, who weekly furnish sport in the boxing line for the patrons of Harry Hill's Varieties, will take a joint benefit at that famous sporting house on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 11. An attractive programme will be presented, and Jim and Steve will themselves give their friends a good "sight for their money."

GILLESPIE AND HICKEN, Jem Murray and other pugilistic leading spirits of the Quaker City are to don the gloves at the International Music Hall, in that city, on the 5th of January, the occasion of a complimentary benefit tendered Fred Treacy and Geo. Bechtel, two well-known professional baseball players.

JOE GOSS had a better house than was expected, considering the bad weather, at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, Dec. 29. He and Steve Taylor remain in the Quaker City this week.

MIKE GILLESPIE AND DICK KEARNEY will formally open Johnny Clark's old place, 1,028 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Jan. 3. Sparring will be continued every Saturday evening, as heretofore.

BILL PERKINS, brother of the celebrated Jack Perkins, died at Oxford, Eng., Dec. 14, aged 70. For many years he was a bedmaker at Wadham College, Oxford.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS is expected back from England about the middle of this month.

WE HAVE LETTERS for "Butt" Riley and "Tom" Allen.

QUAIL WITHOUT TOAST.—A Kansas City gentleman, presumptively dissatisfied with the bill-of-fare at the hotel at which he is stopping, sighs for quail, and is prepared to eat either one a day for thirty consecutive days, or one a day for sixty consecutive days.

BROADWAY HOTEL, Kansas City, Dec. 28.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I understand there is a standing offer of five hundred dollars to a person that will eat thirty quail in thirty days. I am willing to deposit $100, and I will bet as much more that I will eat sixty in sixty days.

M. V. FRANK.

THE RICHMOND, VA., CALEDONIAN CLUB elected the following officers Dec. 23: Chief, James Macdougal; first chieftain, James Johnson; second chieftain, Alex. Cobban; third chieftain, John Craig; fourth chieftain, H. I. Reith; guide, Thomas McNiven; sentinel, James Grant.

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE ASSOCIATION.

The report of the proceedings of the League Convention, which appeared in THE CLIPPER, seems to have stirred up quite a hornet's nest in Chicago, and one of these insects has buzzed itself into such a fever of excitement as to make its antics laughably amusing. The comments of the writer alluded to remind one so forcibly of the articles which used to pitch into the old Chicago nines, when they lost games, as to simply create a smile. In those days of the old Chicago Club, when the games were lost, *the press bets went with them*, and that hit too hard to be borne with patiently; and so the sweet revenge was taken in the form of vulgarly abusive comments on "the beats, the frauds, and the bummers" alleged to compose the unlucky defeated nine. When unpalatable truths are told, then does a man's nature show itself. In return, the mediocre and vulgar mind resorts to billingsgate, while the gentleman responds with controvertive argument. To the one, contemptuous silence is the only response; while, to the other, courtesy suggests proper attention. Hence, to the buzzing of the Chicago hornet there needs only the answer of "Shoo fly;" but to a communication we have received from Mr. Mills due attention will be given.

First, let it be understood by all our readers that not an article goes into THE CLIPPER that is not read and endorsed by the proprietor of the paper. His views, and his only, are embodied in any special article, such as that of the report of the convention proceedings of the League Association. In regard to the report in question, as it was a rule of the inaugural meeting of the League to exclude from their conventions all persons except actual delegates—an exception being made in favor of one Chicago paper at the annual meeting of the League—it followed as a matter of course that our regular baseball reporter was unable to be present at the meetings. The same hand which supplied the one Chicago paper with its report *sent the report which appeared in* THE CLIPPER, and the comments interpolated were the result of information furnished to our reporter by a party personally cognizant of the proceedings of the meetings in question.

The communication from Mr. Mills is one which is not written on the basis of a proper knowledge of the facts in the case. He says that in the issue of THE CLIPPER of Dec. 23 is presented an account of the proceedings of the League Convention, in most particulars identical with that published by a Chicago paper; "but the deductions from the facts are diametrically opposed to those of said journal; and, by the omission of important facts, the enlargement of various errors that had crept into the Chicago report, and the substitution of alleged motives of action for those reported as guiding the League, the entire article is made to appear quite at variance with the elements of an impartial record of the doings of the convention, as I observed them and participated in them as a delegate."

Before the Chicago paper reached this city, a copy of the report in question was sent to us, which did not contain the letter of the constitutional article, but only a section of it; hence our omission of the article which Mr. Mills says "provides for all non-League clubs that choose to avail themselves of its provisions, the substantial advantages of League membership, without its burdens, and renders their connection with any association of clubs an unnecessary luxury."

Furthermore, Mr. Mills states that we were inaccurate in our description of the document presented by the Western clubs against the Athletics, and he asks whether we do or do not justify the expulsion. What we objected to was that the comparatively venal offense committed by the Athletic Club should be punished with as much severity as if they had committed the worst crime known to the League code. We disapprove the action of the convention, Mr. Mills, in expelling the clubs for the offense the clubs were guilty of, viz.. failing to play their full quota of games, on the grounds that no worse penalty could have been inflicted had the club committed fraud in all other games.

In regard to the action of the convention in the case of Bradley, Anson and Battin, the fact remains, uncontradicted by Mr. Mills, that the St. Louis and Chicago Clubs could not have obtained the services of the players they wanted *unless the Athletics were expelled!* Is it not a fair deduction, then, that that motive was influential to some extent in preventing the club from being fined for their failure to play games, instead of being expelled? But it is not worth while discussing the other portions of Mr. Mills' communication, inasmuch as they are not pertinent to the main issue, which is, that THE CLIPPER intended to give a report adverse to the interests of the League; in other words, not an impartial one. We contend that, from the sources of information at our command (one of which was the report sent us from Chicago), we presented a fair account of the work done at the convention, and the tone of the comments made upon that report shows conclusively that the truth was decidedly unpalatable.

The League has been a sort of *secret society* from its inception. It has, too, been objectionable from its effort at monopoly. We can see but little that it has done to foster integrity of play during the opening year of its existence. On the contrary, there has been much to encourage wrongdoing by its negative method of government. It began its work by expelling a club for unfair conduct, *and then engaged every player of the expelled club* in the League nines. Not a player has been expelled from the League for dishonest play, nor a club either; but two clubs have been dismissed by expulsion for a failure to finish their quota of games, owing to pecuniary embarrassments brought about chiefly by the unwise policy of the League in charging too high a price for admission to their games, at a time when general depression ruled throughout the country, and when the great attractions at the Centennial Exhibition could be seen for the same price of admission as that charged for witnessing League games.

The League and its Work.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: Assuming it to be your aim to lay before the many readers of the baseball department of THE CLIPPER the facts relating to the course pursued by the League at its recent convention, I desire to submit a few questions, together with some observations, respecting the attitude assumed towards the League by your paper in its last two issues. In that of Dec. 16 the League's address to the public is introduced as follows: "Below will be found the circular address of the League to the baseball public, in which they endeavor to sustain their position in excluding the general class of professional clubs from their Association; but their apologies are weak, and hardly in accordance with the facts."

Which of the statements contained in the League's address are those designated as "apologies" for "excluding the general class of professional clubs from their Association?" Wherein are such statements "weak?" and wherein are they "hardly in accordance with the facts?"

Again THE CLIPPER says: "The first paper read by the Board was a formal citation, emanating from the four Western clubs of the League, against the Athletic and Mutual Clubs, charging them, not with any violation of the League rules affecting the morality question of the objects aimed at by the League, but simply charging them with a failure to complete the series of games comprising each club's quota of the championship contests of the season." Suffice it to say that the above is far from being an accurate description of the document presented by the Western clubs, and that the Athletics were clearly convicted of having violated three fundamental requirements of the League constitution, viz.: 1. The fulfillment of engagements to play games. 2. The fulfillment of contracts with players. 3. The prohibition against playing with a club presenting in its nine a player expelled for disreputable conduct.

A breach of any one of these requirements involved forfeiture of membership, as the Athletics stipulated it should when they signed the League compact on the formation of the League. If THE CLIPPER does not regard these offenses as affecting what it terms "the morality question of the objects aimed at by the League," in what light does it regard them? I am not alone in believing that THE CLIPPER would have openly denounced the League had it condoned the glaring offenses of these clubs, and restored them to membership; and I would like to see a direct answer to the question whether THE CLIPPER approves or disapproves the action of the League in expelling them.

But THE CLIPPER strongly intimates that the letter of Bradley, Anson and Battin, in which they asked the League to make them eligible to play in clubs capable of fulfilling the club's part of the player's contract, influenced the Board to recommend the expulsion of the Athletics. It must be manifest to the impartial reader acquainted with the relative playing strength of the League clubs that, had the Board based their action upon the petition of those players, they would have unanimously *opposed* the expulsion of the Athletics, so as to prevent the great advantage that the leading rival of their respective clubs would gain from the acquisition of Bradley and Anson; but the facts are, that the Board took no action in reference to the players' petition, and it was not presented to the League or referred to until after the expulsion of the Athletics and Mutuals.

In connection with this Athletic matter, I must disclaim THE CLIPPER's flattering allusion to myself as being unjust to Mr. Thompson of the Athletics, who, although urged to remain, withdrew immediately after presenting the Athletics' appeal and responding to questions asked him by delegates; consequently, he was not overmastered in debate by anybody.

Following its remarks upon the petition of Bradley, Anson and Battin, THE CLIPPER says: "But in the case of another demand for 'protection' made by Devlin of the Louisville Club, asking that his contract be annulled with that club, owing to their alleged failure to fulfill their agreement with him, the effect of a letter from the Louisville Club claiming the right to 'discipline their men as they chose' led to a decision practically denying Devlin the same degree of protection accorded to Bradley and Anson." With respect to the degree of injustice inflicted on Devlin, I will ask THE CLIPPER to answer itself by the following extract from the next column to that from which the foregoing quotation is taken: "Devlin, the pitcher of the Louisville nine of 1876, received a salary of $1,900 for his eight months' service, all of which was duly paid him. He has signed to play with the same club for 1877, and he has been paid an advance on his ensuing year's salary. He asked for his release on the ground of his not having received a further advance exactly at the time appointed. No club-managers in the League have dealt more honorably with their players than those of the Louisville Club." [See Devlin's letter in this week's CLIPPER.—ED.]

In referring to the amendment of the League Constitution, providing for the admission of new clubs to the League at any time before the commencement of the playing season, THE CLIPPER proceeds to further amend the League Constitution by adding certain conditions precedent to membership that the League never imposed or contemplated. The provision for the admission of new clubs was adopted by the League in good faith, and with the desire to have both New York and Philadelphia represented in the League next season. An organization from each city, controlled by men likely to observe the principles of common honesty in dealing with the public, with other clubs, and with their players, will find no difficulty in gaining admission to the League.

There are several other features of THE CLIPPER's article that I would like to discuss, but I must have already drawn this letter to so great a length as to tax THE CLIPPER's indulgence in printing it. I will, therefore, only ask additional space to say that, in the course of many years' connection with baseball, I have never met a body of representative baseball men so uniformly determined to subordinate all other considerations to the *integrity* of the game, as were the League delegates at Cleveland; and I feel safe in saying that, while unwilling to be misjudged, the clubs they represented would be grateful for, and endeavor to profit by, any just criticism of their past action or future conduct that THE CLIPPER may deem it proper to make, with the view of fostering and elevating the favorite American sport.

Very respectfully,

Chicago, Dec. 22, 1876. A. G. MILLS.

[The above communication was not received in time for publication in last week's CLIPPER.—ED.]

THE PLAYERS OF 1876.

The Catchers.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We have not seen a catcher improve more rapidly since he went into professional playing than Snyder, the very able and reliable catcher of the Louisvilles of 1876. It should be borne in mind, in estimating the playing strength of a professional, that due consideration must be given to the circumstances under which he plays in a nine. To see a player attending to his position in an undisciplined and untrained team like that of the Mutuals of the past two years, is to see him under great disadvantages. This was the case with Snyder while in the Philadelphia nine of 1875, and it was not surprising that his marked ability was at times underrated. But when a player occupies a position in a nine like the Bostons of 1875, his full powers stand a chance of being developed. It is one thing to have to play for a pool-ring team, and quite another to be one of a nine in which self-respect is fostered, and the men are treated like men, and not like mere hirelings. Snyder has proved himself honorable by his strict adherence to his word in all he engaged to do, and he has wisely been retained. No player, no matter what his skill, is really worth his salt who cannot be relied on just in this way. Men who will avail themselves of flaws or errors to escape an honorable word-engagement should be allowed to go, as all such only lack a sufficiently tempting offer to dip into regular crooked play. Snyder is one of the pluckiest of catchers. He is a very sure catcher of swift pacing balls, and endures well. He also is skillful in taking sharp fly-tips and in watching bases, and in throwing he ranks with the best. We undoubtedly place him among the A No. 1 class of 1876.

The Athletic catchers of the past season were Coons and Malone. The former we did not see play. The latter is an old hand at the business, and what he does not know about things behind the bat is not worth learning. He and his colleague McGeary are a well-matched pair in this respect. Both are fine catchers for straight pitching, but the curve style rather gets the better of them. If they were only as well up in one great essential of a professional ball-tosser as they are up in their play in the field, they would be very desirable men. But both have been talked about too much, and the result is that they do not exactly enjoy the same reputation for reliability that Joe Start enjoys.

The Cincinnati Club had several catchers in their experimental team of 1876, viz., Pearson, Foley, Booth, and one or two others. These displayed a fair share of ability, but they did not astonish the baseball world. Under good training and discipline, however, both Foley and Pearson would show marked improvement, the former evidently being a very promising young player.

Hastings of last year's Louisville team is a reliable player, and a very good catcher and base-runner—something all catchers are not, singularly enough—for base-running is not the forte of any catcher of the period that we know of. Hastings plays a strong game at times, and when playing under favorable circumstances he has shown a marked degree of skill.

There was one peculiarity of the catching of 1876 which can be improved upon, and that is the habit many of the catchers had of playing close up behind the bat when there were no base-runners to watch. It is all very well if you want to show off in taking fly-tips sharp from the bat, but many a chance for a long foul bound on a high-foul fly is lost by the custom. Where there is one chance for a sharp fly tip, there are three at least for foul-ball catches, either high flies or low bounds. We are glad to see that the rule repealing the foul-bound catch was not adopted. It would have materially weakened the play of amateur nines. By-and-bye, when the game has reached a higher degree of excellence, it will be well to consider the subject again. A great mistake was made in supposing that the doing-away with foul bounds would lessen the catcher's work. The very reverse would have been the case—it would have doubled the arduous nature of his task, for it would have obliged him to stand up behind the bat all the time. We are surprised that Harry Wright did not see that this would be the result.

In watching the play behind the bat during 1876, it really was a very pretty sight at times to note the marked degree of skill exhibited. The catlike agility of White, the steady, bold front presented by Clapp and Allison, the pluck and endurance of Snyder, and the judgment of Hicks, were all features of the play worthy of more than passing remark. The position at best is one of danger. Keen sight, steady nerves, plucky endurance of pain, and quick perception are essentials of the position, and all these traits were exhibited to a marked degree by the able catchers of 1876. Outside of the League nines, too, we saw some very fine catching. Clare of the Chelseas of Brooklyn is a first-class and thoroughly reliable catcher. So is Seward of the New Havens. Those of the Western and Eastern co-operative teams we did not see play; but some splendid work was done by them, as their record of small-figure games shows. There were some other catchers—change players—whom we do not at present call to mind, but whom we will comment upon before we get through with our series of articles.

DEVLIN IN THE LEAGUE.

It appears from the appended letter that Devlin has a legitimate claim under League rules for his contract with the Louisville Club being declared void. His letter is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 23, 1876.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* You have been evidently misinformed when you state that I received a salary of $1,900 from the Louisville Club, and that I asked for my release from said club on the ground of 'not having received a further advance exactly at the time appointed.' I will as briefly as possible place myself right on the record. I received a salary of $1,600 last year from the Louisvilles, instead of $1,900, and did not ask for my release from the contract entered into with said club until I had tried every possible means to get any word or answer from the directors or officers of the Louisvilles relative to the payment of the advance money due Nov. 15 last, and still unpaid. The Athletics offered me $1,800 last June, and the Louisvilles offered to give $100 more, besides paying me certain advance-money; and this latter inducement only persuaded me to sign with the Louisvilles instead of the Athletics; and a clause in my contract with the Louisvilles expressly states that said money was to be paid me on July 1st and Nov. 15th, in advance of next season. I received the first installment July 1st; have not yet received that due Nov. 15th; and that makes the contract null and void, and I am at present at liberty to sign with any semi-professional club, the League to the contrary notwithstanding. And I may add that I have received a liberal offer to pitch for the Athletics of my native city. I have heard nothing from the Louisvilles except a communication from their president a few days since, saying I would have to give them 'satisfactory guarantees and security' (?) before I could get the money due me on Nov. 15, 1876.

Yours respect'y, JAMES A. DEVLIN.

AMATEUR NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

From the appended communication it will be seen that the regular annual convention of the Amateur National Association will be held, and this time in New York. It will be well for the president of the existing Association to bear in mind the fact that scarcely one in five of the clubs enrolled as members of the Association is a legitimate amateur club. The majority are semi-professional, and the object of the proposed International Professional Association is to include in its members all these so-called amateur clubs. In the coolest manner possible, the delegates of these semi-professional organizations declared their clubs to be amateur at the very time that they had club-managers and club-players engaged at regular salaries. The Stars of Syracuse were an instance of this. It is absurd to call the Amateur Association by its present name while it admits to membership semi-professional clubs. Let the delegates admitted be those only from legitimate amateur clubs, even if only half a dozen be found able to come in as such. The letter is as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1876.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir:* By reason of several articles appearing in *The Herald*, I am in receipt of a number of inquiries as to whether the "Amateur Association" will be convened, and I ask a space in your columns to reply to all whom it may concern. There has been no meeting of the Association since its annual one, and consequently no official action declaring its abandonment. The undersigned, at the proper time, will cause notices to be sent to members of the annual meeting. The necessity which called the Association into being still exists, and, no doubt, earnest and legitimate amateurs will be found to sustain it. The Association numbers forty members, and is in a prosperous condition. Yours etc., JOHN G. H. MEYERS,

President Nat. A. A. Baseball Players.

THE NEW RULES.

A correspondent sends us the following in regard to the effect of one of the League rules recently adopted:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 23, '76.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—In your last issue I notice that, in commenting upon the revised code adopted by the League convention, you refer to the section authorizing a club to dismiss a player for "unsatisfactory services" as having been adopted to meet such cases as Borden's contract with the Boston Club. It is probable that this particular case gave rise to the enactment of the section referred to. It will not, however, accomplish its end, if it really is intended to effect the abrogation of Borden's contract. No such *ex-post-facto* legislation has any weight, and, should the Boston Club dismiss Borden on the strength of the new rule, he can readily recover his full salary by a suit at law. Yours, etc.,

AMATEUR.

[We did not state that it was adopted for that purpose, but that that was what it would accomplish.—ED.]

THE ATHLETICS still live, despite their expulsion by the League, and as an independent nine will make matters lively in baseballdom in Philadelphia. Devlin, late of the Louisvilles, will most likely be the pitcher, with Bennett of the Neshannocks of New Castle, Pa., as the catcher; Fisler, first base; Reach, second base; Meyerle, third base; Fulmer, short-stop; Cuthbert, left field; Sensenderfer, centre field; and Coons, right field and change catcher. Eight of the above nine are Philadelphians, and Reach is one by adoption. Hicks Hayhurst and Al Wright will be the business-manager and secretary, and the worthy veteran Al Reach will have entire control of and captain the nine. The Philadelphias purpose reorganizing, and will present a strong nine, the following men being named as likely to play: Weaver, Crowley, Arthur Allison, Somerville, Williamson, Creamer, Trescy, Mason and Bechtel. The Athletics and Philadelphias will jointly occupy the ball-grounds at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, and will charge 25 cents admission; and as there is to be no counter-attraction like the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia during the season of 1877, these two evenly-matched nines should do well.

LIP. PIKE will captain and manage the Cincinnatis next season, and his zeal and intelligence, combined with his skill as a hard-hitting, left-handed batsman, expert outfielder and fast base-runner, will cause him to be a valuable acquisition to this favorite organization of "Porkopolis."

THE RESOLUTE B. B. C. of Renovo, Pa., are to hold their third annual reception and ball at the Renovo House Jan. 19, when the members and their friends propose to "make a night of it."

A SHORT-STOP and fielder, who is also a good batter, advertises for a position.

THE WEST END OF MILWAUKEE.

This Wisconsin club was organized in the Spring of 1876, and was then composed strictly of "amateur" players; afterwards two "hired" players were added, and in a large portion of the games no other hired ones took part. Subsequently, to be better able to cope with the class of clubs visiting that section, three more professionals were added, making five in all, the remaining four—Chandler, Furlong, Vose and Stone—being amateurs. With fine, new grounds, in first-class shape, reserved seats, and an entire seating capacity of 1,500 spectators, they expect to be able, in '77, to entertain the clubs visiting them in good style. Clubs intending going West next season are earnestly requested to write to Manager Andrus for terms, which will be made satisfactory to the visiting club. Their record for 1876 follows:

GAMES WON.

May 27, West End vs. Evanston College, at Evanston, Ill	14 to	5
May 30, West End vs. Alert, at Milwaukee	22	15
June 10, West End vs. Evanston College	11	5
June 29, West End vs. Racine College, at Rac'e, Wis.	9	0
July 4, West End vs. Fairbanks, at Chi'go (11 inn.)	10	6
July 15, West End vs. Clipper, at Winona, Minn	14	4
July 17, West End vs. Red Cap, at St Paul, Minn	7	0
July 22, West End vs. Alert, Milwaukee	9	7
July 29, West End vs. Fairbanks, at Chicago	10	7
Aug. 15, West End vs. Mutual, at Janesville, Wis	20	4
Aug. 24, West End vs. Mutual, at Janesville, Wis	11	9
Aug. 26, West End vs. Red Cap, at St. Paul, Minn	9	5
Aug. 29, West End vs. Red Cap, at St. Paul, Minn	18	3
Aug. 31, West End vs. Red Stockings (10 innings), at Freeport, Ill	12	10
Sept. 2, West End vs. Ætna, at Detroit, Mich	7	3
Sept. 8, West End vs. Fairbanks, at Chicago	7	5
Sept. 14, West End vs. Mutual, at Janesville, Wis	24	2
Sept. 15, West End vs. Ætna, at Detroit	5	1
Sept. 16, West End vs. Ætna, Detroit	3	2
Sept. 19, West End vs. Alert, Milwaukee	19	11
Sept. 21, West End vs. Alert, Milwaukee	21	6
Sept. 30, West End vs. Liberty, Chicago	25	1
Oct. 2, West End vs. Athletic, Racine, Wis	24	9
Oct. 3, West End vs. West End, Chicago	28	7
GAMES LOST—WITH LEAGUE CLUBS.		
June 21, West End vs. Chicago	1	11
June 30, West End vs. Athletic	4	14
July 7, West End vs. Hartford	2	17
Sept. 28, West End vs. Chicago (10 innings)	7	10
Oct. 12, West End vs. St. Louis Browns	5	17
Oct. 21, West End vs. Chicago	10	11
WITH SEMI-PROFESSIONAL CLUBS.		
June 14, West End vs. Racine College of Racine, Wis	4	11
July 10, West End vs. San Francisco of San Francisco, Cal	4	8
July 11, West End vs. San Francisco of San Francisco, Cal	3	12
Aug. 4, West End vs. Amateur of Oshkosh, Wis	14	18
Aug. 12, West End vs. Fairbanks, at Chicago	2	5
Sept 18, West End vs. Ætna of Detroit	0	18
Sept. 23, West End vs. Athletic, at Racine	5	6

The name of the organization has been changed to "Milwaukee Baseball Association," and the following players named as the team for 1877: F. H. Andrus, Everett Mills, J. C. Carbine, J. H. Lawler, H. McDonald, F. E. Bliss, H. E. Chandler, W. E. Furlong, H. Vose and P. F. Stone. No catcher has yet been secured. They have leased for a term of four years a lot 400x500 feet on Wells street.

THE QUICKSTEP OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

This club disbanded Sept. 28, after playing fifty-five games. They were disappointed in many contracts with other clubs, and thereby were not successful financially; but, it being the first season of a paid-nine club, it was, of course, quite a heavy expense, which is expected to be made up for next season. Many of the old players have been engaged for next year, commencing April 1. Their record follows:

Quickstep vs. Centennial, of Philadelphia	7 to	3
Quickstep vs. Chester of West Philadelphia	6	0
Quickstep vs. Klintz of Philadelphia	12	6
Quickstep vs. Chester of West Chester	25	2
Quickstep vs. Chester of West Chester	14	4
Quickstep vs. Campbell of Philadelphia	8	1
Quickstep vs. Eureka of Camden, N. J.	14	5
Quickstep vs. Star of Covington, Ky	5	6
Quickstep vs. Baltimore of Baltimore, Md	14	2
Quickstep vs. Baltimore of Baltimore, Md	18	1
Quickstep vs. Philadelphia of Philadelphia	14	7
Quickstep vs. Athletic of Philadelphia	17	6
Quickstep vs. Cincinnati of Cincinnati, O	10	4
Quickstep vs. Irvin of Honesdale, Pa	5	4
Quickstep vs. Mannyunk of Philadelphia	28	0
Quickstep vs. Western of Wilmington	25	2
Quickstep vs. Western of Wilmington	18	1
Quickstep vs. Campbell of Philadelphia	13	2
Quickstep vs. Campbell of Philadelphia	18	2
Quickstep vs. Altoona of Altoona, Pa	10	0
Quickstep vs. Altoona of Altoona	13	6
Quickstep vs. Renova of Renova, Pa	9	2
Quickstep vs. Renova of Renova	24	6
Quickstep vs. Erie of Erie, Pa	8	2
Quickstep vs. Erie of Erie	17	6
Quickstep vs. Lockhaven of Lockhaven, Pa	23	3
Quickstep vs. Williamsport of Williamsport, Pa	4	0
Quickstep vs. Juniata of Wilmington, Del	12	0
Quickstep vs. Juniata of Wilmington	8	0
Quickstep vs. Western of Wilmington	18	1
Quickstep vs. Western of Wilmington	12	0
Quickstep vs. New Haven of New Haven, Ct	6	4
Quickstep vs. Chicago of Chicago, Ill	9	8
Quickstep vs. Centennial of California	17	1
Quickstep vs. Centennial of California	22	2
Quickstep vs. Neshannock of Newcastle, Pa	7	9
Quickstep vs. Campbell of Philadelphia, Pa	11	0
Quickstep vs. Eureka of Camden, N. J	12	0
Quickstep vs. Clipper of Wilmington, Del	8	1
Quickstep vs. Clipper of Wilmington	14	0
Quickstep vs. Archer of Philadelphia	16	2
Quickstep vs. Archer of Philadelphia	19	1
Quickstep vs. Philadelphia of Philadelphia	3	6
Quickstep vs. Active of Reading, Pa	10	10
Quickstep vs. Centennial of Philadelphia	12	1
Quickstep vs. Klinz of Philadelphia	11	2
Quickstep vs. Manayunk of Philadelphia	19	0
Quickstep vs. Trenton of Wilmington	9	0
Quickstep vs. Keystone of Philadelphia	4	2
Quickstep vs. Keystone of Philadelphia	15	0
Quickstep vs. Philadelphia of Philadelphia	11	3
Quickstep vs. Eureka of Camden	3	2
Quickstep vs. Lancaster of Lancaster	11	2
Quickstep vs. Centennial of Philadelphia	4	1
Quickstep vs. Archer of Philadelphia	5	2

MUTUAL CLUB OF JACKSON, MICH.

This organization, which for four successive seasons has held the championship of Michigan, played thirty-three games during the season of 1876, winning twenty-three. Their record follows:

Mutual vs. Hillsdale, at Hillsdale	18 to	4
Mutual vs. Hooper, at Jackson	26	8
Mutual vs. Maple Leaf of Canada, at Jackson	5	4
Mutual vs. Ætna, at Detroit	10	6
Mutual vs. Ludlow, at Cincinnati, O	15	14
Mutual vs. Star, at Covington, Ky	6	5
Mutual vs. Wabash, at Fort Wayne	16	5
Mutual vs. Tecumseh, at Jackson	5	14
Mutual vs. Cass of Detroit, at Jackson	6	10
Mutual vs. Yates of Grand Rapids, at Jackson	14	1
Mutual vs. Ætna of Detroit, at Jackson	12	6
Mutual vs. Ætna of Detroit, at Jackson	10	6
Mutual vs. Cass of Detroit, at Detroit	12	2
Mutual vs. Pontiac, at Pontiac	21	3
Mutual vs. Tecumseh of London, at London	0	12
Mutual vs. Tecumseh of London, at London	0	11
Mutual vs. Cass of Detroit, at Jackson	9	3
Mutual vs. Picked Nine, at Jackson	23	0
Mutual vs. Wabash, at Fort Wayne	13	4
Mutual vs. Nameless of Concord, at Jackson	56	0
Mutual vs. Ætna, at Detroit	6	9
Mutual vs. Cass, at Detroit	7	13
Mutual vs. Ætna, at Detroit	1	6
Mutual vs. Cass, at Jackson (5 innings)	0	1
Mutual vs. Red Sox of St. Louis, Mo., at Jackson	3	5
Mutual vs. Red Sox, at Iowa Tournament	0	3
Mutual vs. Cass of Detroit, at Iowa Tournament	6	0
Mutual vs. Ætna of Detroit, at Iowa Tournament	10	1
Mutual vs. Ætna of Detroit, at Iowa Tournament	7	0
Mutual vs. Chicago, at Jackson	3	17
Mutual vs. Clipper, at Hastings	23	8
Mutual vs. Hillsdale, at Hillsdale	12	7
Mutual vs. Star of Norville, at Jackson	12	3

BATTING RECORD.

	No. G.	B. H.	A.B.H.
Lawler, s. s	16	28	1.75
Brady, 1st b	16	21	1.64
Gillespie, 3d b	27	44	1.63
Meyers, c. and r. f.	29	45	1.55
Montgomery, c. f. and 2d b	32	38	1.19
Benedict, l. f. and 1st b	31	33	1.17
Carbine, 1st b	13	14	1.09
Naylor, p., l. f. and c	33	36	1.09
Dailey, s. s. and 3d b	7	7	1.00
Bantle, 2d b. and s. s	25	25	1.00
Terwillager, p. and l. f	18	16	0.88
Fisher, p. and r. f	6	5	0.83

SPRINGFIELD (ILL.) CLUB RECORD.

The following is the record for 1876 of this club, which was organized on Aug. 6 of that year:

VICTORIES.		
Aug. 12, Springfield vs. Litchfield	9 to	0
Aug. 15, Springfield vs. Brown Sox	20	8
Aug. 25, Springfield vs. Picked Nine	29	10
Aug. 29, Springfield vs. Havana	14	6
Aug. 30, Springfield vs. Jacksonville	9	6
Sept. 1, Springfield vs. Bloomington	4	1
Sept. 4, Springfield vs. Belleville	13	9
Sept. 5, Springfield vs. Peoria	37	12
Sept. 13, Springfield vs. Bloomington	14	8
Sept. 15, Springfield vs. Bloomington	8	7
Sept. 27, Springfield vs. Freeport	29	16
Sept. 29, Springfield vs. Picked Nine	13	1
DEFEATS.		
Aug. 18, Springfield vs. Bloomington	5	8
Oct. 5, Springfield vs. Boston	16	[illegible]
DRAWS.		
Aug. 31, Springfield vs. Bloomington	4	4

The club would like to hear from all clubs going West next season. Address Wm. D. Baker, secretary.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HOWES OUTWALKS IDE.—A four hours' walking match, for £25 a side, took place at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., Dec. 4, the contestants being W. Howes and George Ide. The latter may be considered the fifty-miles champion, and Howes, in the late twenty-four hours' tournament at the Agricultural Hall, covered 117 miles within that time—a performance which has only been eclipsed by Crossland and Vaughan. The day was dull and threatening, but there was very little wind, and the path was in good condition. Directly the signal was given by J. Vandy, Howes dashed off with the lead, finishing the first lap eight seconds in advance of Ide, and every circuit increased his advantage. In his twentieth circuit he overlapped his opponent, who was visibly tiring, and he repeated this in his fifty-fourth. It was now plain the race was all over, as, though Ide walked in the gamest manner possible, and tried his hardest, he failed to gain an inch on Howes, who was plodding on in his best style, and, although making such excellent progress, walking well within himself. Howes, in his fifty-fourth lap, passed Ide for the third time, having walked him almost to a standstill; and at the conclusion of the seventy-sixth lap, seeing he had no chance, Ide wisely retired from the contest, stating that he was perfectly satisfied, and that Howes could stop when he pleased. The latter ultimately pulled up on completing his eighty-second lap, and was cheered by his friends. The track is 393yds. in circumference, and the time for the eighty-two laps was 2h. 33min. 20sec.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Chas. Cushing and A. H. Libby.

CURLING for the rink medal was commenced at St. John, N. B., on Dec. 26, by two rinks of the St. Andrews Club with the following result: W. Purdy, W. F. Harrison, F. A. King, Simeon Jones, skip—16; C. Y. Gregory, James Hegan, A. Watson, Wm. Snider, skip—13. Games for the Royal Caledonian medal are announced to begin Jan. 4, for the Milligan medal Jan. 9, and married and single match Jan. 12.

WM. BARNES of Manayunk and Wm. Coates of Philadelphia met on Dec. 28 at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Philadelphia, for the purpose of deciding the question of superiority at one hundred yards. Coates came over the line first, but, on account of his starting before the shot of the pistol, the referee ordered them to run the race over at the same place on the afternoon of Jan. 1.

CHARLES H. MURPHY, the opponent of Col. J. H. McLaughlin in the recent collar-and-elbow wrestling match at Harry Hill's, informs us that he will start for San Francisco, Cal., about Jan. 10, and when he arrives there will be pleased to meet John McMahon or his representative, and arrange a match for $250 a side, best two in three falls, American rules.

The Baltimore Sun, which, on May 17 next will celebrate its fortieth birthday, has just issued its Almanac for 1877, and a very useful work it will prove to many.

BOWLING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Nassau and Columbia Clubs of the Eastern District played their first match game together, and the eighth game of the series, at Kettler's, on Dec. 27, in the presence of a fair attendance. There was no very brilliant play on either side, but the contest was even, and therefore exciting towards the end, the Nassaus winning by thirty-two pins. Henry Bartlett of the Athletics was chosen umpire, and the game began at 8:10 P. M. The Nassaus started off, making a clean frame and a total of 192. For several frames after this they weakened, and the Columbias closed up the gap and went to the front in the sixth frame with a score of 916 to 878. At this moment the champion sculler of Greenwood Lake (Robert Orr) rallied his men, but to no purpose, as the Columbias maintained their advantage, and had the game well in hand up to the ninth inning, when they became rattled, and the Nassaus again took the lead, the score standing 1,322 to 1,310. In the tenth inning the Nassaus made four strikes and four spares to their opponents' two strikes and four spares, and won the most exciting game of the season by 32 pins. Holmes had two balls called on him, by which he lost a spare, and Church and Staple also had foul balls called on them. The following is the score:

NASSAU.		COLUMBIA.	
Robert Orr	179	Martin	132
G. Grum	165	Moore	149
Conover	134	Woods	146
J. Grum	123	Yoemans	119
Thomas	136	Smith	145
F. Baker	151	Staples	119
Mason	124	Kelly	153
Church	141	Williams	160
S. Baker	147	Holmes	145
Wilson	180	Wilsey	181
Total	1481	Total	1449

PLAY IN HOBOKEN.—The bowling clubs of Brooklyn, New York, and Hudson County, N. J., met on Christmas-day at the Otto Cottage, Hoboken, for the purpose of contending for a silver goblet and a gold medal, put up as a prize by H. D. Gerdts. The place was completely packed, much interest being taken in the result. There were twelve clubs entered, each having a team of five men. The game decided upon to be played was the German one, in which the head pin must be hit first to count. A team could make a possible 600, and an individual player 120. The play all through was only medium, the Atlantics of Hoboken making 449, and carrying off the goblet, the Mayor of that city, Mr. J. W. Benson, contributing 89 to their score. N. Hicks, the catcher of the Mutual Baseball Club, won the medal with 108. The prizes were presented by the Mayor in a brief but happy speech, which was responded to by the recipients. The affair was well conducted, and proved a success.

BOWLING FOR A WATCH.—A number of players met on the night of Dec. 23, at the Empire Alleys, and bowled for a handsome gold watch, stem-winder. Each player was allowed four balls, the pins being set up for each ball. There being a number of ties in which thirty-nine out of a possible forty were made, the playing-off of the ties was postponed until Dec. 27, when Mr. Springer, a Tenth-street butcher, proved the lucky man and carried off the prize. There was some uncalled-for talk among the unhappy bulldozers about the winner being counted out, but they can ease themselves of any further mental trouble, as the reporter of THE CLIPPER saw the beautiful watch handed to Mr. Springer by the donor, Mr. Moran. After punishing a few bottles, the happy butcher rushed off for the Bull's Head to make new bowlers by showing his prize.

THE TURF.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

An important and interesting betting decision has just been determined in the Kingston-on-Thames (Eng.) County Court. It appears that last August an action was taken by James Evans of Bristol to recover from J. R. Dean of London £4, being the amount of stakes deposited on the Oaks. The contention arose in a curious and unusual way. The bet out of which the action arose was made on the eve of the race, the defendant expressing a strong conviction that a mare named Camelia would not win the race, and, betting, as was asserted, above the market odds, laid Mr. Evans £16 to £4 against the mare. The offer was accepted and the £4 deposited: but Camelia ran a dead heat with a mare called Enquerrande. According to the practice of the turf, as contended by counsel, the stakes, in the event of a dead heat, should be added together, and the money equally divided. In this case, however, the defendant paid £6 as the bet but refused to return the stakes. The Deputy judge, who tried the case, nonsuited the plaintiff without costs. Leave to appeal was asked, but refused. Subsequently a new trial was granted, when both plaintiff and defendant were examined, as well as Mr. Dickinson, an expert in racing matters, to whom, in conjunction with a Mr. Jones, the case was referred for arbitration. William Dickinson, in the course of his evidence, said he had decided that £10, half the amount of the bet, was due to the plaintiff, and Mr. Jones, the other arbitrator, concurred in his decision. His honor, in giving judgment, said he had no authority to guide him in the matter. It was not, therefore, in point of law, but as a matter of equity, that he found for the plaintiff. The money should be returned with costs. Notice of appeal was given on the part of the defendant.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—A sale of about five hundred Indian ponies took place last week at St. Paul, Minn. The prices realized were very low, the highest being $40, and the lowest $7......The fast and promising young trotting horse Dick Swiveller, who in his first race in public made a record of 2:26, has been purchased by Mr. J. F. Merrow of Boston, for $6,000. He is only six years old. ......Since the arrival of Budd Doble and John Splan in California, with their string of trotting flyers, comprising Rarus, Sam Purdy, St. Julien, Bodine, and Oakland Maid, sporting matters are looking up on the Pacific Coast, and are likely to be lively the coming season. St. Julian has recovered from his recent illness, and will soon be put into steady work....The Allen County Agricultural Association, Fort Wayne, Ind., in the face of large liabilities, unpaid purses, and an empty treasury, has followed the fashion prevalent in the business community, and suspended......Thomas Puryear of this city has just purchased of James A. Grinstead of Lexington, Ky., the yearling brother to Grinstead, by Gilroy (own brother to Kentucky). He is a beautiful bay, standing a little over 15 hands, with fine muscular development......The well-known trotting stallion Frank Nevin, by Mambrino Chief, died at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago, in his fourteenth year. Cause, brain-fever..........D. Swigert has purchased from J. S. Roberts of Boston the broodmare Kentucky Belle, foaled 1863. ......Mr. A. D. Brown, the Baltimore banker and owner of the steeplechaser Coronet, Add, Paladin, and other racers, was the purchaser at the recent sale of J. Taylor Johnson's magnificent pictures, in this city, of Madrazzo's "Interior of Santa Maria," at the large price of $4,600.

DEATH OF A NEW YORK TURFMAN.—On Christmas-eve David Crawford of this city, the surviving member of the racing confederacy of Denison & Crawford, died after a very brief illness at his residence in Fifth avenue, in his forty-fourth year. His first entrance on the racing turf was in 1868, when with the late Mr. George Denison (who died suddenly in Washington, D. C., last February), he purchased from Mr. Francis Morris the two-year-old colt Narragansett, by imp. Eclipse out of Jessie Dixon by Arlington, for $10,000, a price which at that time was the largest ever paid in this country for a two-year-old. Narragansett had just won both the two-year-old stakes at the Inaugural Race Meeting at Narragansett Park, R. I., in very commanding style, and the high price asked for him did not deter Messrs. Denison & Crawford from becoming his owners. He did not run again until three years old, when at Saratoga he won the Mile-and-a-quarter Sweepstakes for all ages, and the Sequel Stakes, beating in the former race a field of horses whose speed was probably never surpassed—among them being Corsican, Alta Vela, Banshee, Cottrill, Lancaster, Nemesis, Metaire, etc. Onward, Delaware, Pastor, Grinstead, Rutherford and others, carried the well-known orange and white jacket to many a victory, and its success was always popular with the sporting community. Among turfmen, Mr. David Crawford was universally respected and esteemed for his honorable character as a straight-forward sportsman and owner of horses, as well as for his kind and genial courtesy of demeanor. His loss will be long felt and regretted on the American turf.

TROTTING AND PACING IN CALIFORNIA.—The pacing match between Budd Doble's Jim Brown, O. A. Hickok's Nimrod, and J. Eoff's Tracy, for a purse of $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, attracted a good crowd to the Bay District Course, San Francisco, on Dec. 16. Nimrod was the favorite, selling for $100; Jim Brown, $80; and Tracy, $12. The favorite won the first heat in 2:20¾. In the second heat Tracy was distanced, Jim Brown winning next heat, as well as the third and fourth, in 2:24, 2:22, 2:28½. On the same day a trot for a purse of $500, mile heats, three in five, between J. Williams' c. g. Gov. Stanford, L. E. Yates' b. m. Alice, and Mezner Bros'. c. m. Nelly Patchen (all in harness), and A. F. Smith's b. g. George Treat, and G. F. Jacobs' g. m. Sweetbriar (to wagons), was won by Gov. Stanford in six heats. George Treat won the first and second heats in 2:30¼, 2:32, Sweetbriar the fourth in 2:30½, and Gov. Stanford the third, fifth and sixth heats and the race in 2:31, 2:32¾, 2:35. On Christmas day, over the Oakland Park, San Francisco, a purse of $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, was trotted for by the two well-known fast horses St. James and Mag Howard. The latter won the first heat in 2:25¼, and St. James took the next three heats and the race in 2:25¾, 2:31¼, 2:31½.

TROTTING CIRCUIT OF 1877.—The great trotting circuit of 1877 will consist of the Associations of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Springfield, Hartford, Poughkeepsie, and Fleetwood. A reduction in the amount, but not in the number, of purses offered by each Association will be adopted; the sum of $20,000 being given at each meeting, or $160,000 in the aggregate by the Octilateral Circuit. The fee of five per cent. entrance money to purses on the withdrawal plan will be done away with, and the original fee of ten per cent. to enter, money to accompany the nomination, will be adopted by all. Goldsmith Maid will, by general agreement, be barred in all the free-for-all purses, so that there will be no place for the Queen of the Turf except in purses for trials of speed. It is also proposed that the meetings of the circuit shall not all close at the same time, as was the case last year; the plan having been found to work disadvantageously to the meetings held in the latter part of the season.

AN OLD TROTTING TURFMAN GONE.—Although his tall and powerful form has been absent from the trotting-track for some ten years past, sporting-men throughout the country have not forgotten Charles P. Relf of Philadelphia, one of the oldest and most prominent patrons of the American trotting-turf in its palmiest days. It is with regret, therefore, that we have to record his death, which took place in the above-named city on Saturday, Dec. 23. He was at different periods of his turf career the owner of such famous trotters as Zachary Taylor, Lancet, Trenton, Gilt and the "Queen of the Turf" Lady Thorn. He possessed at the time of his death a large breeding-farm near Norristown, Pa., where Mambrino Pilot and Bellringer stood.

ARRIVAL IN CALIFORNIA.—Ira Plattner, a Western turfman, who was ruled off and expelled last May by the Chester Park Association, Cincinnati, O., for endeavoring to prevent his horse Larry Hart from winning a race, has arrived in California in search of "fresh fields and pastures new" with his stable of racehorses. It comprises the four-year-old Ozark, by Pat Malloy, who made a dead heat with Milner and divided the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga in 1875; Council Bluffs (formerly Newburn) by Vandal; and Lottie Moone by imp. Australian. The latter has been bred to Ozark. As Plattner is under the ban of the Eastern racing associations, it will be curious to see if the Western turf will allow him to run on their tracks.

A QUARTET OF RACERS.—After the close of the New Orleans Race Meeting, A. Keene Richards of Kentucky sold to Mr. Larry Hart, a well-known Louisiana turfman, his entire stud of racers, comprising the two four-year-olds Redman and Redding, and the two three-year-olds Clemmie G. and Henry Owens. All these horses had been repeated winners at the New Orleans meeting. Redman boasts of the fastest two-mile time record over hurdles, having at the Louisville, Ky., Spring Meeting won a race at that distance in 3:48¼.

MADGE AND VIRGINIUS. Col. McDaniels has disposed of his interest in these two famous racehorses to H. O. Barnard of this city for a large price. Her aggregate winnings amount to over $11,700. Virginius is three years old, and his total winnings amount to over $4,800.

THE TWO-MILE-AND-REPEAT RACE came off Dec. 30, at the Bay District Park, San Francisco, Cal., for $2,000. The weather was fine, but the track too soft for fast time. Amanda won easily in two straight heats, Mattie coming in second, Overland third and Target fourth. Time, 3:39¾, 3:41¾.

R. B. WORMALD, formerly editor of *The Sportsman*, subsequently boating editor of *Bell's Life*, and latterly chess editor of *The London Illustrated News*, died in London, Eng., Dec. 4.

A FATAL ACCIDENT occurred to Major Mark of Arlebury, Aloestord, Eng., Dec. 1. He was returning from a run with the H. H. Foxhounds, when, in taking a fence, the horse stumbled, throwing the rider and then rolling over him. He died Dec. 3.

THOS. CARROLL, well known as an English jockey, was sentenced on Dec. 7 by the Wolverhampton (Eng.) magistrates to fourteen days' imprisonment for vagrancy.

BILLIARDS.

THE CLEVELAND TOURNAMENT.—Up to the close of Friday, Dec. 29, five games had been played, of which Honing and Heiser each won two, and Gallagher one. It was thought that the tourney would close on Jan. 1, with games between Carter and Gallagher and Thatcher and Honing. The latter beat Gallagher in the opening game, Dec. 27, by 275 to 276, Gallagher falling 74 points short of his handicap of 350. Honing, whose average was just 5 (Gallagher's being 5 1-55), made the best run—28. In the second game, Carter to make 300 to Heiser's 275, the former got but 289; best runs—Carter, 38; Heiser, 50; averages—Heiser (winner), 7.16-37; Carter, 7.30-37. In the third game, Gallagher, averaging 12.2-29, beat Thatcher by 350 to 143; best runs—Gallagher, 121; Thatcher, 21. Averaging 5.10-53, and his best run being 71, Heiser beat Thatcher in the fourth game by 275 to about 155; the loser's best run was 20. In the fifth game, Honing, with an average of 9.14-29, scored 275 to Carter's 192.

TORONTO (CAN.) ITEMS.—This place has a large and elegantly fitted-up new billiard hall at 98 Yonge street. It is in the centre of the city, and is under the personal management of John Davis, who is acting for Riley & May, proprietors of the Revere House billiard-hall. The room contains eight 5x10 carom-tables and a pocket-table, one of the carom-tables being of French make. The hall is one of the handsomest in the city, and reflects credit on the enterprising proprietors. The formal opening took place Dec. 22, 1876, and since then business has been very large......James McGinn, proprietor of the Royal Billiard-parlors, 99 King street, West, has, on account of increasing business, added a new 5x10 carom-table. The remainder of his tables are 4½x9. Harry Beverley, a rising cue-knight, has charge of the room.

AMATEUR GAME IN CINCINNATI, O.—At the Standard Billiard-hall, on the far side of Cincinnati's beerstorie River Rhine, on Dec. 21, there was a contest for the amateur championship of that locality. One of the players was Frank Meyers, while the other was Frank Rattermann, who is well known in professional circles from his connection with manufacturing houses. The game was the three-ball, 200 up, and was won by Rattermann by 26, his average being 3.14-62, while his best run was 15, that of his opponent being 16. The winner was immediately challenged by W. Weust, and play began at once, Rattermann being defeated by a score of 200 to 163. The victor's average was 3.23-59, and his best runs were 18, 29 and 31. The loser's best was 25.

SEXTON IN NEW ORLEANS.—The long series of exhibitions given by William Sexton in New Orleans terminated on Dec. 23, Henry Miller being the last player to have an opportunity to win the $50 offered as a standing prize to anyone who should beat Sexton in the games in which the latter was so heavily handicapped. Miller on this occasion was to make 300 to Sexton's 500, but he scored only 79. Sexton, who averaged 29.7-17, made runs of 46, 65, and 206. His lowest average while in New Orleans was 13½. The highest number of points made against him was 277, John Miller being the maker. Sexton has written that from New Orleans he will go to St. Louis, and thence to Chicago, where he expects to meet Slosson.

BREVITIES.—John Galvin of this city has triumphed over kidney disease and pneumonia combined, and is now on a fair way to recover complete health. ......John Black, formerly John Deery's partner, and now traveling for Victor E. Manger, is temporarily in this city......William Sexton has a half-serious notion of challenging Joseph Dion for that nominal championship......On Dec. 23, Charles Lacoume opened a bar-room at No. 1½ Carondelet street, New Orleans....George Stone writes from Galveston, Texas, that billiards, though quiet in the daytime, is extremely lively at night in that city.... William Ernst, formerly with H. W. Collender, has invented a safety-valve for water-backs in kitchen ranges.

SLOSSON IN NEW ORLEANS.—At Chas. Lacoume's Rotunda, on Dec. 23, George F. Slosson attempted to make 300 to Arthur Coste's 150, but did not get beyond 275. His best runs were 80 and 56, and his average 12½. Coste, whose best runs were 20 and 26, averaged 6.12-13 in his needed 150 points. On the same night, averaging about 15, and making runs of 82 and 75, Slosson scored 500 to Oberlander's 62.

DEATH OF JOHN MORRISSEY.—This young gentleman, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Morrissey, died in Saratoga on the 30th ult. He was educated at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and while there was foremost among the competitors for the billiard championship of the college. While in Nassau, N. P., in 1875, he was also winner of an amateur tournament instituted there.

AT HIS POST AGAIN.—Maurice Hagerty, who last July was reduced by the excessive heat to an alarming state of invalidism, has so far recovered as to be at his accustomed post in the billiard-room of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

RETIRED.—John Bessunger has withdrawn from Muller's room, 189 Bowery.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHEAP WIGS. End and first-part wigs, $1; fright and old-man wigs, $1.50; stump-speech on the topics of the day, $1. Either sent by mail. N. K. LEAVITT, 41-1t* 454 West Thirty-fifth street, New York.

SIMPSON SISTERS, SERIOUS ILLNESS IN FAMILY. WRITE AT ONCE. DAVE, 41-1t* Allegheny City, Pa.

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AT THE GRAVE OF THE OLD YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

I am sitting alone with the Old Year,
And weird are the shadows cast
Up from the gulf of memory—
Out from the ghostly past;
And visions long since buried,
And faces as haunting fears,
Again are around and about me,
Stained, blotted, and dimmed with tears.

The glorious smiles of the long-ago,
The dream of a noble name,
The wild heart-beats when the future
Seemed proffering wealth of fame;
When the pulse was strong, the step was light,
When the world was blythe and fair,
And never a thorn on the roses grew,
And never a cloud of care.

But up from the starless midnight
Spectral the shapes that rise;
Out from their shrouds are stepping
The dead with their haunting eyes;
Up from the tombs of memory
The loved and the lost appear,
And bending as silent mourners
By the couch of the dying year.

Mirth stands with her pinions drooping,
And her head bent sad and low,
And the wild, glad pealing of laughter
Is hushed by the sighs of woe;
The springing steps of her dancing feet
No more thread the roses of June,
But wander slow through the amaranths
To the time of a sorrowful tune.

Passion is tamed; from its unclenched hand
The dagger is shuddering thrown;
Gone the purple flush, and, wan and pale,
It shrinks from the feeblest moan;
And sick at heart for the wild deeds done,
From the ever-present corse
It flies, pursued by the mocking laugh
Of never-ending remorse!

Wealth stands, as of yore, a phantom
Eluding the surest hold—
A juggernaut, ever crushing
Those bowed to a god of gold;
The toiled for, sought for, longed for—
Hard master to servile slave,
To give but at least as recompense
A lone and a narrow grave.

Love weeps o'er its shattered bowstring—
O'er its arrows vainly shot,
The most beautiful prize it strove for
And won—to now find it not!
For a mightier far than Eros
Rules the world, and the warmest breath
Is chilled, and the bravest heart grows faint
At a word from the tyrant Death.

And out from the dust and ashes
Of the mouldering, dead old years,
Out from the mocking shadows
Of long-buried hopes and tears,
Come the laughter of careless childhood,
The girl with the beautiful eyes,
The friend who was more than brother,
The noble, the good, the wise.

The curtain is drawn backward—
The gates of the dark vaults swung—
The lost again repeople the earth
As when to me life was young;
And a moment my heart is thrilling
With a hope that has never fled,
Then I bow in the bitterest anguish,
And murmur: "All dead, all dead!"

Thus all alone with the Old Year,
In the moments that are its last,
With the ghosts of departed pleasures—
With the ghosts of the cold, dead past—
I sit and dream and whisper
With the shadowy mourners there
Of buried loves and of sorrows,
Till my soul is bowed in prayer.

And the midnight goes out with wailing—
Stilled the bell's low, mournful tongue,
The solemn masses tearfully said,
And the shuddering Miserere sung;
And the ghastly bearers vanished—
Love, all but Repentance, fled,
And the Sexton Century heaps the mould
O'er the grave of the Old Year dead.

But a voice from the grave comes telling:
"Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Trust thou to the coming Future,
Thyself here and God o'erhead;
The Past is a thing of shadows,
Unreal, unstable as air;
The Present is thine—improve it,
Be a man and do and dare.

"Let Truth be thy watchword ever,
And Justice thy blazoned shield;
Right thy trenchant sword, and never
To the cohorts of Error yield.
Let Mercy and Pity prompt thee,
Bow not to earth's sordid plan,
But be to thyself and fellows
Nature's noblest work—a man."

Thus the ghostly voice comes to me
As I sit and muse alone;
Thus the moss is brushed from off the names
Long carved on many a stone;
And I pray in meekness of spirit
I may learn the lesson that saves:
O teach me your wisdom, mournful Past!
Teach me your wisdom, O graves!

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ROBBER OF THE CLOISTER.

Early the next morning the young men were aroused by a strange noise in the street. It seemed like the murmur of many voices and the scuffling of a crowd of people. Looking into the street from their window, they saw this usually quiet locality in a state of intense excitement. Crowds of excited men were hastening in the direction of the market-place near at hand, some cheering wildly, others exchanging frightened looks, some flushed with passion, others pale with fear. What could it be?

Andre caught a few words from the excited passers-by that told the whole story.

A great battle (one that had been expected for many days) had commenced early in the morning under the very walls of Paris. The Prince of Conde, pressed by the veteran troops of Turenne, had long before decided his camp at St. Cloud untenable, and had determined to retire to Charenton. In order to do this with rapidity, he had asked permission of the municipal authorities to pass through Paris, but this was refused him.

In vain Mlle. Montpensier had appealed to her father, and to the parliament of the time. Both were overawed by the well-known sentiments of the people of the city, and refused to interfere. Conde was therefore obliged to go around Paris, since he could not go through it. He began his movement with all haste, and reached the field of St. Denis without meeting any opposition. But it was at this point Turenne struck his blow. The royal troops fell upon the flank of the Prince's army, and before the latter had time to form his men in line of battle, even, he found them in disorder, and feebly resisting, with their enemy on one hand and the walls of Paris on the other.

What followed was rather a massacre than a battle. The most valiant officers on the Prince's side fell without being able to marshal their men. Conde, himself with bare head, begrimed with powder, red with blood from several wounds, with cuirass battered and broken, performed prodigies of valor, fighting like a simple trooper in the ranks of his cavalry. Only one thing could save this unfortunate army and these brave noblemen, its leaders, and that was the opening of the gates of Paris to them. But they remained cruelly closed and the killing went on.

This was the second of July, 1652, and it was between Montmartre and La Chapelle that Turenne came down like a whirlwind on the army of the Fronde.

If the army of Conde could have thrown itself into Paris it would have been saved; but, as we have said, the gates, and especially the gate of St. Denis, which would have best answered their purpose, were not only closed, but barricaded against them.

Alone Mlle. Montpensier tried to draw the unfortunate troops out of the murderous trap into which they had been led. She hastened to the bedside of her father the Duke, who was, or pretended to be, seriously ill, and got his written permission to perform all official acts for him. Then she rode to the gate of St. Antoine and opened it with her own hands, and watched with horror the inpouring stream of frightened and mangled wretches who took refuge from the massacre that was still going on without. But what was one open gate for an entire army? The murderous scene was still enacting outside the walls, notwithstanding this slight relief. In order that she might better judge where the vital point was, the Princess mounted the walls of the Bastile. There, a horrified witness of the carnage that was going on under her very eyes, she turned the guns of the tower on the royal troops.

Monsieur Louviere was then the governor of the Bastile, and he refused to allow any hostile demonstration without the direct order of the Duke, her father. She produced her authority, however, and despite his protestations sighted and fired the first gun herself, pouring a hail of small shot into the royalist cavalry as it pursued the flying Frondeurs to the walls of the city. Overawed by the Princess, the gunners served their pieces as she commanded, and, under cover of the terrible fire they maintained, the remnant of the Princes' army succeeded in making its escape into Paris. But this escape from annihilation did not make the disaster any the less. This bloody battle had settled the cause of the Fronde and killed all the bright hopes of the Princes.

Andre had accompanied the Princess throughout the day in her wild wanderings over the city, and with her had witnessed this dreadful massacre. He could not help admire the forethought and cunning of Mazarin in sending his secret emissaries to Paris to disaffect the people, and prepare the trap in which this dreadful slaughter was going on.

Paris was in disorder. Business was suspended, and the frightened citizens stood in little groups listening with apprehension to the sullen grumbling of the distant cannon, or viewed with horror the trains of rough carts in which were carried the hundreds of wounded Frondeurs who were the first to come into the city from the scene of action. A strange thought took possession of Andre.

"Suppose I go to Val de Grace, and see what effect the battle has produced there," said he.

He hurried thither at once, and knocked at the gate.

The Sister who had charge of the gate recognized him at once, and gave a cry of terror when she saw his uniform. But, anxious to gain details of the battle from the lips of an eye-witness, she asked him in and he took a seat in the little reception-room. First of all, she asked him if he saw the Baron Robert often now, and if he still thought of Mlle. Irene. Assuming his most candid air, Andre declared that he had not seen the Baron for more than three months, and he had quite forgotten the foolish adventure in which he had engaged with him in order to free the young lady. The sister then informed him of the visit of a person disguised as a nun to Mlle. De Laumirail, and of the terrible rage of the Count when he learned of it; but Andre listened as if the story were all news to him, and succeeded in dispelling all suspicion in his regard if there chanced to be any remaining. He learned, however, something that interested him deeply, and that was that the Count had brought an order from the Queen that Irene was to take the veil in three days. This fact did not surprise him, for he had expected that his step would be ordered as soon as the Count could get the ear of the Queen; but he had not expected it would be ordered so hastily.

"Ever since yesterday," added the Sister, "Mlle. Irene has passed her time all alone in the chapel weeping and praying."

Andre found it very difficult just here to repress his indignation, but he managed to do so with a great effort.

The thought flashed through his mind that the chapel was only twenty feet, or perhaps a little less, from the room where he was sitting. He had but to stretch out his hand, so to speak, to save Irene. What should he do?

A succession of projects ran rapidly through his brain. To kill the nun who was before him would be undoubtedly the surest and most effective way to manage it; but Andre, though desperate in this cause, hesitated to shed the blood of a woman. To seize and bind her and then tear the keys from her girdle was the next plan that suggested itself; but the least outcry from the nun would bring the convent about his ears.

She did not give him time for further reflection, with her anxious questions about the battle of the morning and the horrors that had been enacting under the walls of the city.

Andre painted the scenes he had witnessed in their most terrible colors, and with such effect, indeed, that the poor nun, when he had finished, was overcome with the terrors he had inspired. She turned alarmingly pale, reeled towards him, and he caught her in his arms as she fell unconscious. He laid her on the bench by the door, and instinctively started to call for help. He looked about, but could not find a drop of water. Suddenly he stopped. An idea came forcibly to him. The occasion was propitious, and such a one might never offer again. Could he not take advantage of the unconsciousness of the nun to go to the chapel and tear Irene from the dreadful fate that awaited her there?

He had one scruple. What would become of the poor Sister if left unattended?

"Bah!" said he, "women never die when they faint."

He dashed from the apartment and made his way quickly but cautiously in the direction of the chapel, which he succeeded in reaching without being seen. In the solemn gloom of the place he distinguished with some difficulty the figure of a person clad as a novice, kneeling, or rather crouching, beside one of the massive pillars. He approached cautiously and recognized Irene.

"Quick!" whispered he; "we have not a moment to lose. No hesitation, no explanations. Follow me."

She arose, weak and frightened, but he did not pause to reassure her. Seizing her by the arm, he dragged her roughly after him. With the same good-luck that had accompanied him from the beginning of this adventure, he succeeded in regaining the reception-room without detection. He closed and locked the door that led into the interior of the convent, in order that those within would be obliged to break it down before they could pursue, and then dashed into the street, still dragging Irene after him.

They were free at last; but the young lady, weakened by privation, and overcome by the surprise of his sudden and unexpected appearance, found it extremely difficult to sustain herself.

"Courage," said the young officer. "Think of Robert, who is waiting for you."

These cheering words renewed her courage, and, gaining new strength, she walked on rapidly with Andre, whose strong right arm sustained her. At last, after a long half-hour's walk, they arrived at Laberlue's humble dwelling.

The honest old draper's house had become the rendezvous of the leaders of the popular party of the neighborhood. There was a constant coming and going of messengers bringing news of the progress of the battle. Poor old Laberlue was bewildered. He did not know which side of the fence to deposit himself. Either way he feared that he might be accused of treason and his house given over to pillage. He viewed this coming and going, indeed, as a sort of premonitory symptom of a general attack on his dwelling. He was altogether in a terrible state of nervousness and uncertainty, which seemed to grow greater every moment in spite of the Baron's efforts to calm him and give him courage. It was difficult to make him believe that what the Baren said was true; namely, that the battle had been decisive, that the party of the Princes was no more, and that the young King would shortly enter Paris. It was in this frame of mind that Andre found his uncle when he rushed into the house dragging poor Irene after him. Robert gave a cry of astonishment on seeing her, and locked her in his arms. As for Laberlue, the unexpected appearance of his nephew in this unsettled time of war, dragging after him a nun as a prisoner, added to his bewilderment. He turned upon his nephew with a severe look.

"What does this mean?" asked he, frowning. "How dare you bring a woman into my house, and, above all, at this time?"

Andre could not help bursting into a loud roar of laughter. He briefly explained the state of affairs, however, to relieve his distracted uncle from his agony. Laberlue's suspicions were quited, but his fears were heightened rather than allayed.

"Why do you come to me?" cried he; "to me, above all men? Can I give asylum to a young woman whom the Queen-mother destines to the convent? Can I directly defeat the formal orders of her majesty? Never!"

Meantime Robert had called the draper's servant, who cared for Irene, whose exhaustion had become alarming. When the young lady had been taken to the room which he had occupied the night before, Robert returned to the shop and explained to the draper, as Andre had done already, the embarrassments of his position, and begged him to lend his aid in this emergency.

But the incorruptible Syndic was not to be moved from his position by the prayers of either Andre or the Baron.

"No, no, no!" said he decisively. "It shall not be said that a love-scrape of two hair-brained boys ruined me. I cannot prevent your carrying off Mlle. De Laumirail against the will of her majesty the Queen, but I will not be your accomplice. Arrange all that yourselves—it does not concern me, and I don't wish to mix in it at all."

After vainly trying a little time longer, the young men abandoned the idea of overcoming his objections. They promised to leave the house in obedience to his wish, but they had the utmost difficulty in persuading Laberlue to allow them to remain until night. Finally, it was settled that they should go the moment it was dark, and that they should take refuge in Robert's chateau in Jouy, where the nuptials of the Baron and Irene should be solemnized with the utmost dispatch.

To put this plan in execution all that was needed was to procure three horses. This was not difficult; but it would be impossible for the lady to travel in the dress of a religious novice. The best they could do was to furnish her with the dress of a cavalier, which she assumed without hesitation, in her eagerness to escape from the hands of the Count.

Laberlue furnished an excellent supper, which revived the strength of Irene, and, although he was evidently in a great hurry to get rid of her, politely expressed his regret that he could not prolong his hospitalities.

At nine o'clock the three—Robert, Andre and Irene—were in the saddle, and started for the gate of St. Honore, intending to leave Paris by that way, in order to reach the chateau of Jouy by the road leading through St. Germain, Poissy and Maurecourt. Here they encountered the first difficulty. They refused to open the gate unless the travelers could show a passport from the authorities. Andre, acting on one of his sudden ideas, asked to see the captain of the post. On being taken before this official he explained that he was the nephew of the Syndic Laberlue, whom the captain had, luckily, heard of—that he was accompanying the Baron de Jouy and his wife (the latter disguised as a man, owing to the unsettled state of affairs in the country), who were en route to their home.

The endorsement of Laberlue seemed all-powerful, for the gates were opened after very little further parley, and the party passed out. They galloped away with all haste. They had already passed the villages of Reuil and Marly, and were approaching St. Germain, when a rough voice cried out ahead of them:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BARON'S TURN AT LAST.

Our three travelers stopped at once. Looking about them in the darkness they detected the flash of steel, and saw that they were surrounded by soldiers. It was a party of the royal troops, who were scouting the country. Andre advanced to parley with the band.

"Who are you?" asked the officer in command.

"A simple traveler in the company of the Baron de Jouy and his wife, who have left Paris to escape the battle that is raging there."

The officer produced a lantern and examined the young man carefully.

"Ah! indeed!" said he. "A simple traveler, are you? Well, then, can you tell me, my young friend, how comes it that you wear the uniform of Mlle. Montpensier?"

"Because I am in the service of the Princess," answered Andre.

"Are you?" growled the officer. "Then perhaps it was you who fired the cannon from the tower and slaughtered so many of the King's troops."

"It was not I, monsieur, I assure you."

"Never mind that. Your case is very clear."

The officer waved his hand, and the cavalrymen closed about Robert, Irene and Andre.

"What does this mean?" asked the latter.

"It means that you are prisoners. You will have an opportunity to make your explanations before the proper authorities who have a right to hear them."

"And where are you going to take us?"

"To St. Germain."

"Very well. The King and Queen are there yet, are they not?"

"Of course they are."

"Then I demand that you take us at once before the Queen-mother or the Cardinal."

"I've got nothing to do with that. I will transmit your demand and send you your answer—that is all I can do. Forward."

Irene trembled in abject fear, and Robert, who had overheard this short dialogue, tried vainly to reassure her. His manner was decidedly rueful, however, since he could not congratulate himself on a pleasant prospect for the future, with a file of cavalrymen with drawn sabres riding on either side of him, and the line of march being in the direction of the King's headquarters. There was nothing jolly in this, and he soon gave over the attempt to make Irene believe there was anything to hope for.

After a ride of ten minutes they arrived at St. Germain.

Andre gave his name and the names of his companions to the officer in charge of the party, and begged him to announce them to the Queen or the Cardinal, asking for an immediate interview.

Luckily, Ann of Austria and Mazarin had not yet retired, but were up engaged in congratulating each other on the great events of the day and their proposed return to Paris on the morrow.

It was time they returned. During the four months that the court had been following the army, it had rarely found comfortable shelter. Often even it made its bed on the ground with the soldiers, and with them wandered about the country hither and thither, as the fortunes of war impelled, penniless, ragged, and often in a state of absolute destitution, of which it would be difficult to form an adequate idea.

But the glorious victory of Turenne, the utter annihilation of Conde's army, and the shrewd negotiations undertaken by the Cardinal permitted the patient courtiers to foresee a happy end to all this suffering.

Both the Queen and the Cardinal were, therefore, in the best of humor at the time the announcement was made that a party of cavalry had brought in three prisoner, whose names were given. When the Queen heard the names of Andre and Mlle. De Laumirail mentioned, she was overcome with astonishment.

"Bring the prisoners before me at once," said she.

The fugitives came before her a few minutes after. The Queen was struck by the pallor and weakness of the young girl. Her long journey, her late privations, and her disappointment at the failure of the escape that had been so well planned had completely broken her down.

"It is you, madamoiselle," said the Queen, "who are called Irene De Laumirail?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Irene in a faint voice.

"Why have you left the Convent of Val de Grace? Why have you opposed the orders I have given?"

The young girl tried to answer, but could only stammer a few unintelligible words.

"If your majesty will permit," said Andre, "I shall do myself the honor to answer for Mlle. De Laumirail. It was I who induced her to leave the convent. I forced her to fly from it to escape, I am sure, the certain death that awaited her there."

"Why say you?" asked the Queen sharply.

"Can you not see, your majesty," said Andre, "that this poor girl has been suffering four months of fearful martyrdom, and that she is at the limit of her endurance?"

"But what is there to complain of? The Count has told me of the disobedience of his sister, and, in exchange for the services he has rendered the King, has asked me to give him an order that the young lady take the veil within three days. I have granted his request, but I know nothing more of the case. Now, then, let me learn on which side justice should lean."

"Does your majesty remember a certain day when I was brought before you, you promised me ——"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the Queen; "but the Count represented the case so clearly that I did not think there was any need of further explanation."

"But your majesty will remember you then authorized me to bring the Baron Robert de Jouy before you in order that you might hear from his own lips the confirmation of the charges I had made against the Count."

"True, I gave such a promise."

"Well, the Baron is here. Question him, your majesty. And here is Mlle. Laumirail herself; she as well as the Baron will confirm all I have told you."

Robert, on a sign from the Queen, came forward and related in detail the dramatic history of his love for Irene. The ends of justice were to be served now, and the Baron, therefore, thought it his duty to conceal nothing—neither the tragic end of the Baron de Laumirail nor the murderous attempts on his own life, nor the motives of sordid cupidity which caused the Count to refuse him the hand of Irene, and had prompted him to immure her for life in a convent. Fearing that if anything were left untold the Count might use it as a weapon against him when he got the ear of the King, Robert even related to her how he had had his enemy a prisoner, how he had released him, and how he had kept his sacred promise.

"I wish to impress on your majesty," said he in conclusion, "that it is only the cause of Irene I plead, and not my own. I will not attempt to justify or extenuate myself, either for the part I have taken in the rebellion of for the hopes I have conceived in relation to this young lady. Mete out justice even-handed, your majesty, and I will not attempt any defense of myself. But set Irene free, let her be released from the tyranny to which she has been so long subjected, and I will be content."

"What terrible creatures our brave cavalry have captured!" said the Cardinal, smiling. "And I have no doubt that Handsome Andre, too, has been stricken with the same martial fever that afflicted you, and that he, too, took part in the chivalric expedition to Orleans."

"Indeed, I did, my lord," replied Andre; "and I accompanied Mlle. Montpensier to-day during the dreadful battle that took place under the walls of Paris; but I am sick of glory, and this very night I went back to Uncle Laberlue and promised to leave the service of the Princess and go back to my old place in his shop."

"Your Uncle Laberlue?" repeated the Cardinal. "Who is he? What is his trade?"

"He is Laberlue the draper, and the Syndic of his quarter of the city."

"Is this indeed true?" said Mazarin. "I have often heard of this patriotic draper lately."

"He has recently done good service in rallying his friends and the tradespeople and workingmen of Paris to the cause of your eminence. I myself have heard him plead with them for you, and I can assure you, if the people would not allow the gates of Paris to be opened to-day to the army of the Prince of Conde, my uncle's influence has had a great deal to do with it."

"I do not deny that I have noticed with a great deal of pleasure that the tradesmen of Paris returned their allegiance to the King they had forgotten to honor some time back," said the Cardinal blandly.

"And you may be assured the credit of one-half of Turenne's victory belongs by right to them," said Andre with characteristic boldness.

"I think so myself; and had it not been for the artillery fire opened on our troops by that daughter of the devil, the Princess of Orleans, the defeat of the rebel army would have been complete."

"Ah! If your eminence had witnessed the horrible scene as I did, you would not say that."

"Ah! Then it was a perfect rout indeed, as I have heard?"

"It was more than that—it was a shocking butchery."

"You were in the Bastile with Mlle. Montpensier?"

"I was."

"Then you know who fired the first gun from the tower upon the King's cavalry?"

"Yes, your eminence. It was the Princess herself, and she commanded the artillery to maintain the fire till the King's troops retired and gave over the pursuit."

"She fired it with her own hands, you say? Are you sure of this?"

"I was by her side at the time, my lord."

"And Captain Louviere, the keeper of the Bastile, had he no hand in this?"

"None whatever, my lord. He refused to obey, and was put under arrest by the Princess."

"Ah! This is the information I wanted," said the Cardinal, rubbing his hands together and frowning darkly. "That one cannon-shot has made the Princess a reputation as a heroine, but it will cost her dearly."

He paced the apartment a few moments in deep thought, and then suddenly turned to Andre and broke out with:

"Well, what effect has our victory produced among the people of Paris?"

"The effect of great intimidation, my lord."

"Do they still cry 'Down with Mazarin!' in the streets?"

Andre hesitated.

"Do not fear to answer me," said the Cardinal gently. "I know the people do not love me, but I do not despair of proving to them yet that I have been laboring for their safety and for the good of their King in humbling the pride of these presumptuous Princes."

"I shall not fail to appreciate it, if they do," said Ann of Austria.

"Well, your majesty, there is another thing I wish you would not forget," said Mazarin warmly; "and that is, that this young man has done me a signal service, and again that he saved the lives of two of our sisters of Val de Grace; and finally let me intercede with you for these three young people who are the bearers of such good news from Paris."

Andre breathed again when he heard the Cardinal speak thus. He was delighted that Mazarin had not left him to call the attention of the Queen to the services he had rendered.

"I cannot refuse your eminence any petition," said the Queen, "even though it concerns such rebellious subjects as these three have proven themselves. I see no impropriety in setting them free, provided they will pledge their word of honor for the future to serve no cause but that of the King." Then, turning towards Robert and Andre: "Can you promise this, messieurs?"

"With all my heart," replied the Baron.

"I determined to return to the King when I returned to my Uncle Laberlue," said Andre.

"Then you are free, messieurs; but as to Mlle. Laumirail, she shall remain my prisener."

"What!" exclaimed Robert; "can your majesty have the cruelty to send her back to Val de Grace?"

"I will think about it, monsieur. I must have an understanding with the Count on this subject. For the present I shall find her a pleasant abiding-place and a more suitable attire than you have been able to find her. She shall remain with me."

"But at least your majesty will deign to assure me that ——"

"I promise nothing," interrupted the Queen imperiously; "except that I will act in conformity with the laws of equity and honor."

"Then," replied Robert, "I am tranquil. Mlle. Laumirail could not be in better hands than those of your majesty." TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR ENGRAVING.

OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR.

We are told that the mills of the gods grind slowly, though they grind exceedingly fine. On the contrary, THE NEW YORK CLIPPER mill, as may be seen by the illustration on our first page, grinds exceedingly fast. The year just closed has been one of unusual depression, the avenues of many of our industries being closed, and compelling those who have heretofore trodden the paths of affluence and pleasure to resort to the by-paths or sustenance and support. And so, many who have in the past years pursued their usual vocations find themselves now obliged to trench upon the occupations of their more fortunate fellows. Our engraving exhibits the great throng of contributors bringing their literary work to the headquarters of the theatrical and sporting world; yea, even so, to the office of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. Our regular corps of editors are busily engaged, it will be seen, in reading and passing upon the various articles left with us for perusal. As fast as these articles are decided upon, the lucky writers convey them to the mammoth hopper of our huge grinding-machine, from which they are turned out in the manner shown in the picture, each and every department being fairly represented in the general distribution, while the conductor sees that "the players, the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times, are well bestowed." Before the Centennial year developed the vast resources of the country, "Our Jim" sufficed to keep the machinery of the mill a-going; but with the influx of Centennial pilgrims, and with the rapid increase of our vast correspondence, James found himself unequal to the task; so he hired a man, as will be seen, whose Herculean proportions and immense strength enable him to turn out all the grist that comes to our mill, while Jim confines his operations to greasing his own and the mill's machinery. With these few observations we will withdraw, and let the picture speak for itself.

"I DON'T THINK," says old Mrs. Prawn, "that book-keeping is a very sedate employment. They must get," she added thoughtfully, "so much exercise running up the columns."

NORWEGIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LOUIS BROCKWAY.

Vast mountains, girt in cloak of snow
Rise upward to the sky,
While in the pleasant vales below
The peaceful hamlets lie.

Silence reigns King in that happy land
Of Odin and of Thor;
Ne'er has it felt the cruel hand
Of devastating war.

Amid their moun'ains hoar and gray
The honest peasants dwell,
And 'round the hearth, at close of day,
They wondrous stories tell.

Wild tales of Hela's fearful might,
Of Loke's dread abode,
Of Balder fair, the son of light,
Of Skads and of Ode.

Apart from nations' war and strife
And struggle to be great,
They lead a peaceful, honest life
Ye well may imitate.

ALMONDA.

A FAIRY LEGEND OF THE ALMOND-TREE.

Once upon a time there was actually a happy King and Queen—happy but for one point. They had no child. The Queen was quite right in believing that the King would love her the more for presenting him with an heir or heiress, and she was perpetually traveling to find some extraordinary means of satisfying the King upon this point. Above all things she believed in wonderful waters, and tried every spring in her kingdom, and beyond it as far as civilization reached.

One day, however, her majesty was seated near an elegant natural fountain, when, speaking aloud, thinking herself all alone, she said:

"How unhappy am I, whom most women envy! I would rather be the last washerwoman in my kingdom, with a baby swinging on my back, than the high and childless personage I am!"

"Now, that is a very human and amiable speech," said a quick, sharp, and rather grating voice.

"Who speaks?" asked the Queen.

"No enemy," said the voice.

THE PRINCE DISCOVERS THE MIZPAH RING.

The Queen then remarked that the surface of the water was extremely agitated.

The next moment a little fresh-water lobster clattered its claws onto the brink of the smooth-flowing fountain—or, rather, wood-pool—and made a bow, so far as a little fresh-water lobster is capable of being polite—polite, that is to say, after the manner of the Continental peoples.

Her majesty was taken in considerable surprise when the little fresh-water lobster, sitting upon her hind claws, flapped her huge front ones, and thus observed:

"My good woman, you are a very respectable creature, and your will shall have its way—it shall, indeed. I am good enough to inform you that not far from this exquisite spot, which belongs to me, and I bid you welcome, there is a palace which has been built, and very sweetly, too, by the fairies. But as for your mere human mortal trying to find it, 'tis a task quite beyond the possible, for it is guarded by the thickest clouds in the world, so that it is never seen; the toughest briars, so that it is never reached; and the most clefted hills, so that it is never got at by climbing. However, I condescend, my good woman—for your majesty and your grandeur are nothing to me—to be your humble servant; but pray take care how you tread on my tail, or in any other way annoy me, for I am a person of very uncertain temper, though a delightful person in an ordinary way. When I am put out I pinch dreadfully."

The fact stood that the fairy Crustacea was compelled to be civil to any human mortal who unconsciously let fall a generous tear into the wood-spring pool, of which she was the home-fairy.

Crustacea was not an amiable creature, but the superior powers in fairy-land have authority over ordinary fairies, and therefore Crustacea was compelled to be civil to Queen Donata, though in her heart she assured herself that, if the good woman gave her a legitimate opening to exercise her natural nipping nature, her majesty should know it.

"If," said Crustacea humbly, "your majesty, my good woman, will condescend to be led by a common creature called Crustacea, why, we had better be off."

Queen Donata did not quite admire the mode and fashion of this ugly and ill-spoken personage. But her desire to kiss a son or daughter was so great that she shut her eyes to the warning her instinct bestowed upon her, and she replied:

"Madam, I am your most obedient; and if you will take the trouble to lead the way, I shall find it an honor to follow you at such respectful distance as you may dictate, madam!"

"Very well put," said the mollified creature.

"But, madam," urged the Queen, "I foresee a difficulty. You walk, I believe, more or less backwards, and I shall not be able to do myself the honor of imitating that mode of progression."

"Not at all," said Crustacea; "it is a libel—we do not go backwards. We travel sideways. My name is Crustacea, and I find you very civil for a mere woman, and, above all, a queen. But I would have you know that when I choose I can present a very different appearance to that which I now afford. Look here!"

There was a flip-flap and a crack, and a smart little old woman, with a long nose, stood investigating the much-surprised, yet ever well-bred Queen.

"I beg to present my compliments," said Queen Donata.

"Thanks; you see I need not always travel sideways. Be good enough to understand that I allow you to look upon me as one of your friends; but be careful how you irritate me—for irritable, after a noble manner, I am. For instance, never speak to me of men—for men I hold to be past endurance. Pray come along."

Crustacea presented a very elegant appearance. She was not a bit wet, although coming out of a spring; she wore white lace with crimson, while her gray hair was tied up with some elegant green ribbons. She looked extremely smart for an old one, and smiled when the Queen made her a court curtsey.

"You may kiss my hand, madam," said the old creature, holding out a bunch of digits, which still looked uncommonly like a collection of claws.

"Good! now we will start; you may walk by my side."

This the Queen very civilly did, maintaining a most polite demeanor towards this rather peppery, but not utterly bad-hearted old fairy. She now started on, and soon led the Queen into a path which was quite new to her—a fact at which Donata marveled much, for she was given to wandering and wondering, and she was singularly amazed that she had never found this road.

This was really the highway taken by the fairies of the palace, when for peace and quietness they came to pay visits to their cantankerous neighbor Crustacea; for the latter had the power, when she was angry, of stirring up all the water for miles around in the most disastrous manner, so that there could be no drinkable spring for a fortnight.

This path was usually a mere tangle of briars and brambles; but, as the old fairy and Queen Donata passed along, the wild roses blossomed, the jasmine and orange-flowers came out and weaved a fragrant bower overhead, so that the sunlight should not be too powerful to be agreeable.

As for the ground, it was carpeted with violets, and the singing-birds obliged with quite a concert. The Queen had not, with all her good breeding, overcome her suspicion at these natural wonderments, when her senses were completely stupefied by the wonders of art. For there, before Queen Donata, stood a palace of diamonds, which must have cost quite a sum of money to build.

Walls, roof, door-posts, window-sills, even to the scrapers, all were diamond—exceedingly well-cut diamond, and evidently polished up once a day, after the Dutch manner of housekeeping. The Queen, at this sight, was so far lost to all good breeding that she uttered quite a cry of delight; and, after apologizing for this excess of sentiment, she said:

"I really beg your pardon, madam, but am I on my heels or on my head? Is this indeed a dream, or positive reality?"

"Real," said the fairy. "I regret to say that my sisters are a turn given to extravagance. As for me, madam, *I* am satisfied with the diamonds the sunlight pours upon the roof of my cool and pellucid home-spring. However, my sisters have displayed a deal of bad taste, and the whole architecture is pitiable."

The doors of the exquisite palace now swung open upon perfect hinges, and six charming fairies stepped out. Ah! *they* were indeed fairies!

"What admirable tone! what courtly breeding!" said the Queen, as she looked on the elegant visitors.

In fact, they were the most aristocratic fairies in fairy-land, and *all* floral queens. They approached the Queen smilingly, and made her a reverence, which clearly implied on their part a complete recognition of the Queen as an equal, and insofar contrasted admirably with Crustacea.

Each fairy presented the Queen with a flower, in appropriately-colored jewels, and of the flower kingdom over which she had command.

There was a rose, made of pink diamonds; a tulip, of mixed yellow topaz and ruby; an anemone, of opal; a violet, of sapphire; a pink, of pearls; and a sprig of mignonette, in exquisite seed-emeralds and brown topaz.

"Madam," said one, "we could not give you a higher proof of our consideration than in receiving you at our humble residence."

"Madam," urged the second, "we are happy to inform you that your young Princess must be called Almonda."

"Madam," said the third, "do not, pray, forget to call us the moment she opens her eyes in a very doubtful world of human mortals."

"We wish, my dear creature," said number four, "to do a little something for her in the way of good qualities."

Said the fifth: "Make our jewel-flowers into a bunch. You will but have to name us after the flowers you have received as presents, and we shall be with you at once."

"Madam," said the sixth, "allow *me* to ask you to take a little refreshment? Pray step in."

Now, Queen Donata had been so mightily overwhelmed with the great magnificence and amiability of the six superb fairies, that she could not find words to reply to them as they spoke to her one after the other.

"O, ladies!" said she at last. "I am at a loss to explain how deeply grateful I am to you for your great generosity; but if you would allow me to embrace you, my joy would then be quite at its height!"

Queen Donata was much too well bred to dream of talking about recompense. Again, it would have been foolish to do so; for, to confess the truth, every one of them could have bought the Queen up a thousand times over.

But they were delighted with her charming demeanor, and there was a great deal of embracing as the result of the Queen's civil request.

"Oh, very well!" thought Crustacea, shivering in her white dress lined with red. "I am forgotten already, madam, am I? Upon my word, a pretty set of creatures are these human mortals! But we shall see, madam—we shall see!"

Rosetta, the Queen of the fairies, now gave her hand to the Queen, and led her into the palace. The Queen was never able to afford anything like a coherent description of all she saw there.

In fact, the great architect of the sun having been employed, he had thrown so much sunlight into the place that Queen Donata could scarcely bear the magnificence.

As for the garden, the Fairy Pomona had seen to it, and it was most interesting. The apricots were as big as a cocoanut, and it was quite impossible to eat a cherry without dividing it into four.

The day flew away with delightful speed, the Queen never once bethinking herself that she certainly was not paying sufficient attention to the person who had introduced her to all this magnificence—the Fairy Crustacea.

It was only when the Queen withdrew that she thoroughly remembered the little insignificant and hot-tempered fairy who had brought her to the palace.

"Madam," said the Queen, "I trust that my want of attention during this delightful day has not displeased you?"

"Madam," said the other fairy, "you must be a very self-conscious person to suppose that my pleasure depends upon you."

"Sweet madam," said the Queen, "I have been so dazzled!"

"That is it. Amongst you mortals you are so dazzled by success that you often forget the muddiness of the roads by which you reached the temple of fortune. However, let us say no more about it, I beg, and here we are at my domicile. Madam, I have the honor!"

She pulled herself up very stiff, and then tumbled backwards into the fountain.

"Madam," said Queen Donata, "I salute you;" while, in fact, she curtseyed to nothing beyond the spring of water itself.

Meanwhile, great consternation had been experienced at Court by the Queen's disappearance, and five maids of honor had passed into screaming convulsions, and under these circumstances had behaved with dreadful violence of agonies.

There was, in fact, great rejoicing, and an impromptu illumination upon the Queen's return. And as fairies were never yet known to break their word, even though they *have* been known to lose their temper, the Princess Almonda was born, and a very charmimg child, too. And now the Queen, naturally much flustered by these events, pulled her bouquet of jewel-flowers from under her pillow, and called for her friends the fairies. Their promptitude was quite a lesson even to princes, who, as a rule, are always punctual, because punctuality is the very politeness of princes. Each arrived in her own chariot, and after her own taste. One car was of ebony, drawn by white pigeons; a second of worked ivory, harnessed to small rooks. One lady was in an elegant caleche of cinnamon-wood, another of cedar, etc. These were the court equipages of the fairies; for when they were angry they arrived either upon huge toads or dragons, or serpents twisting and twining.

Unhappy Queen, miserable Donata! why do you not remember your first original friend, the Fairy Crustacea? She is not so powerful a person as either of your six brilliant friends, but she can nip; and exactly as she is bound to help a person from whom a gentle tear falls into her wood-spring, so she has a right, and always exercises the power, of punishing ingratitude.

It is too certain that Queen Donata was sufficiently ungrateful to forget Crustacea while thinking of the six brilliant fairies. Donata saw her six friends arrive, and she betrayed every possible delight in seeing them, and was not any the less delighted because their dwarfs came laden with presents.

The fairy cradle was so rare that it was worth ten thousand crowns the pound. Four smiling figures of Love supported the curtains, which had a pattern of pearls, while there were stars and crosses of little diamonds and other shining stones within made to dazzle the little Princess with amazement, and prevent her from crying.

The fairies were delighted with their Princess, as they fortuitously called Almonda, and, indeed, she was already so pretty as to be quite a credit to her six godmothers—for of course you have no need to be informed that the fairies were the sweet child's sponsors.

Fairies always *were* godmothers when they found themselves in a good temper. They brought with them an admirable name, and, in fact, they relieved the good Queen of all maternal solicitude.

As to the christening, and their civility towards the young Princess, it was all admirable. Rosetta gave her speech, and the gift of wise silence; Tulipa gave her beauty and sensible self-assurance; Anemonia obliged her with light-heartedness; Violetta with modesty; Picotee with neatness; and Mignonetta with homeliness. Indeed, never before was a young Princess so beautifully set up in life.

In the midst of all this elegance a great tumult and shrieking was heard in the Queen's bedroom antechamber, and the lacqueys and ladies were seen tearing about in great affright. Meanwhile there was to be heard a great bony or shell-like clattering, and into the room came a huge black lobster quite the size of a small cow.

"Ho, ho!" said the disagreeable visitor, who smelt so searchingly of the bottom of a pond that its very presence was a nuisance. "Ungrateful Queen," said this apparition, "your want of gratitude to me, your friend, gives me a power over you which I intend to use. Is it indeed possible that a human mortal can so soon have forgotten my good offer? So, here are all the six, every one, and *I* was left out in the mud. Why, madam, I might have been caught and boiled, and never a grain would you have cared. Oh, I had a presentiment of your heartlessness, and I have no doubt it was the force of that conviction which caused me to present myself before you in the shape of a crustacean, so as to suggest that our friendship would not go forward, but backwards or sideways. Upon my word, a pretty business!"

The conscious Queen wrung her hands, and was quite inconsolable at her own ingratitude.

"Madam Crustacea," said she, "I do beg that, if you are angry, your anger will fall upon me, and not upon the Princess. She has done you no insult."

"Ho, ho!" clattered Crustacea. "So you think I am a fool! Do you suppose I am ignorant of the fact that you human mothers are truly happy to suffer for your children? Why, if I punished you in order to save your child, I should bestow upon you more joy than you ever possessed."

"Madam!" pleaded the Queen.

"Dear sister!" urged the other fairies.

"Hoot!" was all the reply she made. "You can be civil enough now when I insist upon myself, and you are afraid of me, but I was not to be thought of, was I, when supposed to be of no value? My good woman"—this was to meek Queen Donata—"my good woman, I am of a better heart than you take me for, and I will prove it. I mean to take my revenge out of you, but it shall be by way of a benefit conferred upon this poor little forked radish of a Princess."

"My sweet Crustacea!" said Rosetta.

"Very sweet, quotha!" returned the furious shell-fish fairy.

"Madam," she continued, "you know my opinion of men. I cannot reasonably expect to save this unfortunate, puling mite from the influence of man forever; but I give you my word that, if any one of the other sex sees her before she is of years of such discretion as a woman may possess—I mean seventeen—why, then, I give you my word of honor that the young Princess shall vanish, yet be amongst you; that she shall whisper, and you shall not understand her; that her tears shall drop upon you, and you shall know them not; that you shall wound her, and yet love her; in a word, that ye shall seek her, and not find; and she shall be teaching you when you think her far away. And now, all I have to do is to wish you all an extremely fine afternoon."

And thereupon she clattered her deplorable way out of the room, glaring frightfully. The six fairies were in a great state of consternation, but they promised the Queen that they would do all they could to prevent the fairy's vague threats from falling upon the Princess.

The precautions that were taken were quite beyond description. To begin with, the King was out hunting when his daughter made her first appearance in a world which was a worry to her before she had breathed through an entire hour.

Well, as a man he was not allowed to do more than look at his daughter, and when he heard of the threats brooding over her he willingly forwent the pleasure of kissing her—fearing the consequences. But he said:

"Tut, tut, wife! why could you not have been like other women? A plain daughter, without any help from the fairies, would have been good enough for me. But, as it is as it is, why, we must make the best of a bad bargain."

The precautions taken were wonderful.

The Princess Almonda wore, from her earliest babyhood, a legend on her breast and back, which ran as follows: "Whoso kisses the Princess will be hanged. Signed, SPES, Rex."

So the poor baby was always gaping with her mouth for kisses, and she never obtained one. Even the Queen herself would not kiss her daughter, in order to set a good example to the nurses; and even such extremes were gone to, that all the servants wore gags over their mouths, for fear that one of them might be a youth without knowing it, and, by kissing the Princess, put the fatal spell into operation.

Almonda was brought up in a small palace built in the centre of a garden, surrounded by a huge wall. The guardsmen were women, the footmen were women, the chimney-sweep's boy was a girl. Every precaution was taken, and, when twelve years old the Princess had not seen a beard.

Well, the years went on, and Almonda was nearly the age when she might speak to one of the other sex without some indefinable misfortune overwhelming her. Now, about four years before the Princess breathed, it happened that there was born a prince to a very jealous king, the potentate of Gambogia.

Of such abominable metal was this miserable man, that he was jealous of his own children, of whom he had quantities. Whenever he received a son he was packed off to some distant land, and there brought up as a peasant, so horribly afraid was the King of Gambogia that, when his sons grew up, they would dethrone him.

His Queen, Ambretta, was quite in despair, though an admirably patient woman even after she had in this style been deprived of eight sons. Never a daughter had she possessed. So, at last, losing patience, she managed to obtain an introduction to the fairy Ambidextra, and laid her case before her.

"A mere brute!" said the fairy, who was very adroit and clever. "A mere monster, like most of the men I ever knew in the course of an extended life of some considerable usefulness. My dear, there is a proverb in the land which had the honor of introducing me to society—'Good cat, good rat!' meaning that if you have to deal with cunning people, you must be as cunning as they are. This King of yours must be a fool, and, therefore, he can easily be deceived. Should it be your good fortune to bear another son, give this man to understand that the babe is a daughter, and bring the infant up like a girl."

"And when he discovers the fraud, my dear Ambidextra ——"

"He will by that time have grown so fond of the child, if he is anything short of an absolute monster, that he will not be able to part with it; and—but you are a woman—*he* is a man; and I am sure I need say no more."

This was done, and that unfortunate King was deceived absolutely. He grew fond of his daughter, who was baptized Jess; and, as Jess was the last of his children, he found great pleasure in *her* company. But when the Prince reached twenty years, in spite of all the contrivance in the world the King suspected the truth one fine morning.

"Why," cried he, "here is our daughter with a beard coming!"

So he assembled his physicians, and insisted upon their telling him how it came to pass that his daughter Jess was beginning to grow a fine, silken, fleecy moustache and beard. The physicians would not reply, and fell back upon the suggestion that they had better wait upon the Princess and make some inquiries.

But when the physicians proceeded to wait upon the Princess, to their great joy they found that they were relieved from all necessity of giving an opinion by the disappearance of the Princess. The Queen, alarmed at the turn matters had taken, had hurried away her son under the care of two old and trusty courtiers, who, however, were rather dim and foggy personages to have the care of a young Princess. The Prince Jess, ever in the costume he had always worn, wandered far and far, ever yearning for he knew not what.

It was at the end of three months that, one day escaping from the purblind guardianship of the two courtiers, he wandered into a neighboring wood, and began playing on the mandoline—an instrument upon which he was a great proficient, and which, indeed, was scarcely ever out of his hands.

"Sweet shepherdess, wherefore come you?" he suddenly heard someone ask him. "Are you not a stranger in these parts?"

"I am," he said. "You have a lovely face?"

"Nay, shepherdess, do not talk as though thou wert a pretty page, instead of a handsome grown shepherdess. Whence come you?"

"From Gambogia. Whence you?"

"I am tire-girl to the Princess Almonda, and I have my holiday to-day. Faith, methinks the Princess would be delighted with your music, and I have a great mind to take you to the palace, though a more manly young shepherdess I never saw. You are very much like a youth."

"I am as everybody else," said the wanderer; "and if our sister, your Princess, would like some of my music, I am willing to play by the hour."

"Come along, then," said the other; "and I am glad of thy honest face for company."

So off they trudged, and at last reached the great wall which inclosed the park wherein stood the house occupied by the Princess Almonda. Never, in all these sixteen years and three-quarters, had a man passed the gate.

"What strange soldiers!" said Jess.

"They are women."

"Well, what then? They are very strange women, for they look not like other men."

"But there are exceptions," said the palace young person, laughing.

"*Are* there?" asked Jess very candidly.

"Here," cried the other. "Here, indeed, is a jewel of simplicity, and whose father and mother should be horsewhipped for leaving her, poor innocent, wandering in the woods! Yes, sentry, this is my cousin Jessica, and a beautiful player on the mandoline. Come, cousin, for the Princess will be glad to see you."

And thus it was that at last, when the spell was within three months of being at an end, the Princess Almonda looked for the first time upon a man—and a very charming specimen, too. Hour after hour fled away, he playing and singing, and she delightedly listening.

"What is the matter with me?" he thought.

"What is the matter with me?" she thought.

She had never heard of the other sex, and he had never supposed there was more than one; and, to confess the truth, this couple of innocents had fallen in love with each other.

There they sat, under the Winter-laden orange-trees, and within the shadow of the olives, wondering why they delighted in each other's company; and when the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen in the clear sky, there was that unlucky couple, looking into each other's eyes and wondering, wondering what ailed them.

At last Prince Jess took pity upon his guardians, who, he felt, would by this time be in a great fright, and he rose to take his leave.

"Thou wilt come again, sweet Jessica?"

"Indeed, yes, sweet Almonda!"

"How shall I be sure thou wilt return?"

"I must return. I could not keep away!"

"But how shall I believe thee? Nay, give me the ring upon your finger there."

"Nay, that is a destiny ring, set upon my finger by my godmother, the Fairy Ambidextra."

"Then it is the more precious, and I can the more fully believe that thou wilt return, if thou wilt give me the ring to hold until thou dost return."

"Nay, if 'tis but treating thee with my ring shall prove that I will return, take it."

"Nay, what a pretty ring! What are these letters on the gold?"

"They spell M-I-Z-P-A-H, Princess, and they pray that Heaven may be with thee forever."

"I will carefully guard thy ring. But what proof can I make that I will guard it carefully?"

"Let me kiss thee," said Prince Jess, suddenly finding his heart beat.

"Indeed," said the Princess Almonda, "'tis most that which I would like. Kiss me in welcome, sweetest sister!"

He stooped over the reclining Almonda, and kissed her red lips. Then, overpowered with some inexplicable sense of delight, and yet of wrong-doing, he hurried away. As he reached the marble corridor of the forecourt, in the midst of which, and in a lovely garden, the interview between himself and Almonda had taken place, he thought he heard a cry as if for help.

He turned and looked; but already she was gone, and he supposed it was her plaintive way of saying good-night. Gone—and very quickly. Gone—vanished!

No one had seen her pass. Her clothes were as she left them, her jewels and trinkets in their places. The very book she had been reading lay on the sofa where she had reclined. But the Princess was nowhere to be seen. Soon the Court was up in arms. The useless search was continued for three days and nights. So the Queen came to the conclusion that the Fairy Crustacea's power had been exercised.

To ascertain this, the Queen caused thousands of inquiries to be made; but she was only the more convinced that no man had crossed the threshold of that well-guarded palace.

And then it was that Queen Donata recalled the angry, chattering fairy's words:

"She shall vanish, and yet be amongst you. She shall whisper, and you shall not understand her. Her tears shall fall upon you, and you shall know them not; and you shall wound her, yet love her!"

These words came to pass; for, as the Prince turned away, Almonda looked down at her feet, which suddenly tingled, and she saw them turning to roots, and pushing down through the ground. She cried for help and struck her hands together. The palms sounded like wood, and, looking, her fingers were becoming branches. She leapt up, and there she stiffened into a tree—an almond-tree, without flower or leaves, and growing within the bed near which her cot was still standing.

She was conscious, and yet only a tree. She possessed all the sense of human life; and, nevertheless, she was gone. The unhappy Queen was near distraught, and her only comfort was to remain at the spot where her daughter was last seen in life. There it was that the Crustacea's prophecy came true.

"She shall vanish, and yet be amongst you."

Now, poor Almonda was present, but vanished, because she was in the shape of a tree.

"She shall whisper and you shall not understand her."

This was true; for the branches of the almond-tree, swinging in the air, sighed, and it was Almonda sighing, and the Queen could not understand the sounds rightly.

"Her tears shall drop upon you and you shall know them not."

This was also true; for, as her mother stood lamenting under the branches of the almond-tree, Almonda let fall tears of dew, and the mother took no heed. Nay, the last and most terrible portion of the prediction was fulfilled.

"You shall wound her, yet love her."

For the poor Queen, calling upon her daughter to return, put her arms in agony about the almond-tree, and rent the bark of the tree with her nails, so that the poor tree bled with Almonda's blood; and yet the mother, who wounded, had never more dearly adored Almonda.

It was about a month after the metamorphosis of the Princess that Jess once more approached the palace. He was much changed. He had suffered from fever, and, when he once knew himself and was able to rise from his bed, different clothes from his own were laid out for him.

It is needless here to detail all the information he received; but it was sufficient to enable him to grow strong rapidly, and to be eager for the day when he should be able to present himself in his true state and condition, and ask for her hand as the son of King Gambogia.

He looked very brave and handsome when he presented himself at the Court of King Spes, and made his demand for the hand of the Princess.

"Alas! my dear Prince," said King Spes, "how happy I should have been to receive this offer from my neighbor the King of Gambogia, although, by the way, I never knew that he had other than the one fair daughter."

"I was brought up as one of the other sex," said the Prince, bowing and blushing.

"Indeed! Ah! I suppose that is the fashion with your people, and I dare say a charming one, in Gambogia—but I cannot say I like it myself. I should have been delighted with the offer, but the fact is that our daughter has vanished—flown, and it is quite impossible to marry her to anyone when she is out of sight."

"Alas! has she taken flight with some favored lover?"

"Impossible, Prince; the Princess had never seen a man. There was too much danger in such an interview. You know that, if she was kissed by mortal man before she was seventeen, the Fairy Crustacea would have power over her, and we should have lost her."

"Oh, wretch that I am!" cried the Prince; and at once he confessed what had happened.

"And have I," cried he, "have I, indeed, been the greatest enemy of the sweetest and purest Princess the world ever saw? Fatality! I did not even know then that there was any difference between us!"

Now for some seconds King Spes was asking himself whether he should or should not order the Prince out for instant execution. But a judicious memory of the fact that the King of Gambogia had been devoting his attention to the improvement of his artillery induced him to alter his instant idea of vengeance, and he therefore contented himself with turning around and wiping away four tears.

Well, to proceed—for this tale is getting really too lugubrious—the Prince obtained permission to visit the spot whence she had been lost. There were the sofa, the book, her work-box, all the articles just as she had left them when last she saw him. But where was the Princess? There he stood, near the head of the sofa, and against an almond-tree, of the throbbing of which he took no notice as he leant against it.

"Oh, sweet Princess!" he cried, "if thou couldst but hear me, how thou shouldst hear me tell thee of my love! But alas! thou art far away by this time, and, perhaps, under the shape of a white dove, art being pursued by some heartless hawk. Ah! I would lay down my life for you a thousand times! wretch that I am in having caused all your misfortunes!"

Here one of the lower branches of the almond-tree dipped, and touched him on the lips. He started, for he fancied himself kissed. He now looked up at the tree.

"Strange," he thought. "When I stood near the head of the sofa, and played, I do not recollect there was an almond-tree growing here. Strange! It appears as though it were standing exactly where I played my mandoline. Ah, what is that? 'Tis something like a tear fallen on my face—'tis the sap of the almond-tree rising, now the Spring is coming on. And, now I think of it, the tree no doubt was here, but I noticed it not, because the almond-trees are yet leafless."

For you must know that in the kingdom of King Spes, like many parts of Italy in Winter, the orange and lemon-trees were always green and full of fruits; the olive was in bearing, and the roses bloomed, and people could almost live under the trees when the sun was out, even on the last day in December. But the almond-trees and the figs are as bare of leaves as they are in England. So the rising sap from the almond-tree, falling upon his face—it was really Almonda's tears; he looked carelessly at the tree

Suddenly he trembled, for there, in a knot in the branches, where apparently five delicate twigs had closed upon each other, he saw his ring—the *Mizpah* ring, and which he had given the Princess a moment or so before he had kissed her.

In a moment he comprehended that Almonda had been changed into an almond-tree. In a paroxysm of grief he embraced the tree, and lo! in a moment its branches were covered with pink blossoms—though not a green leaf was to be seen.

Yes—so great was her love for him, that, unable to speak or kiss, her eager tree-life caused her to burst into blushing flowers.

At that moment, the Prince's tears fell into the marble basin of lily-and-rush-filled water which graced the centre of the garden, and upon the brink of which the metamorphosed Almonda grew. The next moment the waters shivered, and a largish fresh-water lobster took up a position on the white marble rim.

"Completely caught in my own inquisitive trap," said the animal, who, it need not be said, was the Fairy Crustacea. "So, I come here to please myself with your ridiculous loves, and an honest tear or two of yours, my fine gentleman, drop in the water, and, whether I will or not, I must give you your wish."

The Prince was too deeply plunged in grief to think over the extraordinary nature of an observation-making Crustacea.

"O give me back Almonda!" he said. "What shall Orpheus do without Eurydice?"

"Well," said the old thing, with a rattle of her shell, "so it shall be; and I am glad of it, for I am a trifle ashamed of my hardheartedness. The fact is, I am not bad, but I hate to be treated with negligence. There!"

Ah! he saw the tree change, the roots shriveled, the branches diminished, and soon human eyes were looking at him—hers; warm breath touched his face—hers.

"I see you must be happy," said Crustacea, "and all the angry fairies in the world could not make you wretched. There! shake my claws—don't be afraid. Thank you. I am not so ugly as I look, after all. Now, upon my word, that tree looked very beautiful with its pink flowers, while all the other ordinary trees were flowerless; very beautiful, too, because the pink flowers are so thick, and there is not a green leaf to be seen. Well, henceforth, and for ages, the tree shall be called after your Princess, and the people shall name it the Almond-tree, and in memory of your love it shall flower before it has a green leaf. It shall flower before all the other trees in the garden, and be the first garland and flower-show of Spring. Good-bye."

STAGE MACHINERY.

A stage proves to be a very different thing from what the popular eye, gazing from pit or boxes, presumes it to be. A great arch, a sloping floor, pierced here and there with traps; cellars below, regions above, grooves at each side, in which scenes glide forward or back; rollers stretching across, on which the "cloths" behind are rolled up—such is the popular ideal. But the stage of one of the "grand" houses offers a different spectacle. There is neither floor nor ceiling proper; but above there is a number of light galleries running round in tiers, while, instead of a floor or stage, properly so called, there is a vast expanse of open grating or cage-work, one below the other, the bars of which are parallel with the seats of a pit. The whole, therefore, is not "clear" from top to bottom, resembling one of those great engine-houses which have iron galleries and flying bridges all round. A large stage looks imposing enough from the boxes; but few, perhaps, are aware that below it, in a grand opera-house, there is a space of about the same height as the stage, and above more than twice that extent. Thus the space devoted to performance is really no more than a seventh or eighth of a part of the unseen regions above, below and around it. The stage and the floors below (in a large theatre there are often four) thus appear like a series of gridirons, one beneath the other. This has been found a necessary arrangement, owing to the great scenes, stretching the whole width of the stage, that must ascend or descend, and have a clear passage. As these openings may be required at any part of the stage, the only mode is to make the entire stage an open frame covered with panels, which can be drawn away. A "trap" can thus be opened at any spot, as one of these panels containing the trap and its machinery can be inserted. Few persons are aware of what is the traditional and established engine of motion in all the great theatres, or how it is that in some ambitious transformation scene a huge iron frame, laden with fifty or sixty figures, can be raised aloft. The agency of windlasses and such mechanical powers would entail a vast expenditure of human strength, which, indeed, it would be found impossible to concentrate at a fixed point. The motive power behind the scenes is wonderfully simple, and even scientific, and has been in use without change for more than a century and a half. It consists in a permanent arrangement of great balance-weights always ready mounted, and with which the object to be raised can be readily connected. A child could raise a ton weight to a particular height if the cord passing over a pulley be balanced by another ton weight. Roof and basement, aloft and below, are filled with enormous rollers, each furnished with wheels something like that of a ship's rudder. To these are attached a series of concentric drums, much like the cone-shaped wheel upon which a watch-chain is wound, for the purpose of allowing cords to be wound upon them. The balance-weights are hung in grooves next the walls; while the cords attached to run them up to the roof pass through pulleys and are then brought down to the drums, to which they are attached. When some slowly evolving transformation is in progress, to be crowned by the ascent of some glorified frame stretching the whole width of the stage, on which a number of ladies are bestowed, its ascent is thus contrived. The weight of the machine and its burden is roughly found; it is then attached to the counterpoises, the ropes in their course being made to pass over the drums of the windlass. The men who lower or raise it have therefore only a few pounds weight to deal with, and hence that smooth, even motion always to be seen in stage changes. In fact, the counterpoises, being slightly heavier, raise the machine itself, and have only to be controlled or checked by the men at the drum. So, too, is the heavy drop-scene made to ascend or descend, and with such motion that it can be made slow or rapid; so figures ascend through trap-doors. Even the great chandelier that lights the hall is thus balanced.—*New Quarterly Magazine.*

AN OLD LAND-MARK.—The "Old Queen's Head," a famous hostelry in the Lower-road, Islington (London, Eng.), whither "Little Quick," King George III's favorite actor, was wont to retire, and where in a previous reign a "company of comedians" played tragedy and farce to audiences admitted on payment of 1s. and 2s. per head, has recently been submitted to the hammer. In olden times a stage-coach used to ply between this house and St. Paul's churchyard for the moderate fare of 2s. for each passenger. The fare now is about 6c., and the distance not more than three miles. The old house was demolished in 1829, and the present one built in its stead; but the original oak-paneled apartment, called "Queen Elizabeth's Parlor," was preserved, and still remains, to ratify the inspection of the curious. Lovers of the historical sites of London repair even now to "merrie Islington" in quest of the "Old Queen's Head," established in the reign of "good Queen Bess."

ROMANTIC DEATH. A young lady drowned in tears.

THE PROPERTY ROOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

This is the garden where mysteries bloom,
Where the splendor of night is hid in a tomb—
Here, in the theatre's property-room.

A curious place is the property-room,
Wrapped about in a shroud of gloom,
With its musty odor of powder and paint,
Its shapes fantastic, figures quaint,
Its relics of forgotten days,
Its odds and ends of many plays,
Its dust and rust and silent gloom—
A wonderful place is the property-room!

Here are the helmets of warriors brave,
Who fight their battles upon the stage;
Here are the wigs of Judges grave,
Who for an hour are soundly sage;
Here are the beards of villains deep,
Who prowl about while good men sleep.
And do foul deeds in savage rage!

There on the wall are the shining spears
And shields, whose brilliancy appears
In bright Burlesque
And scenes grotesque;
And there are the sandals that deck the feet
Of Amazons bold from Bleecker street!

These waving plumes have graced the head
Of many a prince whose power is fled;
And kings have worn this gilded crown,
Whose royalty died when the curtain went down!

Perhaps this pillow has smothered the fair
And guileless Desdemona; while there
Is a dagger which Brutus, no doubt, has thrust
Home to the heart of Cæsar august.
That sword has done more bloody work
Than ever the cimetar did of a Turk,
And a score of Hamlets at least have died
On the point of the other that hangs by its side!

What glittering baubler are gathered here?
Pearls and rubies and diamonds clear—
Jewels that rest
On the swelling breast
Of many a maid who is glad to get
A living without a coronet!

A marvelous place is the property-room,
With its dust and rust and silent gloom;
Among its curious odds and ends
We find a hint of former friends—
Of Comedy and bright Burlesque,
Of Tragedy and scenes grotesque,
Of mark'an old forgotten play,
Whose glory now has passed away;
And with it, too, has passed from earth
The magic brain that gave it birth;
And here, as in a garnished tomb,
Wrapped about in a shroud of gloom,
Are the splendors of night bereft of their bloom,
Shut up in the wonderful property-room.

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS
SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CONCLUDED.

Patrick Dorey had conducted Mistress Bridget to within sight of Penruddock Hall, so that within three minutes she was under shelter.

"Master mayn't be inclined to see anyone to-night," said Polweg with a critical glance at the visitor's garments.

"Let him answer for himself," returned the woman with an air of quiet dignity that silenced the servants. "Take in this letter."

Now, before Polweg could go to announce her, a door on her left opened, and Mr. Penruddock appeared.

"Have you forgotten something, Trunnion?" he began, thinking it was the attorney who had returned.

Mistress Bridget stepped up to him.

"It is not Mr. Trunnion," she said quietly.

Mr. Penruddock stared at her fixedly for an instant; half recognizing her. Then, searching back in his memory, he said, or rather gasped: "Bridget! Great Heavens!"

"I wish to have a few minutes' speech with you, Mr. Penruddock," she said in a low voice, suggestive of emotion suppressed with great effort. "Your servant would have sent me away."

Mr. Penruddock turned to his servant Polweg, and sternly motioned him to begone. Polweg would have spoken, but his master had an ugly look about him; so he withdrew as his master bowed the visitor into the room. She stepped up to the fire, which was blazing with cheery fierceness, and entered there in silence, steaming. The Squire was a long while closing the door. He was, in fact, making it as long a job as possible. Mr. Penruddock was an irritable man, and he spoke fiercely to his servants and to people generally, so as to get himself a reputation for being a very fine old man. Yet now he was evidently far from being at ease in his mind. He turned towards the visitor presently, and then he bowed again formally. She was the first to break the silence.

"You did not expect me?" she said.

"No; I confess that you have surprised me."

"I will not detain you long," she said. "Ten minutes will finish my business with you."

Mr. Penruddock hastily placed a chair for his visitor.

"Pray forgive me," he said with an air of embarrassment. "I would not for worlds be rude. The fact is that your coming was sudden and unexpected."

"And not too welcome?"

"I don't mean that, Bridget," said he, looking very straight.

She colored slightly when he addressed her by name. But she did not betray any hesitation.

"I should not have intruded now, Reuben," she said calmly, "but that I have a duty to perform. Don't interrupt me. I remember well that you object to sentiment, and I don't intend to bother you. I am dying—don't trouble—I am not in immediate danger. I shall not cause no anxiety—no trouble or inquiries here. I only mention the fact as an excuse for coming here to arrange my worldly affairs. Mr. Trunnion, I am told, is here."

"He was. He has gone."

"Strange I should have missed him. Well, all I have to say is soon said. You must see that it is put into legal form."

Mr. Penruddock bowed his head with the air of a man in a dream. He could only sit and stare while his visitor produced a bundle of papers—a legal-looking bundle, fastened together with pink tape.

In silence she selected one of the papers.

"This," she said, "is the bank-account of moneys which have been accumulating to my credit for two and twenty years at Graham's Bank in Dundee."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bridget——" he began.

"I mean it is all there—all. It has increased, in fact, until it has become a good round sum, by reason of the interest which has mounted up during those years."

"Is it possible that you have never touched the allowance that I made you?"

"I would have died sooner!" she answered, with a dash of fierceness in her tone; but she changed immediately. "I did not come, however, to make a scene, as I said before. This money I desire to leave in trust to you for our son. If he is dead, I return it to his father."

"Bridget, Bridget!" cried the Squire in a tone that sounded like a wail.

"Do not distress yourself, Reuben," she said p.aintively. "Nor me—believe me, I cannot bear it. Let us fairly face the situation. We are here at the end of a mistaken life, and we can no more recall the past than we can become young again."

He was about to interrupt her here, but she went on:

"You must allow me the privilege of the sex, Reuben," she said with a sickly smile. "Let me have all the talk to myself. By pride, it has been said, angels have fallen! Looking back into the past, I see that pride has been our bane. When, twenty odd years ago, you chose to suspect me of infidelity, or affected to—don't interrupt me. Well—well; I will believe you were sincere! Well, conscious of my own innocence, I was so independent—so outraged—that my pride would not allow me to condescend to the world of explanation. I see now—I have, indeed, long seen—that my proud silence was accepted by you for guilt. So far your conduct was excusable. Mine was not."

"I have long learnt to think otherwise," said he moodily.

"But when you stole away my boy—our boy——"

"I acted like a villain, Bridget!" cried the Squire, wringing his hands. "A villain—a heartless villain!"

"Still I can excuse that in a manner; for, if I had been the abandoned woman you thought me, it was but right that you should obtain for your child betimes a father. I blame you not, therefore, in the matter of impatience—a little patience would have explained much, and saved us both a life-long misery. A word will set your mind at rest on this point. The man you suspected, or affected to, was my brother—a scapegrace of whom I was very fond. He had involved himself into trouble, and was forced to hide himself."

"He was your brother!"

"Yes."

"Is it possible!"

"I have ample proof of it. But I resume. My first word of censure for you is for your marriage with Miss Trevanion."

He bowed his head in silence before her.

Presently he said:

"Mine has been a guilty life, Bridget. Bad as that act was, there are some faint excuses, some few words of explanation, which may slightly palliate my conduct."

"Indeed! I am curious, indeed, to hear them."

"To be avenged upon you, I plunged into a wild flirtation with—with *her*, scarcely conscious, indeed, of what I was about until I found myself an accepted suitor; and, as an honorable man, but one course was open to me. I made every inquiry after you in Dundee, but for nearly two years every trace of you was lost. I consulted lawyers, and they informed me that our marriage had been irregular; and so, from every point of view, I found myself free. I found myself, as I said, bound in honor to that lady, and pride dictated what I have ever felt was the wrong course. You will say that I could not have believed you to be dead, or I should not have kept up the quarterly payments. But this I felt bound to do until I had the most convincing proof that you were no more. In a word, Bridget, let me excuse myself as I may, I played fast and loose with my conscience. I acted like a contemptible fool."

"No, no, Reuben!" she said seriously. "I see there is even some excuse there. More—more than I can admit, perhaps, for very pride; the ruling passion is strong in ——"

"Hush, Bridget!"

"But what of our boy—when did he die?"

"He is not dead."

"What!" she almost shrieked. "Not dead! And yet you, out of hatred to me, let another child—an illegitimate son—take his place! Reuben! Reuben!"

"They told me, on the contrary," faltered the Squire, "that our boy was illegitimate."

She shook her head mournfully.

"And you pretended to believe it!"

He stood before her literally quailing. A dozen conflicting emotions were tearing him inwardly, but he fought down his pride with resolution, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"Mercy—mercy!" he cried, burying his face in his hands. "Nay, do not forgive me, either, Bridget, for your pardon would wring my heart beyond endurance."

She was silent, but her eyes were dim with tears. When she spoke again it was to bid him rise.

"Don't kneel to me," she said sadly.

But he would not move from his supplians posture.

She endeavored to raise him up, and in so doing her hands rested upon his head for a while. One of them he seized and kissed again and again; the other, as it were, instinctively, trifled and fondled his hair.

"Reuben dear," she said presently, "the past is irrevocable, unalterable. But the future yet belongs to us. Let us study how best to mend the past. Tell me, where is our boy—my little Reuben?"

Mr. Penruddock bent his head yet lower.

"Every word of my confession must make me more and more contemptible in your eyes. Find what excuses for me your charity can, recollecting the tale of error I built up. Our boy—I would not disgrace him, nor could I let him out of my sight."

"Is he in the house?" she demanded eagerly.

"No; in the town. I have placed him with Trunnion."

"Your lawyer?" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Yes."

"And his name is Patrick Dorey?"

"Yes—yes. Why?"

"It was he who brought me up here to-night," she answered. "He led me up as carefully and tenderly as though he had known I was his mother—Heaven bless him! O Reuben! send for him. Let me take him in my arms and love him—as, indeed, I longed to do then!"

"I will!" His hand rested on the bell as his eye dropped upon the clock. "We must defer it until morning, I fear," he said; "he will be gone to bed. See how late it is!"

"You are right," she answered with a sigh. "Well, well; it is only until to-morrow morning." She arose from her chair, and drew her hood closer about her head. "I will come here in the morning, and you shall send for him."

Mr. Penruddock stared aghast.

"Bridget!" he faltered.

"It is better that we should meet here, Reuben."

"But you cannot mean that you would leave the house to-night? My ill-used wife, if your pride will not allow you to rest beneath the same roof with me, I will go, and leave you in possession of your home!"

She paused and pressed one hand to her eyes, to thrust back the tears that would still rise. The other hand she extended to him.

"You misjudge me, Reuben," she said when she could speak. "It was not pride; it was thoughtlessness. My thoughts were back in the past."

"The dreadful past!" groaned the Squire.

"No; the pleasant past—before our troubles."

"Then you will stay?"

"If you wish it."

"Heaven bless you, Bridget!—Heaven bless you!"

The following morning a messenger from Penruddock Hall brought a letter to the attorney.

"From the Squire?" said Mr. Trunnion. "Goodness me! where are my horn spectacles?"

MR. TRUNNION.—*Sir:* As soon as you receive this, you will come on to see me with all haste, and bring with you Mr. Patrick Dorey. Herein fail not, I beg of you, as I have the most urgent need of you both. Relying no less upon your diligence than your discretion, I am yours to command. REUBEN PENRUDDOCK.

The attorney was thrown into a state of considerable excitement by this missive.

"The case is evidently urgent," he said to himself. "I hope that nothing has happened! I shouldn't care for anything to happen to the Squire until Master George is my son-in-law—it wouldn't matter how soon it occurred after—for, my life on it, it is his will that he wants seen to! But what can he want with Patrick? Nothing ridiculous, I hope. People who think themselves in danger are often affected with queer fancies. As the property is to come into our family, I don't think it ought to be cut up. Patrick is a good lad, and I'll see that he is properly rewarded myself; but he mustn't interfere with the legal rights of the legitimate branch of the family. Patrick!" He rang the bell. "Where the deuce is he? Oh, here you are! Why, where is Master Dorey?" he asked, as the maid-servant appeared.

"He has gone out, sir; left the house shortly since."

"Where has he gone?"

"I cannot say, sir. He received a letter that appeared to agitate him badly. He said something about Miss Millicent and the cliffs, and then he ran off without waiting even to put on his hat."

Mr. Trunnion jumped from his chair.

"Good gracious me! What if the mad-brained boy has gone to do anything rash? If Millicent has told him that the day is fixed, and that all is settled, he might do something very foolish. He spoke last night of throwing himself off the cliffs! What if he should really carry his threat into execution? It really will not bear thinking of!"

He was not left long to ruminate over this unpleasant topic, for a loud summons at the street-door was followed by the entrance of the Squire's son, Master George Penruddock.

"A merry Christmas, father-in-law!" said he, flicking the snow off his boots with his riding-whip. "Lively weather, this, for Christmas-day! The snow is coming down like a blanket."

"You must be chilled, Master George," said the attorney. "What will you take—mulled claret?"

"Nothing, thank you. Where is Millicent? The sight of her will warm me!"

The attorney smiled.

"You young lovers are so impatient always." He rang as he spoke, and the servant appeared. "Send Miss Millicent here."

She is out, sir."

"Out!" ejaculated the lawyer. "What, in this weather? Why, how long has she been gone?"

"She went out a little before Master Patrick."

Mr. Trunnion and his future son-in-law looked at each other, rather startled.

"How long?" asked the latter, "is it since Miss Millicent left the house?"

"Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes."

He fell uneasy now in reality. "I hope I shall not be too late," thought he. "It would look stupid if I made a mess of the business that Trewoof so carefully planned last night."

What if they had eloped?

He made known his fears, and Master George seized upon this as an excuse to get off. He ran through the drifting snow as fast as he could, and in five minutes or so he came upon the party of whom he was in search.

There was Millicent Trunnion, struggling in the arms of a tall ruffian, while another man of the same build was on the lookout!

Both were masked, yet it needed no conjuror to pierce the flimsy disguise, and recognize in the precious pair the worthy Trewoof and Rolley.

As Master George Penruddock appeared on the scene, Rolley was forcing his horrid caresses upon the girl. It was this conduct that made the young Squire furious.

"Hound!" he cried, rushing up and dealing Rolley a stinging blow with his fist on the side of the head. Rolley was staggered.

He shook his head, and then he shook himself together, and deliberately drew a huge clasp-knife.

"That wasn't in the bargain!" he said, striking savagely at the young Squire, who, with a groan, dropped upon the ground wounded.

Millicent, released, uttered a piercing shriek and fled. Fear lent her wings, and while the pair of ruffians stood gazing, half-stupefied, on the desperate conclusion to this shameful offense, she was far on her way home.

She reached the house in safety just as her father, half-mad with suspense and anxiety, was setting forth.

Her scared air alarmed the old man so much that, what with his fright and hers, it was some time before they could compare notes, and come to an understanding.

However, when the explanation did come, and she related what had befallen Master George Penruddock, the attorney was lond in his lamentations, and full of reproaches for her very apparent indifference.

"Think, girl—think!" he exclaimed harshly. "Your future husband! Have you no decency?"

"My future husband? Never!" she replied. "If there was not another man in the universe, I'd never wed George Penruddock!"

The attorney stared again at this bold speech.

"Millicent!"

She paid no heed to his indignant speech or gestures. The farce and its tragical termination, which she had witnessed, had not deceived her in the least. Her mind was full of anxiety upon the behalf of one dearer to her than all else—dearer far than she had ever thought, until trouble had menaced her and their loves.

"Where is Patrick?" she cried.

Her father laughed bitterly.

"I would ask you that!" was his reply.

"Father! father!" ejaculated the girl wildly, "waste no time in idle words! Where is Patrick?"

"Was he not with you?"

"No! The same scoundrels that plotted this have spirited him away! And you have aided in all this—unwittingly, no doubt, but yet have aided! Oh, my poor darling! what shall I do?"

The puzzled attorney was utterly browbeaten. He tried to rally, but it was a feeble attempt.

"Millicent! wretched girl!—you talk like this when that poor young man lies, according to your own account, wounded while rescuing you!"

She interrupted him with a scornful laugh.

"It would be well for him and for his family if he died of his wound!"

"What do you mean?" ejaculated the old man, more and more amazed at her audacity.

"I mean that if harm has befallen Patrick, I'll bring George Penruddock to justice, and his murderous ruffians as well."

The attorney was silenced.

He felt that he dare not broach the subject of the cliff as being worthy companion-piece of mind.

And yet within himself he felt very uneasy upon the matter. However, he must attend to the Squire's mandate now. So, sending off assistance to the spot indicated by his daughter, he set off for Penruddock Hall.

Now, while in his hand rested upon the knocker, the door was opened, and the Squire himself stood before him.

"Trunnion!" he exclaimed fiercely, "why have you been so long, and where is Master Patrick?"

The attorney stammered out some words of apology.

"Enough!" cried the Squire, cutting him short. "Why didn't you attend to my request? I said distinctly that you were to bring Master Patrick. His presence is far more important than yours. It is indispensable."

The attorney began to feel very uneasy. He begged Mr. Penruddock's patience while he explained. Master Patrick Dorey was a very violent young man. He had threatened to throw himself over the cliff—an idle threat, as Mr. Trunnion had thought it last night, but to-day the clerk's mysterious disappearance had made him fear the worst.

The Squire looked as one stupefied. The color left his cheeks and lips, and, staggering back, he would have fallen had he not caught at the attorney's arm for support.

And then a hollow groan escaped him.

"The hand of Providence is here!" he moaned. "Both in one day—nay, in the same hour. Oh, I am a guilty man; but my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Suddenly he looked about affrightedly.

"What shall I say to her? How shall I tell her that by our miserable bungling we have driven her boy to self-destruction?" And he groaned aloud.

Mr. Trunnion held his peace. He guessed from the Squire's words that he had already learnt the mishap that had befallen his son George; and it was some slight comfort to him that the unpleasant tidings had not to be imparted by himself.

What he did not know, however, was that the unfortunate young gentleman had been carried to the Hall in a lifeless condition, and that the doctor who had been summoned was pulling a woefully long face at the case.

Now, before Mr. Penruddock could perform the most unpleasant task of bearing the fatal news to his wife, she had already heard the rumor, and she came down to meet him—full of it.

"I know all, Reuben," she said quietly. "But I do not share the belief that is so general. I get my information from one who has thrown a new light upon the whole affair."

"Who is that, in the name of goodness?"

"Millicent Trunnion—Patrick's betrothed."

"You mean George's?"

"No—Patrick's. The boys were rivals; our boy was the favored suitor."

"Where is Millicent?"

"Here—in the house."

And then in a few hurried sentences she told the Squire of the forged letter which Millicent had received, decoying her away—and how she, Millicent, judged shrewdly that similar means had been employed to decoy Patrick.

Now Mr. Penruddock caught eagerly at the supposition, and in the space of a few moments the whole country was aroused. Parties of men, armed, were sent out in all directions to beat up the country in the search.

While this went on, a party of four—to wit, Bridget and Mr. Penruddock, Mr. Trunnion and Millicent—went down to the sands under the cliffs to assure themselves that Patrick's vague threat had nothing to do with his disappearance.

Now, riding at anchor, not far out at sea, was the man-of-war to which allusion has already been made, H. M. S. Saracen, and just as the party reached the beach they saw that a boat was lowered and manned. The haste in the preparations showed that they were in pursuit of something.

And presently they perceived that the object of their pursuit was a man!

He had a long start of them, however, and, being a very vigorous swimmer, he looked like winning the race—in other words, gaining the shore before they could overtake him.

Every minute brought him nearer and nearer, and presently Millicent Trunnion gave a shriek.

"It is my Patrick!" she cried.

And so it was.

But, by the time he was within a dozen yards of the goal, the weight of his clothes began to tell upon him fatally, and he showed visible signs of distress.

"Keep to it, my boy!" shouted the Squire. "Bold heart! I'm with you!"

So saying, he tore off his coat and waistcoat, and plunged into the surf.

It was desperate work; but, between the cries of the people ashore, and the yells of the sailors in pursuit, Reuben Penruddock bore his son triumphantly to land.

Then, leaving Patrick to the care of the woman, the Squire shook his fist at the sailors in the boat, which was now quite close.

"Hallo, Master Pilgrik!" he cried; "crimp my son, would you? I'll learn yet who paid you for that dirty job!"

It was the coxswain of the boat who was thus singled out, and he retorted sulkily:

"Your son! Press your son, eh, Squire Penruddock? If you want to know who paid for the job, you can ask your son—Master George 'll tell you all about it. Pull away, lads!"

And, with that, the boat veered round, and the crew pulled back to the ship, beaten, and not a little disappointed.

EPILOGUE.

Is there anything more to say?
Very little.

By the time they had got back to the hall George Penruddock had breathed his last, and so all unpleasant explanations were sunk at once.

Is it necessary to say that Millicent and Patrick were made happy? Of course it is not.

The only detail I would linger over is this. The case of Bridget was thought to be far less desperate than her lawful medical adviser had opined. The doctors of Falmouth gave it as their opinion that if she could be got through the Winter—a matter by no means impossible with sufficient care—she might become convalescent sufficiently to live for some years, to witness the happiness of her children.

And in this the faculty of Falmouth were even within the mark.

By wintering yearly in more genial and southern climates, wonders were effected to the intense joy of her repentant husband and her children.

LOST IN THE STORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Lost in the heart of the beautiful city!
Only the angels kept watch of her form,
Only the angels smiled on her pity—
Poor little wanderer, lost in the storm.

All the long day had the cold winds been blowing,
All the long day she'd been pleading for aid,
Never a kind hand a penny bestowing,
Never a step by her pleading was stayed.

Swiftly around her the shadows were closing,
Bright were the home-lights that glittered in view;
Little ones, safe in their warmth, were reposing,
Sheltered by loving hearts, tender and true.

Oh, it was years since a mother had blessed her
Now in her wretchedness, child, and alone,
Only the soft-falling snowflakes caressed her,
Turning to tears on the ringlets of gold.

Dreamed she at last of the rest that was coming,
Slowly but surely, to faltering feet;
Whose was the voice that the wind-fiend was humming,
Telling of slumber unbroken and sweet?

Far from the gloom o'er her lonely way stealing,
Angels in silence were leading her—where?
Kindly at times flashed a gaslight, revealing
Frozen lips, striving to whisper a prayer.

White as the snows that had drifted around her,
Wearing a shroud for the wistful form,
In the gray light of the morning they found her—
Poor little wanderer, lost in the storm.

THE STORY OF BOWSER.

WHICH IS TOLD BY OLD HARLEQUIN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I am going to tell you the story of Bowser. Many times have I told it to the dimple-cheeked children who climb upon my knee and pull the gray beard of their crippled old uncle, who is not their uncle at all, but only their friend and patron. Many times, too, have I told it to older children, whose dimples upon the treacherous rocks, and disappeared over the brink of the chasm. I caught a glimpse of his kindly, patient face—of the honest brown eyes that stared so beseechingly into mine—and then Bowser was gone. I fancied that I heard the splash of the water, far down under my head, and with a start, I awoke. The first faint gleams of the morning which ushered in a new year were streaming through the window of my room. Instinctively I stretched out my hand and gave a sigh of relief when I felt the head of Bowser, who roused himself at the familiar touch, and beat a morning welcome on the floor with his tail.

That was my dream, which passed from my mind by the time I had finished dressing, but which came back to me with terrible vividness before the close of the day.

Immediately after breakfast, in a box-sleigh big enough to hold us all, Bowser and the trunks included, we set out on our journey to Spratt's Corners. The day was clear and cold. The members of the company were all in high spirits, and laughed and chatted merrily as we drove along over the frozen road,

"That's a proper knowin' dog you've got there," observed the landlord to me, as he laid the lash on his horses. "I calculate you wouldn't sell him, would you?"

"I calculate I wouldn't," said I, pattin Bowser on the head. "Money couldn't buy that dog, sir. I think as much of him as though he was my brother—don't I, Bowser, old boy? We came across the ocean together, and shall stick to each other until one or the other dies—won't we, Bowser?"

Bowser said yes with his eyes, and the landlord expressed his satisfaction at the intelligence and sagacity and intelligence which I recounted to him as having been displayed by my four-footed companion. By the t me we reached the river, he was as deeply impressed with the superiority of Bowser's accomplishments as he was with the dangerous nature of the trust he contents. He did not offer to assist in removing those explosive articles from the sleigh, and when, by accident, one of them slipped from the grasp of Sylvester Spooner and fell to the ground, the poor man, I verily believe, was disappointed because he had not been blown into atoms.

At this point of the Connecticut River where we purposed to make a crossing, the stream was perhaps half a mile wide, and curved, somewhat sharply, about a thickly-wooded hill. The warm weather of a week before had brought great cakes of ice floating down with the current, and, becoming clogged, had formed a bridge across the stream. As the temperature grew colder, the water between these solid cakes had frozen to a depth of three or four inches, and the whole was covered with a thin layer of snow. Below the curve, where the floating ice had been choked off by the bridge, the water in the middle of the stream was still flowing, although the ice had formed on either side. This open channel, where the current ran swift and strong, did not seem to be more than a dozen feet wide.

"It 'pears to me," said Spooner, when we had removed the luggage from the sleigh, "that that ice aint going to hold up. Down there, you see, it aint frozen over at all."

"But this here," explained the landlord, "is a regular ice-bridge. The cakes come floating down last week when we had the thaw, and they've got lodged in the narrow place."

This illustration may have suggested itself to his mind from the fact that he was still holding in his hand the silver dollar which Spooner had paid him for carrying us to the river. At all events, he intended to make the simile a strong one, and to impress it upon our minds that there was absolutely no danger in crossing the river.

"Suppose," suggested Spooner, "that one of us goes over alone first, just to test the ice. I guess you've got the least heft to you, Washington."

But young Washington did not take kindly to the suggestion.

"Let Betty go," said he. "She don't weigh nothin'."

Miss Betty tossed her head indignantly, and replied: "She'd like to see herself!"

"Look here," said I to Spooner; "I'll make the first crossing—Bowser and I together. What do you say, Bowser?"

The old dog looked up into my face and wagged an affirmative with his tail.

"All right," said Spooner. "As soon as we see you're across, we'll follow."

Thereupon the company sat down upon the trunks, and Bowser and I set out on our journey across the river. A crust had formed on the surface of the snow, so that it was impossible to distinguish between the solid cakes of ice and the intervening spaces where the water had frozen only to the depth of a few inches. For a considerable distance from the bank of the stream the ice-bridge seemed as firm as the ground itself. I walked along at a rapid gait, turning occasionally to wave my hand at the watchers on the shore. Bowser, meantime, followed close at my heels, treading in the foot-prints which my boots left in the brittle crust. We had proceeded in this manner until the middle of the stream was reached, and there I noticed that the channel of unfrozen water which I have already mentioned flowed within twenty feet of the place where I was walking. I saw, moreover, that what from the shore appeared to be only a narrow strip was in reality a hundred feet wide, forming a black, ominous-looking canal between the two sides of snow-covered ice.

"I don't like this, Bowser," said I, coming to a halt and glancing at the swift-flowing water. Bowser came alongside of me, looked up into my face and then towards the open channel. The situation seemed to trouble him, for he uttered a low growl which I understood perfectly as signifying an uneasy state of mind.

"We may as well go on," I said, at last. Bowser fell into line and we pushed along.

A dozen yards from the spot where I had halted there came a sudden, cracking sound, and the next instant I felt the ice give way under my feet. There was a sharp chill that numbed alike my body and mind, a rushing sound in my ears, a horrible sense of darkness, and the icy waters closed over my head. I rose again in an instant, and Bowser seized hold of the collar of my coat. I threw my arm over the neck of the dog, and struggled to raise myself out of the water, but the ice was treacherously weak and gave way under my weight. Bowser, never relaxing his grip upon my coat-collar, was dragged from his footing by my desperate efforts to secure a hold upon the ice. Expert swimmer though I was, my skill availed me nothing at that critical moment. Borne down by the weight of my clothes, and benumbed by the icy coldness of the water, I could do nothing but tighten my grasp about Bowser's neck. The noble dog swam for something dearer than life, and bore me up while I clutched again and again at the brittle ice. As often as I did so it broke under my weight, and narrowed the distance between us and the open channel. And now I could feel the swift current bearing us along with resistless force. The ice was so thin that it gave way like glass. Together my dog and I were swept into the open channel, and still Bowser's vice-like grip held on to the collar of my coat.

From the shore they had seen the catastrophe which had befallen me, and Norton, the clown, had started to the rescue. With rare presence of mind he had pulled off a fence-rail, and with this in his hand had set out on a run towards the middle of the river.

Meantime Bowser, with such little assistance as I could render, had turned his face towards the margin of the channel, and was swimming with all his strength to reach the solid ice. The current had carried us fifty feet, at least, into the middle of this open canal. I could feel the hot breath of the dog upon my neck, and hear him pant as he breasted the water, cruelly cold. My own senses were beginning to swim, and it was only with the utmost exertion that I could retain my hold upon Bowser's neck. I was no longer conscious of danger. I did not even feel the cold, but only a drowsiness, which robbed me of the power to think. Out of this drowsiness I was suddenly aroused by a voice calling to me:

"Billy, Billy, I say!"

I opened my eyes and saw Norton standing on the brink of the channel, with a fence-rail in his hand.

"Keep up!" he shouted. "Keep up two minutes longer, and you're saved! Here, Bowser, Bowser, old fellow! This way! Steady now! Hold on to him, Bowser!"

The faithful dog seemed to gain fresh strength from these words of encouragement. Panting and exhausted, he struck out in the direction where Norton was standing. He fought every inch of the way against the adverse current, but he gained—gained slowly and more surely as he neared the margin of the channel. Again Norton called to him:

"Here Bowser, Bowser! Put in, old fellow! That's the way; stick to him, stick to him, Bowser!"

His strength was fast failing, but again the cheering words seemed to give him fresh courage. And now we were within a dozen feet of the channel's brink. In a moment I heard Norton's voice crying:

"Can you catch hold of this rail?"

I made answer by stretching forth my hand and seizing the pole. Norton pulled it slowly towards him, and then, bending down, grasped hold of my arm. Just as he did so, I felt the grip upon my collar loosen. Then the clown, by a mighty effort, dragged my benumbed and half-lifeless body onto the solid ice. He rubbed me violently, drew off my soaking overcoat, and wrapped his own about me.

"Come, Billy," he said, "we must make a run now for the shore. It will bring up the circulation."

"Bowser," I said faintly. "Where's Bowser?"

Norton turned with a start toward the open channel, and my eyes involuntarily followed his. And there, drifting back into the cold, black waters, from out whose icy depths his courage had saved me—drifting helplessly in the strong current, farther and farther away. I saw, as on the night before I had seen in my dream, the kindly, patient face of Bowser. I cried out to him aloud, and with a last effort he threw up his head, as though to give back an answering signal, and then sank under the waters. The dog had given his life that his master might be saved.

With little recollection of what happened on the way, Norton and I journeyed back to the shore, and the landlord, who had waited to see the result of our venture, took the company again into the sleigh and drove back to the tavern. That night, we gave no performance. And for many nights after, I fear, the Harlequin was not so nimble as was his wont, for I know that his heart was heavy. And whenever the New Year comes around, he recalls again that one episode in his life; and loves, even now, to relate—to those who choose to listen—THE STORY OF BOWSER.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Criticisms received and noted.

JOHN GARDNER.—Such blanks are not to be had; that size was a special engraving.

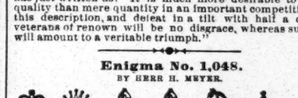
W. P. COOLSAUGH, Oshkosh, Wis.—The end-game is hardly available, but the chessikin we may give.

C. B. COOK.—You have mastered Prob. 1,041, but not Enig. 1,045. Please display your problem on diagram, add the solution, and we will examine it.

OUR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—The critic and umpire is hard at his task, and will have the bulk of his work accomplished by the time the publication is finished. We anticipate that several fine additional problems will grow out of the competition—indeed, one is already in hand. Of the masterly excellence, and the difficulties of these productions, the remarkably few solutions offered is a striking testimony. Anent this matter, one most eminent master has just written us: "It is much more desirable to have quality than mere quantity in an important competition of this description, and defeat in a tilt with half a dozen veterans of renown will be no disgrace, whereas success will amount to a veritable triumph."

Enigma No. 1,048.

BY HERR H. WERLE.



at K B 2, K Kt 6, Q R 6, Q B sq K 3, Q 4, K 7.

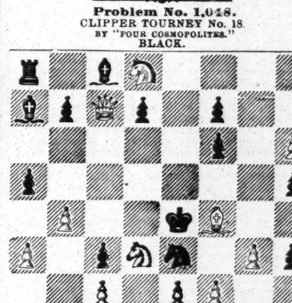
at K B 5, K B 4, Q B 4, K R 6, K Kt 2, K 3, K R 5.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 1,048.

CLIPPER TOURNEY No. 18.
BY "FOUR COSMOPOLITES."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Interesting skirmish at the Cafe International, between Chas. A Maurian, Esq., of New Orleans and our contributor J. S. Ryan of New York.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
Mr. Maurian.	Mr. Ryan.	Mr. Maurian.	Mr. Ryan.	Mr. Ryan.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 3(a)	15..P to K B 6	Kt P × P	
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	16..Q-K R 5(e)	P-K B 4	
3..P-K 5	P-K 3	17..Q-K R 4	Q-her 2	
4..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	18..K-R sq (d)	Q-K R 2	
5..P-Q R 3	K B × Kt +	19..Q-K 2	R-his B 2	
6..Kt P × B	K Kt-K 2	20..K R-B 4	K R-Kt sq	
7..K-Q-Q 3	Castles	21..K R-B 4	K R-Kt 2	
8..P-K B 4	P-K B 3	22..Q B-B 6	Q-K Kt 3	
9..K Kt-B 3	B P × P	23..Q-K B sq (e)	Q Kt-Q 2	
10..B P × P	K Kt-B 4	24..Q-K 2	K Kt × B	
11..Castles	Q Kt-Q 2	25..K R-R 6 (e)	Kt-Kt 5	
12..Kt-his 5	Q Kt-his 3	26..R-his 7 +	K-his B sq	
13..P-K Kt 4	K R-Kt sq (b)	27..Q-K R 2	K × K B (f)	
14..Kt P × Kt	R P × Kt	and the Attack resigns.		

NOTES BY I. D. J. SWEET.

(*a*) A reply I do not find discussed in Staunton or Lewis.
(*b*) Each warrior now "throws away his shield," prepared to fight *a l'outrance*.
(*c*) Black certainly has a menacing attack.
(*d*) 18..Q B to his 3 (threatening; K to R sq seems slow. But it has a good object.—MIRON.)
(*e*) It seems to us that to B 2 had been better, leaving space and a way to wheel that idly-gaping battery of heavy artillery (the R) into the one effective line of fire—Ed. CLIP.
(*e*) Evidently overlooking the sparkling reply [or not crediting him with ability to make it], by which Mr. Ryan at once "profits by the enemy's loss."
(*f*) Another fine finishing stroke.

Gamelet

between our contributor Mr. Williams and a friend.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

Williams.	Amateur.	Williams.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..P to Q 3	K B to R 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	9..Q B-Q 2	K Kt-K 2
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-K B 4	10..Kt-his 3	P-Q R 3
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	11..Q R-K sq	Q-R 3
5..Castles	Kt P × Kt	12..Q Kt-K 4	Q-her B 3
6..Q-K 2 3d P	Q-K 2	13..K B-Q 5	K Kt × B,
7..P-K 5	Q × K P	and the Attack announces mate in five moves.	

CHEQUERS.

A QUICK GAME.—A correspondent informs us that "when Mr. Martins was in Cleveland, O., one of the boys proposed to play him a game of checkers for 'ice-cream for the house,' if Mr. Martins would move as quickly as he did. Mr. M. accepted, and play began at once, the young man moving first. The game was completed in less than three minutes, Mr. M. having eleven men on the board, and his opponent—none! Mr. M. let him off from the first part of the contract, saying that he did not eat between meals, and also requesting the young gentleman to remember that chequers was a game of *science*, not activity. He made no reply; but, drawing himself up, started for the door with the full determination to convince Mr. M. that he was chockful of activity, if he *was* a little short of science.

Game No. 41, Vol. 24.

BY R. M'CULLOUGH OF GLASGOW.
SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	10..8 to 22	26 to 17
2..15 22	25 18	11..9 13	17 14
3..12 16	29 25	12..2 6	27 23
4..16 20	25 22	13..11 15	31 26
5..8 11	24 19	14..6 9	32 27
6..4 8	19 16	15..9 18	23 14
7..8 12	22 17	16..1 6	21 17(a)
8..12 19	23 16	17..13 31	16 12
9..10 14	17 10	18..31 24	28 1
Drawn.			

(*a*) *The Glasgow Herald*, from which the above is copied, remarks that 28 to 24, 16 to 12, or 30 to 25, at this stage, will each lose for White.

Solution of Position No. 40, Vol. 24.

BY MR. T. M. EDD.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	Black.
1..27 to 24	20 to 27	7..10 to

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 1.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Ella
Archer, Amanda
Atherton, Nellie
Anderson, Mrs. C. A. (2)
Armstrong, Maggie
Byron, Lizzie
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Bates, Mrs. Annie H.
Bly, Helen
Bardell, Jennie (vocalist)
Boshell, Louise
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
Bretto, Emma
Bertha, Mlle. (2) 3c.
Bishop, Dora
Barrett, Lizzie
Blocque, Estelle
Brinkerhoff, Clara
Baskirk, Frankie
Cope, Miss A.
Cortland, Grace
Cawthorne, Mrs.
Clifton, Carrie
Clifton, Emma (with Mons Niblo)
Constantine, Eveline 4c.
Camarra, Marie
Daly, Blanche
Durand, Kittie
Delane, Annie
D'Alvis Sisters
Davis, Laura
Davis, "Nell"
De Mar, Mollie 4c.
Dailey, Ida
De Louvre, Armina
Doyle, Minnie (of Springfield, O.)
Earle, Olive
Eweing, Lizzie
Emerson, "Dollie"
Elmore, Annie
Etta, Mlle. (contortionist)
Fechter, Mrs. Chas.
Fisher, Kate
Forrest, Lillian
Freeth, Mrs. Nina
Fairfax, Mrs. Daisy
Fairchild, Florence
Fleming, Nellie
Fawsitt, Miss A.
Fletcher, Annie C.
Gettis, Viola (of Strakosch's Co.)
Gilman, Ada (of Daly's 5th-av. Co.)
Geraldine, Mlle.
Gray, Ada
Geary, Mina
Glasford, Eliza
Gerry, Emma M.
Granger, Emma
Holman, Mrs. (of Holman Op. Co.)
Hall, Annie (of Adelphi, Toledo, O.)
Howard, Lillie
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Hunter, Maggie
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Irwin, Florence
Jatschen, Mrs. (with Johanoff Bro)
Knight, Lizzie
Kemp, Alice M.
La Rue, Mrs. D. E.
Le Brun, Marie
Lewis, Carrie
Livingstone, Annie
Lloyd, Mamie French
Love, Ella
Leslie, Mrs. Chas.
Lottie,—(of "Uncle Tom Cab." Co.)
La Verde, "Belle"
La Font, Millie
Leon, Mrs. Nellie
Morris, Clara
Mason, Sallie
Markley, Edna
McDonald, Nellie
Munroe, Mrs. Grace (2)
Moore, Emma
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Marky, Lizzie
Merritt, Pauline
McDonale, Mrs.
Mausey, Ida
Morgan, Anna
Nelson, Annie
Nichols, Mrs. Addie
O'Brien, Mrs. Addie
Paine, Lizzie
Plunkett, Marian
Roberts, Blanche
Ryan, Sophie
Ruperte, Lizzie
Rainford, Alice
Reed, Mrs. Ch.
St. Elmo, Eva
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Schott, "Angie"
Steele, Sallie
Siddons, Miss F.
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Selwyn, Blanche
Siddons, Mrs. Scott
Simpson Sisters
Tyson, Annie
Vincent, Nellie
Wilson, Julia (p. o. m. London, Eng) 6c.
Whiffin, Mrs.
Watson, Bertha
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Wade, Jennie
Whittingham, Marie
Wildman, Clara
Warren, Lizzie
Whittingham, Miss (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Whiffin, Mrs. Thos. (3)
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Andress, Prof. Chas.
Avery, R. A.
Antonio, Wash.
Austin, Chas.
Aroven, J. T.
Auck, J.
Ashford, A. A.
Allyne's Gift Show
Allewell, W.
Arizona, Chas.
Andress, Prof. (ventriloquist)
Ashton, Jno. Leon
Ashley, W.
Austin, Chas. (drillist)
Ashton, Percy
Brown, "Gus"
Bryant, Harry
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Barnholt, John
Billings, "Josh"
Bray, Wm. H.
Bown, Wm. P.
Bruffey, E. C.
Baker, "Johnny"
Bramon, H. A. (of VanAmburgh Cir.)
Blaco, Robt.
Bagley, Wm.
Bartini, "Charlie"
Barnabee, H. C.
Bergen, W. (with J. T. Raymond)
Baird, R. H.
Bush, I. T.
Burton, John
Barlow Bros.
Blitz, Eugene
Burt, A. S.
Barnum, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Berry, Mr. (of Howe's Cir.)
Barry, John (song-and-dance)
Burke, W. E. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Benedict, "Lew"
Buckley, J. K.
Bisbee, Frank
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Cole, "Lew"
Cronin, J. (of Tierny & Cronin)
Codona, Harry
Charles, J. W.
Conway, H. J.
Cardella, Chas. (gymnast)
Cushing, Chas.
Coleman, M. P.
Caserti, —
Cooper, G. H. (of Callender's Minst.)
Cottrell, F. G. 6c.
Cambridge, A. B.
Carncross, Mr.
Clarke, "Kit"
Conners & Coleman
Cody, Hon. Wm. F.
Campbell, Wm. (Irish "biz")
Courtright, Wm.
Chanfrau, F. S.
Cole, A. (of Forepaugh's Cir.) 10c.
Culbertson, Geo. H.
Crummet, "Zeb"
Chalet, — (ventriloquist)
Carrillo, Raman
Carle, F. C.
Castle, Chas. H.
Cook, John P.
Coleman, W. E.
Collier, Prof. O. (magician)
Dalton, Jas. (late of Baltimore, Md.)
Dingess, Jno. E.
De Haven, Claude
Dixon, G. W. (musician)
Devonear, "Pete"
Deuler, John
D'Omer, Mons.
Duon, M. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Doyle, Geo. (gift-show "biz")
Deem, B. B.
Drake, S. M.
Davis, W. H. (minst. "biz")
Drake, Carlos
Driver, W. J.
Dinsmore, "Lon"
De Lavin, Chas.
Dumont, Frank (2)
Dixon, R. G.
Dixon, "Gill"
Davies, H. L.
Davis, Frank
Durand, W. W.
De Leon, Leon
Dixon, T. B.
Ellis, Chas. (gymnast)
Emidy, James
Evans, Chas. (circus "biz")
Eakin, J. S.
Eadon, M.
Edwards, R. (late of Bailey's Cir.)
Ellsworth, B. E.
Evans, A. G.
Florentine, Mons.
Fluke, W. H. (of Irwin's Co.)
Forrester, N. C.
Frillman, H. W.
Fulton, Lawrence P.
Fuller, Hugh
Flagg, C. E.
Fisk, H. S.
Fleury, Fernando
Farbush, H. F.
Fox, Edward (manager)
Friere, Alberto 3c.
Forquer, Wm V.
Foster, Robt.
Forbust, H. F.
Filkins, Robt.
Foregaugh, Adam
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fallon, John (gymnast)
Forepaugh, John
Frake, W. H. ("man-fish")
Gilday, Chas.
Gardner, F. A.
Gardner, Master Chas.
Girard, W. (of Washburn's Co.)
Goss, "Ned"
Garrison, W. W. (4)
Goodwin, Chas. M.
Gosche, J. (manager)
Garland, G. S.
Gilmore, J. P.
Goodfellow, Luke
Goldrich, P. C.
Gardiner, Chas.
Height, "Bob"
Hooper, Geo. W.
Havens, Harry
Herbert, Eugene
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Chas. (of "Billy" Pastor Co.)
Haverly, J. H.
Howard, C. L.
Harris, — (of Tennessee Pla. Minst.)
Huttro, "Tony"
Harwood, W. E.
Hicks, Prof. J. (circus "biz")
Hodgkins, John
Hill, C. A.
Hunter, Ed.
Haines, Mr. (late of Woonsocket, R.I.)
Hawley, D. R.
Henderson, W. H. (manager)
Height, Fred.
Hernandez, Montie
Jarrett, Mr. (of Jarrett & Palmer)
Jackey, C. E.
Jackson, A. (musician)
Jeffries, J. J.
Jones, O. K.
Jordan, Chas. C.
Johnston, H. E.
Kent, Julian (2)
Kent, Frank
Kidder, Mr. (of Daly's Co.)
Keller, F. L.
Keyes, D. A.
Kerr, H. E.
Kent, Chas.
Kearney & Moran
Kopp, F. S.
Langdon, Harry (actor)
Lord & Lewis
Langley, E. D.
Little, Chas.
Lloyd, H. J.
Lewis, J. Warren
Levy, J. (cornetist)
Lavake, W. K.
Lewis, H. (of A. Wallace Co.)
Luny, Mr.
Luca, A. A.
Laverne, Everett
Levino Bros.
Lee, Chas. (magician)
Lind, Karl
Lazelle, Fred.
Little, E. Z.
Libby, A. H.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lee, J. H.
Lent, Jr., "Lew"
Lewis, C. P.
Mackley, J. Fred.
Magee, John
Montague, Harry
Mullen & Mages
Minneck, John
Mackley, Philip H.
Mitchell, G. W. (late of Baltimore, Md.)
Mackie, J. (of Butler & Mackie)
Mills, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Marryon, Theophilus
Mowery, Nell.
Morton, C. H.
McCullough & Casey
McGloin, Peter
Maginley, Benj.
Montague, H. J.
Moore, "Eddie"
Murrays, The
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Murray & Alice Ross, Ed. (2)
Moulton, G.
Makin, E. A. 10c.
Miles, W. G.
Maya, Lorenzo 3c.
Melville, Chas.
McDonald, J. (p. o. m. Bombay, E. Ind.)
Morris, T. (of J. Thompson's Co.)
McElroy, Jas. E.
Martin, "Sam"
Masaroo, Theo.
Mitchell, (late of Sharpley Bros.)
Moron, Levi
McDonald & Baby, Jas.
Morse, W. F. 6c.
Maguire, Thos.
Morse, W. E. (agent)
"Manager"
Moore, L. B.
McDonald, Geo. F.
Morris, L. (of Thompson's Co.)
Murphy, J. (late of Adelphi, Chicago)
Mason, "Dan" (Dutch "biz")
Mayo, Frank
Morrissey, J. (of "HarpotErin" Co.)
Morhney, "Mack" J. P.
Miron, N.
Maflin, A. W.
Madden, Wm.
Moore, Jno. (of Daly's 5th-ave Co.) (2)
Norton, Jno. W.
Neitz, John
O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
Orrin Bros.
Powell, Ed.
Pullman, Giles
Paulding, David
Primrose, Geo.
Powers, Jno. H.
Pholte, Jos. (2)
Petrie & Fish
Pentz, P. S.
Peel, "Billy" (of "N. Y. Serenaders") (2)
Potter, W. J.
Parker, Louis
Phillips, Granville
Phillips, H. E.
Peck, "Ned" (of "BigBonanza" Co)
Parmelee, Harry (agent)
Plunkett, Chas. P. 6c.
Palmer, Geo. ("talker")
Quilter, "Dick"
Reilly, Jno. (Irish comed.)
Reichter, Prof.
Ryan, S. E.
Reddy, J. H.
Ryan, "Sam" E.
Robson, Stuart
Richmond, Harry
Rahn, Oscar
Rivers, C. H.
Rogers, Frank (author)
Raynor, Harry
Robertson, Jas. (author)
Raymond, C. B.
Riker, "Tony"
Rowe, Geo. F.
Rankin, McKee
Ryan, T. J. (of Glasgow, Scott.)
Robinson, W. J. (musician)
Robie, "Louie"
Ritchie, Fred. (Dutch "biz")
Rudolph, "Carl"
Searle, Cyril
Steele, Frank
Sylvester, Harry
Soberbier, Chas. 6c.
Sherman, Wm. H. (agent)
Suydam Bros.
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Sherman, L. W. (musician)
Sadler, F.
Snow, A. W.
Smith, F. M.
Snow, "Lew"
Strebinger, F.
Smith, T. C.
Summers, J. W.
Stoepel, Harry
Sherwood, Chas.
Stanton, W. (pantomimist)
Stutz, J. G.
Scott, A. R.
Sanret, E. 11c.
Stoner, Philip (3)
Sleeper, Col. "Hal"
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast)
Salsbury's Troubadors, Manag.
Sage, Geo. Alfred 18c.
Smith & Fox
Steubgen, Prof. F.
Strakosch, "Max"
Strozen, M.
Sully, "Dan" (Irish comed.)
Sheridan & Mack
Singer, Wilhelm 3c.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Tobin, Prof.
Turner, Geo. (of Holley & Turner)
Tejoda, Manuel
Turner, Ed. (of Turner & Fish)
Taylor, E. C. (magician)
Tudor, John (2)
Tower, John H.
Taylor, T. (treasurer)
Tilden, Luke
Tallman, David
Taylor, Henry
Tucker, D. (late of N. O. Circus)
Tucke, Geo. E.
Tinkham, Ed.
Treloar, Arthur 4c.
Vernon, Sydney
Vietorelli, W.
Van Amburgh's Circus, Manag.
Wilson, G. E. (manager)
Williams, "Tony"
Wiley, "Billy"
Wells, C. B.
Wood & West
Washburne, E. S. (2)
Wiggins, Prof. T. A.
Walhalla Bros.
Ward, "Willie" (guitarist)
Wylie, "Billy"
Wilsey, C. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Warren, — (late of Sanford's Minst.)
Witts, Emilian
West, F. (equestrian)
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Whitcombe, A. J.
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad")
Winnetts, The
Wilbor & Reade
West, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Young, D. R.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on Dec. 28 for F. L. Martyn, of "Around the World" Co.; "Dan" Nash, of MacEvoy's Hibernicon; Lillie Robertson, of M. Morgan's Co.; A. Betz, of Boston Phil. Co.; Harry Deakin, of Deakin's L. Op. Co.; and E. E. Rice, of "Evangeline" Comb.

DEATHS

In the Dramatic, Musical, Variety, Circus and Show Profession Generally During the Year 1876.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Allen, Tom, variety performer, Dallas, Texas, Feb. —.
Anderson, Alfred (husband of Ilma di Murska), Melbourne, Australia, March 22.
Aiken, George L., actor and dramatist, Jersey City Heights, N. J., during week ending April 29.
Abel, Peter E., theatrical agent, suicide by drowning, Philadelphia, Pa., May 2.
Allen, Albert, musician, with Burr Robbins' Circus, Greenville, Ill., Oct. 8.
Barry, Thomas, actor and manager, Boston, Mass., Feb. 11.
Bernard, Julia, vocalist and dancer, Helena, Montana, Feb. 21.
Bidwell, Charles E., actor and provincial manager, Newburyport, Mass., March 8.
Butler, Mrs. General Benj. F. (formerly Miss Sarah Hildreth, actress), Boston, Mass., April 8.
Burton, Clara, jig-dancer, Detroit, Mich., May 14.
Broughton, Henry J., actor, Newark, N. J., June 1.
Batchelor, Wm. H., variety property-man, Baltimore, Md., July 5.
Barress, Richard, driver, with circuses, Stillwater, Minn., July 25.
Bergmann, Carl, musical conductor, N. Y. City, Aug. 10.
Bowler, Annie Kemp, actress and vocalist, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 21.
Bouton, Charles, musician, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 28.
Blanc, Mme. Marie, chorus-singer, shot by her husband Oct. 1, died 12.
Brutone, J. W., actor, New York, Nov. 24.
Burroughs, Claude De Bienau, actor, burned in the fire which destroyed the Brooklyn, L. I., Theatre Dec. 5.
Cavanagh, W. B., actor, vocalist, stage-manager, etc., Enterprise, Fla., Feb. 2.
Cushman, Charlotte, actress, Boston, Mass., Feb. 18.
Conley, Frank, assistant agent, Detroit, Mich., March 15.
Chapman, Caroline, actress, San Francisco, Cal., May 7.
Collier, John W., father of the Valdis Sisters, Chicago, Ill., July 3.
Cavana, Lew, Dutch comique, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 3.
Chester, John, aeronaut, near Shawneetown, Ill., Oct. 8.
Chapman, George, actor, Sacramento, Cal., Nov. —.
Davis, J. L., exhibitor of trained dogs, Cleveland, O., Jan. 19.
Dean, Edwin, ex-theatrical manager, St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 13.
Dickson, Robert, said to have been an actor, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., March 7.
Davies, Mrs. E. D. (wife of the ventriloquist of that name), Aukland, N. Z., Feb. 11.
Dyott, Mrs. John (Henrietta), actress, New Rochelle, N. Y., Oct. 17.
Dixon, Lon (Charles Taylor), negro performer, New York City, Oct. 29.
Dyott, John, actor, New Rochelle, N. Y., Nov. 22.
Edwin, Sophie (Mrs. W. Stevenson), actress, San Francisco, Cal., March 7.
Edwards, Frank (Frank C. Perkins), song-and-dance, Charlestown, Mass., May 14.
Friels, John, of McCullough and Friels, Irish sketch-artists, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15.
Farrett, Bella, actress, London, Ont., May 19.
Franklin, Edward S., scenic artist, Richmond, Va., June 18.
Fenner, Harry, Dutch song-and-dance, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 21.
Fowler, Charles F., managing agent of the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, there, Sept. 28.
Ferris, John, stricken with paralysis while performing on the stage of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 13, died 14.
Fitzgerald, P. A., actor and author, suicide by hanging, in Philadelphia, Nov 3.
Fleming, James E., stage-carpenter, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1.
Fawsitt, Miss Amy, actress, N. Y. City, Dec. 26.
Grace, Robert, actor and property-man, Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 24.
Gilbert, Edward F., actor, New York City, March 17.
Gleason, Charley, banjoist and comedian, Savannah, Ga., April 1.
Guise, Herr, magician, in concert O'Brien's Circus, Baltimore, Md., April 21.
Girard, Russell, grotesque dancer, Boston, Aug. 28.
Guy, W. E., actor, Cleveland, O., Oct. 14.
Grace, J. Delmon, actor, Providence, R. I., Nov. 15.
Grattan, Mrs. H. P., actress, New York, Dec. 14.
Hale, Charles, comedian, Wilton, N. Y., Feb. 11.
Howard, Charles, groom with Chiarini's Circus, Pernambuco, S. A., Dec. 14, 1875.
Hubbard, Samuel H., actor, Lexington, Ky., Feb. 18.
Hall, Mabel, ballet-dancer, shot in St. Louis, Mo., March 7, died March 8.
Houston, Agnes, actress, Baltimore, Md., March 7.
Holmes, Edward Stanley, pianist, Sing Sing (prison), N. Y., May 17.
Hawley, John (John Maguire), of Hawley Bros., song-and-dance, Memphis, Tenn., June 7.
Hawthorne, Louise (Mrs. George Morton), actress, killed by falling from window in hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 28.
Hickok, James B. ("Wild Bill"), Deadwood, Wy. T., Aug. 2.
Harris, Amelia (Mrs. Wm. Lansing), actress, New York City, Sept. 2.
Henderson, Abe, circus-manager, Girard, Pa., Oct. 14.
Holland, Kate Caldwell, actress, New York City, Oct. 16.
Hoym, von, Otto, actor, Darmstadt, Germany, Oct. 29.
Henderson, Mrs. Eliza M., wife of the original Fakir of Vishnu (G. C. S. Henderson), and for many years his assistant, New York, Nov. 23.
Johanoff, Charles, of the Russian Athletes, of yellow-fever, Quarantine, New York, Feb. 12.
Josephs, Patti (Mrs. J. H. Fitzpatrick), actress, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4.
Johnson, Sam (Isaac Ray), negro minstrel, River View, Ky., either Oct. 25 or Nov. 1.
Kenny, Kate E., wife of James C. Kenny, leader of orchestra, New York, Nov. 10.
Levantine, Mrs. Fred., circus performer, New York, Feb. 6.
Leary, Joseph, variety performer, Cincinnati, O., March 25.
Lucia, Mlle. (Mrs. Edward Orrin), acrobat, Philadelphia, Pa., April 30.
Lloyd, Sadie (Mrs. Harry Blood), serio-comic, Cincinnati, O., April 27.
Langley, Mike, variety-hall manager, Denison, Texas, May 21.
Lannier, Wm. M., actor and traveling manager, Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 11.
Lord, Frank H., actor, Haverhill, Mass., July 17.
Lindsey, Frank (Frank Hilton), variety-performer, Charlestown, Mass., Aug. 6.
Lozardo, Frank (Samuel Brenner), magician, Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 6.
Lee, Amanda (Mrs. Morrison), song-and-dance, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct 6.
Louise, Mlle. (Mrs. Harry Evarts), drummer, Buffalo, N.Y., Oct. 9.
Lingard, Geo. A., comedian, New York City, Oct. 28.
Lowden, George, variety performer, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 16.
Lewis, Charles E., flute and piccolo player, Westfield, Mass., Dec. 26.
Malmburg, G. W., actor in variety theatres, New Orleans, La., Dec. 19.
Milne, James, actor, Melbourne, Australia (letter of Dec. 14, 1875).
McCaffie, Mrs., equestrienne, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, March —.
Monzert, Fanny, Mrs. (known as Fanny Thompson and Fanny Coles, dancer), New York, May 6.
Mathews, Irwin (Early Miller), orchestral leader, New York, March 8.
Macdonald, Tilly (Mrs. Corelli), actress, New York, May 7.
Manning, Billy, negro minstrel, Chicago, Ill., May 19.
Marlowe, Owen, actor, Boston, Mass., May 19.
Mathews, Julia, operatic vocalist, St. Louis, Mo., May 19.
Maeder, James G., musician, Chelsea, Mass., May 28.
Marotte, Alessandro, musician and composer, St. Louis, Mo., June 14.
Mitchell, George, actor, Williamsburg, L. I., July 3.
Martin, Thomas, of Martin & Bryant, trapeze performers, Fannettsburg, Pa., Aug. 9.
Melville, George H. (George H. Terry), variety performer, New Orleans, Aug. 30.
McNeil, Laura, actress, Tyler, Texas, Nov. 25.
Murdoch (Hitchcock), Harry S., actor, burned in the fire which destroyed the Brooklyn (L. I.) Theatre, Dec. 5.
Norton, W. H., actor, Boston, Mass., Jan. 17.
Nash, Mrs. S. A., actress, Brockville, Ont., March 23.
Newman, Mrs. A., actress, New York City, July 21.
Orme, Sam (Reeder), variety performer, Norfolk, Va., July 12.
Peterson, Louise (Mrs. A. Gregory), Buffalo, N. Y., March 10.
Purdy, Sam S., Ethiopian comedian, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 29 or March 1.
Pastor, Fernando, variety treasurer, New York, April 16.
Phelps, Lucius M., song-and-dance, Springfield, Mass., July —.
Phillips, Mrs. Alfred, actress, (old women), Carlton, Australia, Aug. 12.
Pelham, Richard Ward, one of the pioneers of minstrelsy, Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 8.
Rogers, Stephen, of McKee & Rogers, song-and-dance, New York, March 3.
Ryan, Sam, banjo performer, Fort Union, New Mexico, Feb. —.
Romelli, Eugene, circus performer, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, March 28.
Rowland, James (partner of John Wingfield), circus performer, Wheeling, W. Va., April 4.
Radcliffe, Jack, showman, suicide in Liberty, Ind., May 7.
Richards, Warren (Richard A. Warren), negro minstrel tenor, New York, June 15.
Ritter, John, orchestral leader, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 17.
Rogers, Hattie, song-and-dance, St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 17.
Sheridan, Thomas, Ethiopian comedian, Williamsburg, L. I., Jan. 26.
Smith, Al (colored), negro minstrel, Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 31.
Sadlier, Kate, actress, New York, Feb. 13.
Steck, Isaac, musician with dramatic companies, Brownsville, Pa., Feb. 6.
"Swan, the Black" (Miss Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield), Philadelphia, Pa., March 31.
Schrotter, Gabriella (Mrs. Dr. Otto Auris), dancer, New York, April 20.
Stimson, Alex., light and heavy balancer, Lockport, N. Y., May 28.
Senate, Harry, song-and-dance, Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 3.
Serano, Verdy, gymnast, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 5.
Scanlan, Little Bartie, child actor, drowned at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 21.
Schultz, Herr, facial artist, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 5.
Scallon, Frederick, actor, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 16.
Sherington, Wm., leader of orchestra in variety theatres, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 2.
Snow, Dan (Daniel J. Crowley), of the Snow Brothers, acrobats, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 10.
Smith, Avery, circus proprietor, Newark, N. J., Dec. 26.
Tyson, Katie (Mrs. Ed. G. Cotton), actress, New York, Dec. 27.
Thompson, John A., variety performer, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4.
Tryon, John, circus press-agent, Boston, Mass., March 20.
Varilla, Joseph, acrobat, of the Milton Jaspers, Meadville, Pa., Feb. 19.
Valer, Jacob, ex-manager of variety theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 25.
Whittingham, John, variety vocalist, of the Whittinghams and Master Newman, New York, Dec. 28, 1875.
William, George A., song-and-dance, New York, Jan. 28.
Walters, Thomas, Dutch and Ethiopian comedian, Williamsburg, L. I., Feb. 18.
Wilson, John (probably not his own or professional name), variety performer, New York City, Feb. 6.
Whalley, William H., actor, St. Francis' Hospital, New York City, April 7.
Williams, Barney, Irish comedian, New York City, April 25.
Williams, Herbert B., clown, New York City, May 12.
Walters, Charles F., actor, Cheyenne, Wy. T., April or May.
Whitney, Charles S., agent, Syracuse, N. Y., June 20.
Workman, Edwin, variety manager, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 8.
Williams, May, American actress, London, Eng., Aug. 3.
Worth, John G., super. for 25 years in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 16.
Wheatley, Wm., actor and manager, New York City, Nov. 3.

In Foreign Lands So Far as They Have Come to Our Notice.

Aiken, Peter, comic-vocalist, Glasgow, Scotland, Jan. 31.
Allen, Harry, circus proprietor, Leicester, Eng., April.
Anderson, Col. H. R., dramatic author, London, Eng., June 24.
Arden, H. T. (H. T. Arnold), dramatic author, London, Eng., Nov. 25.
Allen, H. R., vocalist and composer, London, Eng., about Nov. 28.
Bohm, Joseph, violinist, Vienna, Austria, March 23.
Bradshaw, John, actor, London, Eng., May 25.
Barili, Antonio, musical director, Naples, Italy, June 15.
Beckett, George, comedian, Guy's Hospital, London, Eng., Aug. 23.
Byron, Mrs. H. J., Brighton, Eng., Sept. 25.
Blake, Mrs. Aylmer, London, Eng., Oct. 17.
Carlomann, Mrs., of Carloman's French Exhibition, Newcastle, Eng., Dec. 9, 1875.
Creswick, Mrs. Wm., London, Eng., Feb. 16.
Cornelie, Mme., tragedienne, France, April.
Corri, Pat, baritone vocalist, Bradford, Eng., June 1.
Coste, Maurice, stage-manager of Theatre Historique, committed suicide, Paris, France, August.
Cashmore, John G., harpist, West Bromwich, Eng., Aug. 23.
Clifton, George (G. G. Bryce), female impersonator, Sheffield, Eng., Aug. 26.
Corrie, Rupert, scenic artist, Spennymoor, Eng., Sept. 27.
Clarke, C. A., theatrical manager, Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 22.
Cooper, George, organist, London, Oct. 2.
Covie, George, vocalist, London, Oct. 2.
Collins, W. J. ("Black Storm"), negro comedian, England, Nov. 4.
Coletti, Ferdinando, pianist, Rome, Italy, November.
Conquest, Miss Lizzie (Mrs. Thomas Beard Jr.), actress, London, Eng., Nov. 24.
Day, James, concert-hall proprietor, Birmingham, Eng., Feb. 18.
Dunn, Henry, violinist, Hull, Eng., April 16.
Denville, Charles, actor, drowned, Staveley, Eng., July 3.
Dessauer, musical composer, Vienna, Austria, July 7.
Dalton, Miss Marie (Miss Elise M. D. Kennedy), actress, London, Eng., Aug. 7.
David, Felicien, musical composer, St. Germain, France, Aug. 29.
Dalton, Charles, actor, Wrexham, N. Wales, Aug. 31.
Dodge, Ossian E., vocalist, London, Eng., Oct. —.
Egerton, Miss Alice (Mrs. George Linn), Sunderland, Dec. 29, 1875.
Elliott, James, actor, Infirmary, Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 31.
Funnell, John, stage-doorkeeper, Brighton, Eng., Feb. 6.
Fitzjames, J. (J. F. R. Chapman), England, Feb. 27.
Feist, Mrs. Catherine, (Miss Barry), retired actress, Croydon, Eng., May 27.
Fox, Harry, music-hall attache, London, Eng., May 2.
Fay, Leontine (Mme. Volnys), retired actress, Nice, France, August.
Guarrino, Signor, ballet-master, Birmingham, Eng., Mar. 3.
Gillett, Mrs. Margaret, dramatic authoress, London, Eng., April 17.
Goodwin, Wm., musical copyist, etc., London, Eng., April.
Goltermann, Julius, violoncellist and composer, Stuttgart, Germany, May.
Greenway, Miss Teresa (Mrs. Geo. Prestwick), actress, Cape Town, South Africa, May 31.
Gibbons, Benjamin ("Barney"), Oldbury, near Birmingham, Eng., Nov. 29.
Greenwood, John, Jr., formerly assistant-manager of Barnum's Museum, Brunswick, Germany, Feb. —.
Holmes, Alfred, musician, Paris, France, March.
Henrade, Miss Mary, actress, London, March 11.
Hood, John, ex-theatrical manager, Neath, Eng., April 8.
Hingston, E. P., business-manager, London, Eng., June 9.
Hopkins, Henry C., advance-agent, Cork, Ireland, June 23.
Jee, Mrs. James H., Breslau, Prussia, Good Friday.
Johnstone, Mrs. Owen, Darlington, Eng., May 30.
Jackson, William, theatrical attache, Girvan, N. B., Aug. 19.
Kirby, Thomas, Jr., musical director, Sheffield, Eng., Feb. 24.
Knowles, Mrs. Forrest (Annie Manners), actress, Brompton, Chesterfield, Eng., Nov. 4.
Kime, M., actor, Paris, France, Nov. 27.
Lemaitre, Frederic, actor, Paris, France, Jan. 27 (?).
Luzzi, Luigi, composer, Italy, April.
Leslie, Alfred, comedian, Nottingham, Eng., April 21.
La Croupe, Fabrice, dramatic author, Paris, France, August.
Lubeck, Herr Ernst, pianist, in a lunatic asylum, in Germany, September.
Leverton, H., musical conductor, Nottingham, Eng., October.
"Little Ebor" (Fred Silbon), gymnast, Oran, Algiers, September.
Lewis, Thomas, comedian and clown, thrown from a buggy, Hobart Town, Australia, in October.
McCarroll, Alex., pianist and music-publisher, fell down a flight of stairs, Brighton, Eng., Dec. 6.
Mayhew, Augustus, dramatic author, Richmond Infirmary, Eng., Dec. 25, 1875.
Milne, James, actor, Australia, Dec., 1875.
Major, H. L., composer of songs, London, Eng., June 28.
Muhlberg, Karl, comic singer, committed suicide on the stage, Hanover, Germany, Feb. —.
Manton, Miss Annie (Mrs. Knight), musical-glass performer, etc., Barnsley, Eng., April 30.
Montague, Edw'd J. B., actor, Catherington, Eng., June 1.
Mudie, F. M., musical composer, London, Eng., July.
Mathews, Mrs. Sarah, mother of Julia Mathews, England, Oct. 25.
Mellon, Henry, actor, Tottenham, Eng., Nov. 25.
Morensi, Kate (Duckworth), operatic vocalist, Paris, France, Nov. 25.
Marchand, Mlle. Alida, at Paris, France, Dec. 11, aged 107.
Nowlan, Pat, vocalist and dancer, London, Eng., Feb. 19.
Nugent, Charles, theatrical attache, London, Eng., May 21.
Newby, John J., minstrel performer, Bacup, Eng., May 28.
Noblet, Mlle. Alexandrine, actress, Neuilly, France, July.
Oldale, Marion, ballet-girl, from burns received at the Alexandria Opera-house, Dec. 28, Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 10.
Ogden, Nat., comic vocalist, London, Eng., Jan. 19.
Osborne, Edward, actor, in a fit, London, Eng., April 18.
Paumier, M. T., tragedian and manager, Whitehaven, Eng., Jan. 31.
Paque, M. G., violinist, London, March.
Petito, Antonio, comedian, fell dead on the stage, Naples, Italy, March 24.
Piaye, Sig. Francesco M., France, April.
Power, Mrs. Anne (widow of Tyrone Power), London, Eng., May 7.
Pindar, Wm., stage-carpenter, from injuries caused by an explosion of oxyhydrogen gas, York, Eng., Aug. 23.
Phillips, Mrs. Alfred, actress, Carlton, Australia, Aug. 12.
Parker, George, husband of Miss Rosine Power, England, October.
Pirola, Mlle., operatic vocalist, from a broken heart, caused by being hissed off the stage, Marseilles, France, November.
Phillips, Henry, retired dramatic vocalist, Dalston, Eng., Nov. 8.
Ribbon, Wm., equestrian, Lisbon, Portugal, Dec. 1, 1875.
Rogers, Wm., actor, Malden, Eng., Jan. 14.
Rossman, Edward, pianist, London, Eng., Feb. 27.
Reboux, Mlle. Melanie, singer, Paris, France, March.
Ryley, J. T., singer, Sheffield, Eng., April 26.
Randall, Joseph, negro comedian, Gravesend, Eng., April 29.
Roberts, Thomas, ex-theatrical manager, London, Eng., June 6.
Ransford, Edwin, vocalist, London, July 11.
Rockel, Herr Augustus, musical composer, Pesth, Hungary, July 16.
Royal, Miss Creed, vocalist, Rockhampton, Australia, May 2.
Riet, M., theatrical manager, Paris, France, August.
Reilly, Fred F., professor of singing, England, Sept. 4.
Rimboult, Dr. E. F., musical antiquarian, September.
Rogerson, James B., actor, Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 8.
Ransford, Mrs. Edwin, London, Eng., Nov. 22.
Shenton, Mrs. Thomas B., Cheltenham, Eng., Dec. 23, 1875.
Saunders, Edward, comedian and clown, Whitehaven, Eng., Jan. 13.
Stone, Prof., biologist, mesmerist, etc., Trinidad, W. I., Sept., 1875.
Syers, Morris R., music-hall proprietor, near Geneva, Switzerland, June 23.
Stein, Mlle., actress, committed suicide, Ems, Germany, July.
Sefton, Lionel John, theatrical lessee and actor, Sheffield, Eng., July 9.
Smith, James, orchestral leader, London, Eng., July 8.
Schey, M., comedian, Paris, France, Sept. 4.
Sidoro, Y., actor, Lisbon, Portugal, September.
Shaw, Mrs. Alfred (Miss Partana), vocalist, Hadleigh, Eng., September.
Schulz, Edward, pianist, Germany, September.
Salig, Louis, acting-manager, etc., Glasgow, Scotland, Oct. 27.
Spencer, Mrs. G., actress, Oldham, Eng., Dec. 3.
Stowe, John, proprietor and manager of Cook's Royal Circus, Vicksburg, Miss., Dec. 17.
Toth, Mlle. Marie, actress, committed suicide on the stage, Kecskmet, Hungary, Dec., 1875.
Tute, Minnie Marie, variety performer, Macklesfield, Eng., April 21.
Taylor, Bianchi, musician, Pontypool, Wales, May.
Tinsley, Miss Edith (Mrs. Lionel Robertson), Greenwich, Eng., Sept. 3.
Tamburini, Antonio, distinguished baritone singer, Nice, Italy, Nov. 8.
Toole, F. C., son of F. F. Toole, London, Eng., Nov. 26.
Vining, Geo. E., actor and manager, London, Eng., Dec. 17, 1875.
Vining, James, actor, London, Eng., March 21.
Vayrat, Xavier, dramatic author, Paris, France, June.
Wilson, Wm., musician, England, Dec. 17, 1875.
Wadds, Elijah, box-office keeper, London, Eng., Dec. 26, 1875.
Wood, Alf., negro comedian, Rochdale, Eng., Jan. 16.
Willmore, Wm., retired actor, from injuries received by being struck by a railroad train, Southport, Eng., Feb. 23.
Wesley, Dr. S. S., composer and organist, Gloucester, Eng., April 19.
Windley, Mrs. John, Dewsbury, Eng., April 20.
Warren, James, comedian, Manchester, Eng., May 15.
Watts, Mrs., London, Eng., May 22.
Wilson, Geo., musician, Southport, Eng., June 8.
Wood, Peter, comedian, West Hartlepool, Eng., July 17.
Weir, Walter, scenic-artist, in an epileptic fit, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 17.
Whitty, Alfred, associated with H. J. Byron, Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 28.
White, George, actor, Sheffield, Eng., Sept. 30.
Youdan, Thos., theatrical manager, Filly, near Sheffield, Eng., Nov. 28.
Young, A. W., actor, London, Eng., May.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 1, 1877.

To begin with, permit us to wish you all a very happy and a very prosperous New Year, with the additional hope that, before the close of the current term, we may be able to learn under which President we are to serve—Hayes or Tilden. The New Year opens under dispiriting circumstances; it finds the country in a very unsettled condition; it beholds us dashing along somewhere, but with no stout hand at the throttle-valve, and only faint hearts at the brakes, with a possibility of the track being torn up before we get to the next station. [We took a ride the other day with Bill Ovenshine, engineer on the Squedunk branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad, to Longacoming, and it was during this excursion that we became instructed in the proper use of the terms we have given substance to.—ED.] Things don't run along systematically or orderly, and ever since that Brooklyn horror, "Horrors upon horrors' head accumulate." Panics rule the hour—theatres are not the only places in which they are manifested, for several churches have suffered from the false alarms of timid or mischievous people; and, just as we are beginning to recover from the effects of the Brooklyn calamity, comes tidings of a dreadful railroad disaster in Ohio, and of the drowning of a wrecking-company by the sinking of the ship Circassian. We seem to have fallen upon evil times, got off our centre, so to speak. As if to make matters worse, the weather has been playing some bad pranks, and an olden-time Winter is helping to make confusion more confounded. Business is below zero. ["Let's hurry up; I've got to make a hundred calls yit." Jeems, let your first call be that which you owe to your duty. "Nobody's a-working to-day but me, and—Hello, Shinny, I'll be out in a minit. Did you get that fiery steed from Dutch John? Hold him hard! Wo, there! Say, Grimesy, got your list ready? Mind, don't forgit the Mayor." Well, James, you forget yourself in keeping that window open this cold morning while you hold converse with your companion. "Kin I go now? The boys wants to make a call on the new Mayor." All in good time.] The theatres have had an uncheerful holiday week of it, and managers are at a loss as to what to fly at next. Christmas is always a harvest time for the theatrical manager, but this Christmas has proved to be an exception. ["Come in." "Hello, Jim." "Hello, Dumps." "Mister, kin Jim go down with us to call on the new Mayor?" "How long will you be absent, James?" "If the Mayor let's us off, I'll be back in ten minutes." "All right."]......As we write, the streets are all alive with callers, while the groaning tables await their coming to the feast. New-Year's Day is the brightest in all the New York calendar. No man labors on that day if he can avoid it. You may think we are an exception, but we are not. Even as we pen these lines, our hands are encased in neatly-fitting lavender kids; our feet are daintily attired in patent leathers; a brand-new suit of the prevailing style encompasses our form, while an ashes-of-lily necktie and immaculate linen complete the tout ensemble of yours truly. We start at 12 M.; but, before going, shall jot down a few random notes that occur to us on this cold and uncertain morning......And firstly, we would kindly suggest to those interested that nobody need hesitate about going to the Bowery Theatre because they've got the "Irish Tiger" there. We can assure our friends that it isn't a *real* tiger from the jungles of Africa, but a sort of valet or serving man to a gentleman of wealth. Managers would save us a good deal of trouble if they would make these things known on their bills. Now, at the Grand Opera-house the managers present a *Lamb* to their patrons this evening; but it isn't a lamb like that on which Mary has gained such a world-wide reputation. It's an actor *named* Lamb......Until somebody gets hurt in the little Polo and trotting games at Gillmore's Garden, we cannot look for a very large attendance. A dance of elephants or dear Brother Talmadge in a principal act would answer better. Let's have a change .....[Come in! "Mister, Jim's took sick; guess the new Mayor giv us sumthin' that pisond him." Why didn't it "pison" you? "We didn't take nuthin'." Where's James now? "He's down there; five fisishins is a pumpin' him out." Next, probably, he'll want to be *bailed* out. "Hope I may die ——" There, there, that will do. Go finish your calls.]......We are told that Alfred Booth is to have the management of Banvard's Broadway establishment. This will give us still another Booth's Theatre...... All of our city theatrical managers will receive calls to-day—at their theatres......Whenever business is unhealthy at the theatres, the principal performers are suddenly taken ill, too. There must be something deleterious in the atmosphere......The department of buildings is making it warm for those theatres where the means of exit are scarce...... The entertainment presented by the Kiralfy Brothers at Niblo's is well suited to the holiday season; it pleases and delights both old and young, and front seats in the orchestra are in demand as a compliment to the ladies of the ballet, and as an assurance that the pew-holders are no longer fearful of panics. ...... This election muddle is extending; we knew how it would be when the political arithmeticians got at the figures; we knew what a jumble they would make of the whole business. First, they began to contest the Presidential seats; then it went to the Governors' seats; next the people got at it, and at one of our theatres on Christmas-night we heard several persons contesting one another's *reserved* seats. Next, we presume, it will reach the family-circle, and seats at the dinner-table will be contested! The situation is becoming serious. Why, if you enter a street-car at the starting-point, and get comfortably fixed in a corner, the chances are that some female calculator will contest your right to a seat there. Whither are we drifting?.... Did you ever notice any resemblance between the actor and the *liberal* manager? No? Well, that's funny enough. Why the actor *professes "the" passion*, while the other *passes the profession!* See?.........We have been given to understand that dates are a drug in the market. We don't know about that, for our variety friends find it extremely difficult to secure "dates" *anywhere*......Some time ago a lady was waltzing around the country on a lecturing tour, and proclaiming herself "A Reformed Actress." Just so. Recently, in San Francisco, Cal., Wm. Van De Mark, a dispenser of the gospel truth, made his debut on the public stage as an actor. We presume that it will not be out of order to call *him* "The Reformed Clergyman."......When the heart is sore and afflicted, and the body weak and oppressed, and you can't see anything to be jovial over, let us kindly suggest for your relief a dose of *laugh*-ender. Yes?....It must have been a bull-dozed possum-eater who started the report that peanuts were a failure this season. There is not a *particle* of truth in such an infamous lie! A good deal of alarm was created among the lambs; but we assured them that the stock is not only large, but that the quality is unusually rich; and so the cracking of the shells is not likely to die out in *this* city. Thus is *another* falsehood clinched..........When we went on an excursion to the Fishing Banks, last July, we think it was—yes it *was* July, now we remember, for a man paid us a dollar and a half he got from us when the war first broke out, and we made a note of it as we sailed—there was a low comedy man on board our gallant bark, and, as he had never before sailed the wild seas over, he was a good deal troubled in his little bowels, as the Philadelphia obituary poets would say; but nobody don't sympathize with nobody at such a time, as you may know. We firmly and truly believe that this comedian yearned for the comforts of the domestic hearth; sighed, as it were, for one trusting heart on which he might rely for comfort and consolation; but everybody gave him the cold shoulder, and laughed at his infirmities. Did *you* ever see anybody sympathise with a seasick person? Guess not. When the captain of our staunch and noble tug sauntered near the comical person, he—— But a tender verse of native poetry will suffice to tell the end of the story of this sick excursionist, for

He wildly clutched the taffrail,
And he looked far "over the lee."
He cried: "What is that yonder?"
Said the captain: "*Land and see!*"

......It were futile to imagine that the London, the new variety theatre in the Bowery, is a *solemn* place, just because it's conducted in the *Minor* mode! ......Another "black *Swan*" has just taken its flight—this time in the person of the defaulting secretary of the Union League. No cards...... Didn't we tell you last week that it would be useless to set any theatre on fire, because they have all been made fireproof? Don't you remember? Well, it's true. On the morning of Thursday, Dec. 28, fire broke out in the photographic gallery in the front part of the building in which Tony Pastor's Theatre is located, and though the unfortunate photographer was pretty well burned out, nevertheless the theatre wasn't even scorched! The theatre is the safest place now. *Postscript.*—Any law-abiding citizen is privileged to club to death all dreadful boys who in a theatre seek to create a panic by crying 'Fire!' or you can shoot them on the spot, just as you would render null and void any *other* unnecessary evil......Strakosch gave a benefit in aid of the fund for the relief of the Brooklyn sufferers; but, when the accounts were cyphered up at the close of the performance, it was found that the well-meaning empressario was a greater sufferer than the Brooklyn people. Now, who will give *him* a benefit?...... Jarrett & Palmer, with a single eye to the public good, extended an invitation to twelve hundred physicians of this city to visit Booth's Theatre on Friday evening, Dec. 29. The worthy managers could not have selected a better night for free trade, for it was one of the most disagreeable of the season. Now, there is more in this gathering of medical men than appears on the surface; for while they were at the theatre they were out of mischief, and many hundreds of precious lives may have been saved by the omission of the doctors' visits to their patients. For this let us all be thankful to J. & P. Alike invitation has been extended to the dentists of the metropolis, and how much pain and suffering, if not actual death, may be the result of this happy thought of the managers of Booth's Theatre the imagination can scarcely conceive. If nothing else will draw, the dentists *will*. On Saturday afternoon the police officers of the city went in free, as a slight acknowledgment of their services in disposing of twelve hundred tickets for the combination-benefit for the relief of the Brooklyn sufferers. Weak-minded and evil-disposed people may argue that the withdrawal of so many officers from their posts of duty gave the enemies of mankind an opportunity to ply their nefarious games. We have no patience with such fault-finders; we believe they would grumble, even, if Jarrett & Palmer were to invite all New York to call upon them on New-Year's Day......Some ardent observer of the movements of his fellow-creatures, says that "society hops are a-brewing." True enough, and Barnum's biggest bear is a bruin, too.....With the exception of the physicians, very few persons attended places of amusement last Friday night. People found that they would have to "swim out," if they ventured away from home......Managers who produce "The Two Orphans" can save a good deal of trouble and some expense by taking the roofs off of their theatres, and permitting *real* snow to descend in the famous snow scene. We think of getting out a patent for this new wrinkle, with all rights reserved.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, since our last report, the newcomers have been S. Holdsworth, who sang popular songs; R. M. Carroll and his three sons in their familiar sketch of "The McFaddens;" Billy and Maggie Ray, in a plantation sketch called "Eph's Birthday;" Andy McKee and Charles Seamon, who appeared for the first time together in the metropolis, and who gave double songs-and-dances, which met with fair success; Ninnie and Joey Jee, little children, who displayed much skill in playing upon an instrument called "The Iron Piano;" and Jennie Gourlay and Frank H. Nelson, who acted Jack the Giant-killer and Peter Pallet, respectively, in Mr. Nelson's fairy extravaganza of the same title as the first-named character.

ROBERT HELLER presented a new programme on Christmas, which has given much pleasure to his patrons. His magical feats included "The Story of a Canary," a mechanical peacock, feats with crystal balls, the instantaneous growth of plants, and "The Money Hunt," all of which were deftly accomplished; his musical performances—Caprice "Brilliante," on airs from "Il Trovatore," one of his own compositions, and "The Drum Polka," during which five drums upon a wooden receptacle and two on small tables were played by apparently invisible hands. "The Second-sight Mystery" was continued in a changed form, and a Punch-and-Judy performance was given for the finale.

THE CRITERION THEATRE (late Parisian Varieties) collapsed during the past week after a very brief existence under its new management.

TONY PASTOR'S JEWELS, which were recently stolen from him on Broadway, were returned to him on Tuesday night, Dec. 26.

THE BUSINESS at all our places of amusement continues depressed, the attendance during the past week averaging from light to fair. On Christmas-night the sign "Standing-room Only"—usually seen in the vestibules on holiday occasions—was in no case displayed.

HARRY KENNEDY, an excellent ventriloquist, whose performances afforded much amusement and caused much laughter; Prof. Parker and his well-trained troupe of performing dogs, whom we have frequently favorably noticed; and Agnes Delenoy, whose singing met with approval, were the fresh attractions at the Theatre Comique last week.

NO CHANGE has occurred in the programme at the New Broadway Theatre, "Corrinia" continuing the attraction.

GUS WILLIAMS, who reappeared after a short absence, and who sang the freshest of his Dutch songs; Conway and Kerrigan, the former dancing in an agile manner to the music elicited from Irish bagpipes by the latter; Emerson and Clarke, clever acrobatic song-and-dance performers; and Mollie Wilson, an attractive vocalist, were the fresh attractions presented at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week. Tony sang two new songs, entitled "They All Do It" and "The Dream," the burthen of which latter was "In the Kingdom in the Sky."

MISS AMY FAWSITT.—This English actress died of consumption at her residence, No. 300 West Twenty-eighth street, Dec. 26, at the age of about 30 years. She was the daughter of the late William Fawsitt of the Exchange, Manchester, Eng. Losing her father at the early age of seven years, she was adopted by an aunt and sent to school at Abbeville, near Paris, and at Milan, to be educated as a governess. At the age of sixteen, showing a great liking for the stage, she commenced studying for it, and afterwards appeared with much success at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Plymouth. She made her debut in London, under the management of Barry Sullivan, at the Holborn Theatre, acting Flora Granger in "The Mistress of the Mill." She next appeared as Rose Cherie, in the drama of "Philomel," by H. T. Craven, produced at the Globe Theatre Feb. 9, 1870, under the management of Miss Fanny Josephs. She next appeared on April 16, 1870, at the Vaudeville Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Montague, James & Thorne, as Jemima in Andrew Halliday's comedy of "For Love or Money." She next appeared, with great success, as Lottie (the White Rose) in the comedy "The Two Roses," and afterwards as Jenny in "Apple Blossoms," subsequently making her appearance (in Jan., 1872) as Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance." Her next impersonation was Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," which character she successfully portrayed for 404 nights. Miss Fawsitt had also successfully undertaken the part of Sophia Freelove in Thomas Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," which piece ran upwards of 100 nights. She next played the principal female part in Mr. Albery's new comedy of "Pride." During the Summer of 1876 she was engaged by Augustin Daly as a member of his company at the Fifth-avenue Theatre for the season of 1876-7. Sailing for this country, she arrived in Boston, Mass., Sept. 10, and then came to this city. She made her American debut Wednesday evening, Sept. 27, acting Mrs. Masham Mallory in "Life." On October 10 she withdrew from that company, having made what proved to be her last appearance on the stage the previous night. Miss Georgiana Drew assumed the character acted by Miss Fawsitt, and acted it during the remainder of the run of the comedy. Miss Fawsitt subsequently received offers of engagement from other managers, but declined to accept them, it having been her intention to return to England as soon as the condition of her health would permit. Her funeral took place from "The Little Church Around the Corner" on Friday morning, Dec. 29, the Rev. Dr. Houghton reciting the service of the Episcopal Church. H. J. Montague, Harry Beckett, C. A. Stevenson and two or three other professional's were the only mourners in the church. The remains were temporarily placed in a vault in Second avenue prior to their removal to England.

FIRE.—About 9 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 28 a fire broke out in the chemical department of Fredericks & O'Neil's photograph gallery, which is over the entrance to Tony Pastor's New Theatre. The latter, fortunately, escaped destruction. The upper ceiling of the vestibule was destroyed by water, but the auditorium was not injured. The performances of the week were not interrupted; although on Thursday night, in order to enable the spectators to reach the auditorium, the passage-way was covered to the depth of several inches with sawdust, and large pieces of sailcloth were suspended near the upper ceiling to protect them from the dripping water.

EDWIN BOOTH acted the chief character in "Richard III" at the night performances in the Lyceum Theatre the past week, and Ruy Blas at the Saturday matinee. Mr. Booth has made many important changes in the dressing, make-up and acting of Richard, which may be considered marked improvements. The scenery, which was new, and the general mounting reflected credit upon the management. The support was good, those deserving special notice being Milnes Levick as King Henry VI, Frederick Robinson as Richmond, Alice Brooks as the Prince of Wales, Clara Jennings as Lady Anne, Jennie Carroll as Queen Elizabeth, and Kate Meek as the Duchess of York.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS made the following changes in the bill last week: "The Exile," sung by W. H. Frillman; "Daffney, Do You Love Me?" by Charles Backus; "Walk Dat Loo," by Billy Birch; "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No," by W. H. Hamilton; a song-and-dance called "Susan's Serenade," by Johnson and Powers; "Ordinary Conversation," by Add Ryman and Charley Backus; "The Funny Old Gals," by Birch, Backus, Ryman and Johnson; and for the finale the sketch of "The Freshman Class."

AT KELLY & LEON'S OPERA-HOUSE the variations in the programme last week included "Where's that Cat?" sung by Sam Price; "Essie Dear," by C. R. Clinton; "Don't Wake the Baby," by Edwin Lester; 'Silvery Stars,' by J. H. Surridge; Leon was seen as "The Girl in Advance of the Times;" Wm. Courtright gave a burlesque lecture on "Soap;" and the sketches of "Sausage a la Santa Claus," "A Chip of the Old Block," and "Araminta's Wedding," introduced Edwin Kelly, Japanese Tommy and other members of the company.

NO CHANGE has occurred at the Park Theatre, Lotta in "Little Nell and the Marchioness" being the attraction.

"THE BLACK CROOK" was withdrawn from the stage of the Grand Opera-house after the performance of Dec. 30, having received seventeen performances—twelve night and five matinee.

"THE AMERICAN" continues the attraction at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre. An extra matinee was given on Christmas.

IF THE STRAKOSCHES really mean business in their talk about erecting a vast opera-house, with a dead-head subscription list of one thousand as a beginning, it may not be inappropriate to name the contemplated house "The Morgue."

LITTLE LOTTA got a little sick on Saturday, and "played off" at the Park matinee. She was herself again at the evening performance.

THE NEW BROADWAY THEATRE, formerly Wood's Museum, will probably, under its new management, be made a star theatre, which has been much needed here.

SHOOK & PALMER have at last struck a streak of bad luck. Heretofore, whatever they touched there was money in it. Now, they're on the back track. The Brooklyn Theatre calamity began their troubles, and since then the cards have all run against them. Who's the Jonah of the concern?

CARLISLE & CAVERLY, dramatic agents, 137 Eighth st., have the following artists on their books, who are open for engagements through their agency: Belle Celeste and C. C. Mathews, Lynn Sisters, Chas. Foster, Herr Schlam, Master Tommy Fish, Miss Charlotte Stanly, Maggie Pearl, Alta Hallett, Irene Murdock, Frankie Howard, Marie Sherman, Eloise Allen, Erba Robeson, Fanny V. Reynolds, Simpson Sisters, St. Felix Sisters, the Fontainbleaus, Curry & Fox, Levanion Bros., W. J. Fleming, Billy Wylie, Master Leo, Frank A. Gibbons, Charley Gardner, Barrie Durell, Govan, Ben. F. Bowen, and Frank Bell. Particulars in regard to their various acts are published in Messrs. Carlisle & Caverly's card in another column.

WILLIS ROSS, Irish comedian, arrived in town Dec. 27.

AT THE LONDON the chief features last week were Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle in their musical specialties; Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair in clog-dances and songs-and-dances; the Marcella Brothers in gymnastic feats; H. W. Eagan, Ethiopian comedian; Josie Farron and Jennie Eagan in dances; songs by Louisa Bliss, B. S. Hodges and Foster and Kennedy. This week the new faces will be Mlle. Octavia, Cavella and Perkins, and John Scanlon.

W. S. HARKINS arrived in town from New Orleans, La., Dec. 29.

"DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH," an original drama in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert, which was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., Sept. 11, 1876, was acted for the first time in the United States in Booth's Theatre, at a matinee performance on Dec. 25, where it has since continued the attraction. The cast was as follows:

Dan'l Druce.....L. Barrett	Geoffrey Wynyard, F. B. Warde
Sir Jasper Combe, W. E. Sheridan	Joe Ripley.....E. K. Collier
Reuben Haines, J. W. Jennings	Sergeant.....A. Jacques
	Soldier.....H. Hogan
Marple.....H. Weaver	Dorothy. Miss Minnie Palmer

There was but little opportunity for the display of scenic art, as only three scenes were required, and these represented a ruined hut on the Norfolk coast, Dan'l Druce's forge, and the interior of Druce's cottage. Between the first and second acts fourteen years are supposed to have elapsed. As we published the story of the plot of the drama in our past issue, further reference to it is not needed. Lawrence Barrett's impersonation of Dan'l Druce, though in many respects commendable, as a whole was not satisfactory. It was lacking in magnetic sympathy and in light and shade. At the opening of the play he acted so vigorously that, when the proper time arrived for the display of that qualification, there was little or no contrast offered, and his effects were marred. W. E. Sheridan gave a portrayal of Sir Jasper Combe that bore the impress of thoughtful study and artistic delineation. J. W. Jennings was quite happy in his conception and impersonation of Reuben Haines, an old Royalist sergeant, who affects the airs and manners of a young coxcomb of the period while making love to Dorothy, a young maiden of fifteen Summers. F. B. Warde as the young sailor, Geoffrey Wynyard, merits praise for his careful acting. He was frank and manly in his interviews with Dorothy, and his love scenes were tender and affectionate. Later he exhibited considerable pathetic power. Miss Minnie Palmer, who made her first appearance in this theatre, achieved quite a success in the portrayal of Dorothy. Her natural qualifications were well fitted to the character. She appeared to far better advantage than in any other character which she has hitherto attempted to portray during her brief professional career. The other characters, which were mere sketches, were well acted.

E. T. STETSON was the star at the Bowery Theatre the past week, acting in "The Boss, or Living for Vengeance," which ran during the week. "The Maid of Munster" was performed with it until Friday, when it gave place to "Neck and Neck," which was repeated Saturday.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Oratorio Society of New York, under Dr. Damrosch, gave "The Messiah" at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 25, and Wednesday matinee, with a large chorus, an orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic Society, and the soloists Miss Imogene Brown, soprano; Mrs. Anne Drasdill, contralto; George Simpson, tenor; John F. Winch (of Boston), baritone; and S. P. Warren, organist......Mr. and Mrs. Carl Feininger's second music-recital, Dec. 27, at Chickering Hall, introduced these artists in an interesting programme of vocal, piano and violin numbers...... Miss Arabella Maria Root, soprano, sang at the entertainment given at Steinway Hall on Dec. 28...... A long list of well-known singers and instrumentalists appeared in the programme of the complimentary concert given to Jules G. Lumbard, tenor, at Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 28, including Mme. Gulager, soprano; Mrs. Anna B. Hills, contralto; Geo. Werrenrath, tenor; the New York Ballad and Glee Club; S. B. Mills, pianist; M. Arbuckle, cornettist; Geo. W. Morgan, organist; and Sig. E. Agramonte, conductor. Mr. Lumbard sang "Lost Hope," the words by Barry Cornwall, and the music composed expressly for him by Geo. W. Morgan. The whole bill was very attractive......Mme. Jule D. Ryther and W. F. Mills, soloist, and Eben's Seventy-first Regiment Band appeared at the concert given at the Lexington-avenue Opera-house Dec. 28......The Philharmonic Society's public rehearsal for the third concert took place at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon, Dec. 29. A symphony by C. Goldmark, entitled "Landliche Hochzett" ("Country Wedding"), was performed for the first time by the society......Slavin's Georgia Jubilee Singers appeared at the Grand Opera house on Sunday evening in a programme of their peculiar religious melodies of the plantation, with the soloists Mme. Swanson, pianist, and Miss Allen, vocalist.......Miss Rebecca Cohen's concert at Beekman Hill Methodist Church Dec. 21 returned $93.50 to the Brooklyn Fire Relief Fund.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was reopened for a season at a matinee performance on Dec. 25, under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers, who presented a fairy spectacle in four acts entitled "Azurine, or a Voyage to Earth," with the following cast: Azurine, Miss Florence Ellis; Eolin, Miss Marion Fiske; Queen of the Genii, Miss Ada Melbourne; Aquilonet, W. H. Lytell; King of the Genii, W. P. Sheldon; Mortals.—Mathiss, H. M. Ellis; Pierre, W. H. Fitzgerald; Lucette, Miss Ella Mortimer; Dame Martha, Miss Whitney; Lady of the Lake, Miss Minnie Gray. The ballet was led by Mlles. De Rosa, Letourneur and Gaugain. The orchestra was under the direction of Fred Perkins. The scenery, properties and appointments were the same as used during the run of this spectacle in Philadelphia. The performances were then reviewed in these columns.

OWING TO THE ILLNESS of Miss Clara Morris, 'Led Astray" was acted at the Union-square Theatre Dec. 26, 27. "Miss Multon" was to have been performed 28, with Miss Charlotte Thompson in the title-role; but, owing to the illness of Miss Sara Jewett, "Led Astray" was substituted. "Miss Multon" was revived 29, with Miss Thompson in the title-role and Ida Vernon in Miss Jewett's character, and so performed during the remainder of the week.

MATINEES are announced for Jan. 1, at all our places of amusement, save Wallack's, the Lyceum, Park and the Union-square Theatres.

KITTY O'NEIL, Harry and John Kernell, the Austin Brothers, Baby Bindley, the Lynn Sisters, Eunice Moore, John Leclaire, Eugene Blitz, Irwin Thomas, and Master Dunn are the newcomers to Tony Pastor's this week.

LEW BENEDICT and W. H. Norman are to be added to Kelly & Leon's Minstrels this week.

PERFORMANCES are announced to take place in the Broadway Theatre this week as follows: "Young America" and "Checkmate" matinee and night Jan. 1. Joseph H. Keane and company in "Rip Van Winkle" the rest of the week.

E. T. STETSON continues the star at the Bowery Theatre this week.

KYNOCK AND SMITH, the Gorman Brothers, and Mons. Caron and Sons are the fresh people at the Theatre Comique Jan. 1.

DURING THE RUN of the holiday programme at Heller's Wonder Theatre children will be admitted to all parts of the house at half price.

THE IRWIN SISTERS, Lew Spencer, Elizabeth Alden, and Ben Gilfoil are to be added to the company at the Olympic Theatre, Jan. 1.

EDWIN BOOTH is to act in "Brutus" and "Much Ado About Nothing" (matinee) at the Lyceum Theatre this week.

THE PRESENT will be the last week of "Little Nell and the Marchioness" at the Park Theatre.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE "Under the Gaslight" is to be produced at a matinee Jan. 1, and continued during the week. The cast will include a number of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, viz.: D. H. Harkins, W. Davidge, E. Lamb, G. Parkes, George Devere, Mr. Newton, Mr. Reed, J. H. Ring, F. Bennett, the Misses May Nunez, Emily Rigl, Helen Dingeon, Florence Wood, Mary Wells and others.

THE MANAGERS of "The Black Crook," to whom Poole & Dolinelly sublet the Grand Opera-house for the past two weeks, failed to pay their company the salaries due them. Many of the performers quit at the end of the first week, and those that continued received but a mere pittance on Saturday night last, when "The Crook" season terminated.

WILLIAM NUNARY, manager of the St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., Theatres, arrived in New York Dec. 31 on business connected with the new Academy of Music, Halifax, which opens for the season on Jan. 15.

CHARLES A. SWEETLAND, dramatist, of Chicago, Ill., is in town.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE was sold Dec. 28 in foreclosure, in suit of Marshall O. Roberts against W. Watts Sherman. Mr. Roberts bought the property for $85,000.

MAX MARETZEK has sued John McCool, lessee of Niblo's Garden, for the sum of $12, which he claims to have paid out of his own pocket for the writing of the words of three new songs for "Baba."

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

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R. E. STEVENS has determined to disband his company and return to New York, the dullness of the season being the cause of his closure, which takes place at Detroit, Mich., Jan. 6. The members of the company can be secured by applying to the advertised address; also Mr. Stevens' services for the remainder of the season.

THE BROTHER of Miss Helen Houghton the actress died on the 27th of December, at his residence in Philadelphia. He was in the 20th year of his age. This is the third bereavement in the family within but little more than a month.

THE "ELKS" of Philadelphia are arranging for a grand complimentary reception to be given at the National Guards Hall in that city.

THE "101 CLUB"—a social organization of the theatrical fraternity of Philadelphia—purpose having a grand reunion on New-Year's Eve, a prominent feature of the evening's proceedings being a banquet complimentary to the members of said club, which, although recently established, is already in a very flourishing condition.

AT SIMPSON'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the spectacular drama of "The Naiad Queen" constituted the programme for Christmas week, and afforded Hernandez Foster an opportunity to make his reappearance in that city, where he is deservedly popular. He gave an amusing personation of Amphibio; J. Leslie Gossin was clever as Sir Rupert, and the Misses Laura Linden and Josie Bachelder were pleasing representatives of Lurline and Idex, whilst Wm. Davidge Jr. was irresistibly droll as Schnapps. Mlle. Roseri, premiere-danseuse, appeared in some graceful evolutions, and "The Naid Queen," being liberally mounted with regard to scenery and costumes, proved successful in attracting good audiences.

MATINEES were given at all the places of amusement in Philadelphia, with the exception of the Chestnut-street Theatre, on Christmas-day. The attendance was uniformly large, especially at the Walnut-street Theatre, where F. S. Chanfrau gave his rendition of Kit; the gallery audience was one of the largest ever gathered in that theatre, over one thousand persons being in attendance there.

F. KEMBLE advertises that he is prepared to teach the dramatic profession to a young man who can command $200.

ROSE EYTINGE in "Rose Michel" commences an engagement at the Arch-street, Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 8th of January.

"FLIRTATION"—Mrs. Ames' new comedy—was found to be so acceptable to the audiences at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, that it was repeated there during the week ending Dec. 30, the attendance continuing fair. A new adaptation of Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces" will be produced Jan. 1, in which F. F. Mackay will, as Triplet, make his first appearance this season.

FROM OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Dec. 17, which arrived too late for publication in our past issue, we excerpt the following: No change of programme could be said to have occurred at the regular theatres; for, although Nell appeared at the California in "Fidelia," it was, save in title, essentially the same as those she had already produced. There was no increase of interest exhibited by the public towards the doings of this theatre, the close of Nell's engagement on Dec. 16 bringing evidences that the star of the song-and-dance drama is gradually on the wane......"Our Boarding-house" is still running at the Grand Opera-house to business which is profitable, if not decidedly large. The comedy will be kept on the stage until the production of "Ahmed" Dec. 25..... Wm. Van De Mark, an ex-clergyman, made a theatrical debut at the Alhambra—the original title of the house, but latterly known as Maguire's—in the character of David Garrick, for the benefit of Louis Belmour, a utility actor, Dec. 16. The audience, which was fairly numerous, was undoubtedly partly drawn out of curiosity to see the man himself, as he was thrown into notoriety a little while ago by charges for which he underwent ecclesiastical trial. His success in the new field he seeks for fame was not pronounced, nor of a kind to promise excellence in the future He displayed intelligence, but no feeling or power of mimicry. His method of elocution is opposed to all dramatic purposes, and his personnel is not well adapted for a *jeune premiere*......Camilla Urso has attracted most select audiences at Platt's Hall, but they would have been larger had not an impression got abroad that, on account of its age, the building was not safe. The receipts taken for the first concert, amounting to $900, was donated by Mme. Urso to the Brooklyn sufferers, all of the expenses for rent, salaries and advertising, amounting to $700, being paid for out of her private purse. The attendance gradually increased upon subsequent concerts, and everything points to success for the new series of concerts, which are not yet announced......Mlle. Jenny Clauss, violinist, has arrived from Australia......John Jack and Annie Firmin sailed for Portland, Oregon, Dec. 16, to open there on the 21st in "The Two Orphans."......An amusing story comes from Honolulu. Some time ago Maguire, intending to ship off the Georgia Minstrels, dispatched an agent for Honolulu and Australia with printing, to bill the places and trumpet the fame of the company. He thus gained a point on Sherry Corbyn, who was straining every nerve to organize a troupe to ship as soon, at least, as Maguire. For sundry weighty reasons, Maguire could not move his company at the time expected; and Corbyn, who had worked like a beaver, not only got a company formed, but means to send them off, while his rival remained helpless. The result is briefly told. On arriving at Honolulu, Corbyn found the place well worked up for the coming of the Georgias, and showed his company to large audiences for the same as the one advertised. He paid the bills contracted for by Maguire's agent, establishing the credit of the Napoleonic manager in the middle Pacific on a solid basis.

F. S. CHANFRAU, during the second and last week of his engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, appeared in "Kit the Arkansas Traveler," and "Sam," the latter being given on the evening of Dec. 29, and at the matinee Dec. 30. "Kit," with its stirring scenes and exciting situations, is well calculated to interest the audiences, in addition to which the excellent acting of Mr. Chanfrau in the title-role rendered its revival very successful. Geo. W. Howard and Sam Hemple as the two "bummers," Lin Harris as Lord Fitzfolie, and E. Wilks as an "intelligent contraband," contributed not a little to the amusement of the audiences. Miss Lucille Western commences an engagement Jan. 1, E. L. Davenport following Jan. 8.

AT THE KIRALFYS' ALHAMBRA PALACE, Philadelphia, an old-fashioned English pantomime entitled "Nick and Nack, or the Enchanted Heart," was produced for the first time in that city at a matinee on Christmas-day. The opening introduced J. C. Padgett, Grace Hezlip, Kate Elberts, Kate Parker, and Fanny Livingston in the prominent parts, portraying a fairy story. The harlequinade abounds with fun of the legitimate pantomimic kind, and was supported by Bob Butler as Clown, J. O. Hall as Pantaloon, Arnold Kiralfy as Harlequin, and Laura Griffiths as Columbine. "Nick and Nack" was repeated during the week ending Dec. 30, and will be followed Jan. 1 by the production of the spectacle of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp."

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance was good during the week ending Dec. 30, the new arrivals including the Stuart Sisters in their clever duets and clog-dances; Paul Bunz in his double-bar act, in which he evidenced the possession of unusual strength; Prof. St. Elmo and his trained dogs; and Mlle. Josie Zanfretta, Maurice Heppard and Max Walhalla in the concluding pantomime of the "Gnome King of the Golden Mines." The Fontainebleau Sisters, Emma Brennan, Paddy Murphy and John Pendy in their respective specialties satisfactorily completed the lengthy programme.

"THE SEA OF ICE" was produced at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 25, Harry S. Duffield of the stock company assuming the title-role. The play was well produced, as regards both scenic effects and acting, but financially proved a failure. Wednesday an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" matinee was given, and was well attended. In the evening "The Octoroon" was presented, and held the boards until the end of the week. Jan. 1 "The Two Orphans," with Miss Lillie Eldridge in the leading role.

"EAST LYNNE" was presented at the Christmas-matinee in Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., with Miss Rose Eytinge as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine. In the evening "Love's Sacrifice," with Miss Eytinge as Margaret Elmore and Joseph Whiting as Matthew Elmore. Tuesday evening "The Geneva Cross" was given, and will be kept on the rest of the week. Miss Eytinge's impersonations are quiet and dignified when necessary, and forcible and true to nature. As Riel Du Bourg Mr. Whiting acquitted himself admirably, and as much may be said of Mr. Waverly as Matthew Moineau, J. B. Curran as Pierre Le Brun, Miss Rosalie Jack as Martagon, and Mrs. Estelle Potter as Cassandre. W. F. Owen was funny as Simon Cornichet. The small part of Fra'zette, the little mother, Miss Eva Baker succeeded in investing with a great deal of interest, and she well deserved the applause she received. Jan. 1, Miss Eytinge as Rose Michel.........At the Opera-house, during the past week, Mr. Gotthold appeared as Robert Arnold in "Not Guilty" to very good advantage. Mr. Stockwell as Jack Snipe gave a careful and satisfactory performance. New and realistic scenery was prepared, and the quarry scene was fine and natural. The Latta Guards, a local organization, were engaged for the week, and with their Drum Corps added much to the interest of the play. Jan. 1 "Jean Valjean," with J. N. Gotthold in the title-role......It is reported here that V. E. Beamer, late manager of Library Hall, is slowly sinking to death at Jacksonville, Fla., whither he had gone in the hope of bettering his health. Advices of Dec. 29.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., "The Forty Thieves" was produced Dec. 25, and held the boards until 28, when Miss Neilson began an engagement and filled out the week. The performances on the evening of 30 were for the benefit of the poor of that city, and were largely attended. The "Evangeline" Combination is to begin a week's engagement Jan. 1, the stock company going on a tour to support John T. Raymond.

HENRIETTA CHANFRAU'S COMBINATION performed in Wheeling, W. Va., Dec 28. They are billed in Youngstown, O., Jan. 1, Meadville, Pa., 2, Titusville 3, Allentown 4, Reading 5, Wilmington, Del., 6, Baltimore, Md., 8, one week.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT" was the attraction at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week. Jan. 1 the Kiralfy Troupe in "Around the World in Eighty Days."

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE, at the matinee on Dec. 25, "Sweethearts" and "David Garrick" were presented, and in the evening "Little Em'ly," with Mr. Boniface as Micawber and Miss Stella as Little Em'ly, to good houses. For the remainder of the week the stage has been occupied by Daly's Fifth-avenue Company in "Pique." Jan. 1 Charles Fechter, supported by Miss Lizzie Price and the Opera-house company, is to appear in "Ruy Blas," this being Mr. Fechter's first appearance in Providence.

GABRIEL HARRISON has sent us a copy of his romantic drama, in four acts, entitled "The Scarlet Letter," it being a dramatization of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne's masterly romance. Only one hundred copies have been issued. It is printed upon the very best paper, and the typography is excellent. There is also a capital steel engraving of the author, taken from a bas-relief by Henry Baerer; also a photograph of a drawing by J. N. Hyde of Hester Prynne and her babe being escorted from the old Boston prison to the Penance scaffold.

NELLIE JONES, leading or soubrettes, can be engaged by applying to advertised address.

THERE WAS NOT the same depression in Philadelphia last week that there was in this city, for there the Christmas holidays are observed during the entire week, while but little attention in given to New-Year festivities, the reverse being the case in New York. But for the bad weather, nearly every place of amusement in the Quaker City would have made a full score last week.

IT IS PROBABLE that, had Mr. Wallack's new play "All For Her" achieved a financial success at the Globe Theatre, Boston, it would have been kept on, and the theatre would not have been closed for repairs. Manager Cheney went to considerable expense in placing "All For Her" on the stage.

SHOOK & PALMER announced "Miss Multon" for Dec. 30 at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire, but the illness of Miss Clara Morris caused a postponement until Jan. 6.

COL. SINN opens the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Jan. 1, afternoon and evening, with "The Henpecked Husband," followed by a variety entertainment, the net receipts to be handed to the Relief Committee of the late fire.

W. S. HARKINS, juvenile man, having severed his connection with the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., is at liberty to form an engagement. See card.

TORONTO (ONT.) DRAMATIC AFFAIRS are thus sent by our correspondent, dated Dec. 29: "'Undine,' at the Royal Opera-house, is a gorgeous affair, both as regards scenery, costumes, ballet and specialty business. Its production has been under the management of the Meech Brothers of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Academy of Music. Crowded houses. Neil Warner was particularly good as Sir Rupert. A. W. Gregory, a stranger here, made a successful hit as Schnapps. Brookhouse Bowler sang well in the character of Egardo. Annie Wakeman looked pretty as Lady Una. Sophie Miles as Undine looked and acted the part in a fascinating manner. Grace Paynter, Charlotte Neville and Belle Chippendale are worthy of commendation in their respective parts of Dewdrop, Fleura, Idex King Sarbro and Carrie and Charles Austin, Zouave drillers, were quite successful in their respective specialties. 'Undine' will form the attraction next (this) week......The Palace of Truth was the holiday attraction at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house the past week. Some of the stage-settings are most realistic, especially in the first act, where a fountain of water was introduced, and has a splendid effect. The ballet, led by Mlles. Marie Bonfanti and De Vere, was the best ever seen in this city. The Amazon march was another feature worthy of notice. C. W. Stokes, who took Alt. Hudson's part (on account of illness of the latter) of King Phanor, was worthy of special praise. Alexander Fitzgerald was too heavy as Prince Philami. The attendance has been large. Miss Neilson, supported by Eben Plympton, commences an engagement Jan. 2 in 'Romeo and Juliet.' ......Two of the members of Mrs. Morrison's company—Alfred H. Hudson and J. P. Howard the prompter—are at present on the sick-list, the former with a touch of pleurisy, the latter having a most dangerous case of bleeding at the lungs; he, however, has so far recovered that his friends will have him conveyed home to Rochester during the coming week."

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the stock company performed "Our Boys" on the off-nights of the Kellogg Opera Troupe the past week. "The Law of the Land" is to be produced this week...... Wood's Museum is on its last legs. The attendance has been light, and the advertised pieces seldom presented. Last night "Beauty and the Beast" was billed, but "St. Patrick's Eve" was given instead. No programmes are given to the audiences......At the Halsted-street Opera-house Whittaker and Goodwin's Old Dominion Slave Troupe performed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the past week......Sothern opens in Haverly's Opera-house Jan. 1 for one week.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" was the attraction at the Academy of Music, Montreal, the past week. On Christmas-night, when there were at least two thousand people present, a panic occurred, owing to the breaking of one of the seats in the upper gallery, and some three hundred people rushed out, but quiet was soon restored. The St. Felix Sisters in their specialties were good. Miss Clara Fisher as the Naiad Queen gave some very acceptable songs.

E. A. SOTHERN began a week's season in Detroit, Mich., Dec. 25, with a Christmas matinee, as Lord Dundreary, supported by Linda Dietz and R. E. Stevens' company. Business has been good so far, but not large. The same company remains to support Stuart Robson for one week, commencing Jan. 1, and will close their season 6th—honorably, however. Mr. R. E. Stevens will return to New York and reorganize.

"RANS ROMANY," a new play by Henry Hill of that city, was produced at the New Institute Hall, Newark, N. J., Dec. 28. Our correspondent, writing on the 30th, says: "The scenes are local to Newark and vicinity, and the plot is of average interest, representing the old type of love story, in which a poor young man does a heroic act, and a young lady, who witnesses it, is at once infatuated. Their spheres in life diverge too widely to allow them to come together except by accident; so time rolls on until the young man is sent to the lady's home to do some work, when he detects a plot to rob the house, and frustrates it, but is badly wounded. The young lady attends him, and he gets well. The lady recognizes him, with the natural result of mutual love, etc. There is but little chance of good acting in the piece. The cast was: Rans Romany, Louis F. Barrett; Phil Carroll, Willie Seymour; Mr. Dubois, W. H. Wallis; Mr. Godfrey, Ben C. Smith; Big Jim, J. C. Strong; Dr. Alexander, W. Sharpe; Capt. Wiley, J. B. Hunt; Lucy, Annie Waite; Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Farren. On Jan. 1 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be performed at the matinee, and 'East Lynne' in the evening....During the performance of 'Around the World in Eighty Days' at the Opera-house, on Christmas-afternoon, a cry of 'Fire!' was raised by some person in the gallery, who mistook the concentration of the calcium light on a scene for a blaze. Instantly the audience sprang to their feet, and began a fierce stampede from the place. The excitement was increased by the prompt arrival of the fire-engines, in response to an alarm sounded. Mr. Kimball used every effort to keep them in their seats, but all to no purpose. Fearing that people would be seriously hurt in the crush, he then opened the double doors leading to Halsey street, and the entire audience were soon all out in the street. In the first rush two women and a child were trampled on, but no one was seriously hurt. Finally the audience realized the situation, returned to their seats, and the performance proceeded. The play drew large houses all the week."

FANNY MARSH'S COMPANY occupied Music Hall, Portland, Me., this (the past) week, while the repairs on her theatre were being made, presenting "The Forty Thieves" and "Bombastes Furioso," in both of which the company acquitted themselves with credit. Attendance at the Christmas performances was very large, but has been moderate since. Belle Bailey has become a member of the company, appearing a portion of the week as Morgiana during the absence of Miss Marsh. Edwin F. Byron and Chas. Harkinson's membership in the company has ceased. H. L. Bascomb has been engaged; also D. F. Gowan of Bangor, who has been prominent in amateur circles in that city for a number of years. Miss Marsh is now absent in search of a new leading man. It is expected that J. C. Cowper, son and daughter will commence a brief engagement Jan. 3. The company will return to their theatre Jan. 17. Letter dated Dec. 29.

"POOR JO" was withdrawn from the boards of the Boston (Mass.) Museum after the performance on Christmas-evening, and on Tuesday night a fresh play was produced for the holidays—an adaptation from the French entitled "The Double Wedding." In the bills this is called a three-act comedy, although it might perhaps be more properly called a three-act farce, for its entire plot is in its nature farcical, and from beginning to end there is not a serious line spoken. Its whole aim is to create a laugh, and, from the reception with which it meets from the audience, it can scarcely be said to have failed in its purpose. It would be almost impossible to describe the plot so as to give any real idea of the fun. The hero is in love with a young lady, and is engaged to marry her. By a series of mishaps he is forced into an engagement with another young lady, to whom a friend of his has been very attentive, being mistaken by her father for the real lover. His attempt to pay attention to both ladies without discovery, his courtship of and narrow escape from marrying both, the latter only prevented by the apropos appearance of the friend, form the groundwork of the story, and the numerous funny incidents throughout the play are such as only a true Frenchman could have imagined. The cast of characters was as follows:

Oscar Boisjoli..Wm. Warren	Athenais Beaucanard, Miss L. Phillips
Quincampoix, R. F. McClannin	Angelique Quincampoix, Miss F. Francis
Beaucanard...G. W. Wilson	
Hector Camelot..O. H. Barr	Leontine Beaucanard, Miss G. Tyler
Antoine.........L. J. Loring	
Justin..........C. S. Mason	Manette.....Miss L. Brown
Gustave.........F. Saunders	Narcisse.....Miss S. Henley
Jean............W. Morris	

As will be seen, at a glance, this is an exceedingly strong cast. Mr. Warren as the hero, Boisjoli, was enormously funny. He is a middle-aged, well-to-do tradesman, fond of imitating the more fashionable class in dress and manners, and altogether an eccentric specimen of humanity. Around him the fun especially thickens, and he ably bore the burden. Mr. McClannin and Mr. Wilson as the two fathers were truly capital. In make-up and in acting they outdid their previous efforts. Mr. Barr was quite acceptable as Hector Camelot the friend, and Messrs. Loring, Mason, Saunders and Morris were painstaking and successful in their respective roles. Miss Phillips, who had the part of a sentimental but exceedingly muscular young lady, fond of dumb-bells and the gloves, as well as of Camelot, played very well. Miss Francis and Miss Tyler, the two young ladies to whom Boisjoli is forced reluctantly to devote himself, looked pretty, dressed tastefully, and acted carefully. Miss Brown as Manetta showed decided talent for "chambermaids," and Miss Henley as Narcisse was quite good. The piece was neatly placed upon the stage, and has been played all the week, together with the comedietta of "A Little Change," in which Miss Clarke, Miss Cary, Mr. Barren, Mr. Cotter and Mr. Loring appeared. For a special Saturday-night attraction (Dec. 30) "Virginius" will be given. The company will visit the neighboring cities during the run of "Evangeline," beginning at New Bedford Jan. 8, Taunton 9, Fall River 10, Worcester 15, Lawrence, 16, Lowell 17, Salem 18, Chelsea, 19, Lynn 20. ....At the Boston Theatre "Sardanapalus" will be withdrawn after Dec. 30, and on Jan. 1 Mrs. F. W. Lander produces her new play of "The Scarlet Letter." Theodore Hamilton has been specially engaged for the role of Arthur Dimmesdale. Joseph Murphy is shortly to appear at this house in "Kerry Gow."......The present is the last week of Lester Wallack's engagement, and probably of the season, at the Globe. "All For Her" has been given the entire week. "Forbidden Fruit" was announced for Jan. 1, but the Inspector of Buildings has notified Mr. Cheney that "extensive alterations must be made in his theatre to render it safe," and, in consequence, the doors will be temporarily, if not permanently, closed....Stuart Robson has been playing in "Blackeyed Susan" all the week at the Howard Athenæum, and Maffitt and Bartholomew have appeared in "Little Red Riding-hood," together with an excellent variety olio. Letter of Dec. 29.

MRS. RACHEL MACAULEY appeared as Ogarita in "The Sea of Ice" at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 25. The spectacle was placed upon the stage with a degree of splendor never excelled in that city. Mrs. Macauley's conception and rendition of Ogarita were very good. Mr. Macauley as the Marquis Del Monte was only fair. The support rendered by the company was excellent. "The Sea of Ice" held the boards until Friday, when "School" was produced for Mrs. Macauley's benefit, and continued the attraction. The Grimaldi Adams "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe open Jan. 1 for one week

J. G. STUTTZ and a company opened in Yazoo City, Miss., Dec. 25 for a two weeks' season, thence to Little Rock and the towns on the Arkansas River.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON was the stellar attraction at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., during the week ending Dec. 30. "Plenty of Money" was played twice on Chistmas to overflowing houses, and "Across the Continent" and "Donald McKay" during the rest of a stormy week to fair business. The plays were well presented, save on the 30th, when the two last-named plays were mutilated so as to constitute one bill—two acts of each play. On New-Year's Day the stock play "Charles II" and "Raising the Wind," and in the evening "Streets of New York." On the 2d and 3d "Octoroon," and on the 4th "Under the Gaslight," all by the stock. On the 5th and 6th "Sardanapalus."......Nashville Jubilee Singers 31.

JOHN F. RYAN & CO., dramatic and variety agents, Chicago, Ill., insert their card in another column.

CHARLES NORRIS and Clara Rainford advertise that they can be engaged for the remainder of the season. Business: juveniles.

FROM CINCINNATI, O., our correspondent reports dramatic affairs to Dec. 29 in this wise: "Maggie Mitchell, supported by William Harris, opened at the Grand Opera-house 25 in 'Becky Mix,' giving a matinee and evening performance to large business. Miss Mitchell proved as bewitching as of yore, and Mr. Harris made a favorable impression. Walter Lennox, usually correct, overdid the character of Bilks. 'Becky Mix' was shelved Thursday in favor of 'Fanchon.' 'Camille' was given by the stock company at the usual Wednesday matinee. Miss Mitchell remains another week, playing 'Mignon.' Then comes Soldene 8........At Wood's Theatre this week have been Nick D. Roberts' Pantomime Company in 'Humpty Dumpty,' and they have drawn largely. Grimaldi Adams played Clown; Charles H. Adams, Pantaloon; Chas. W. Ravel, Harlequin; and Sophie Ravel, Columbine. The introduced specialties were Mons. Sigriest and dogs; the Sigriest Children, who are very clever gymnasts for such little lads; Collins Brothers and French Twin Sisters, song-and-dance. The show is a good one. It leaves here for Louisville. To open Jan. 1: Oliver Doud Byron; 8: Stuart Robson."

ST. LOUIS, MO., ADVICES to Dec. 29 are as follows: "Joseph Murphy opened at the Opera-house on Christmas-day, an immense audience being present, and the business done during the rest of the week was highly complimentary to the star. 'The Kerry Gow' was the piece presented, and the same bill will be repeated during the engagement. John Watson has done good work in furnishing new scenery for this piece, the set in the first and last acts winning general praise. Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels are billed for Jan. 8, and during that week the Opera-house company play in Memphis with Augusta Dargon......John T. Raymond and Col. Mulberry Sellers have done well at the Olympic. Saturday night, Dec. 30, has been set apart by Manager Spaulding and Mr. Raymond for a benefit to the Brooklyn sufferers, and the double bill which will be offered should fill the house. Frank Mayo begins Jan. 1 with his own company, which will organize here. E. A. Sothern follows Jan. 8. The Olympic company play in Shelbyville, Ind., during the week commencing Jan. 1. James T. Huntley of the Opera-house played Rip Van Winkle on Sunday, Dec. 24, and played it so well that he has been requested to repeat his performance, which he will do on New-Year's Eve. We are pleased to state that Daniel G. Loane of the Olympic has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to walk about. Stage-manager John J. Collins of the Olympic Theatre was presented with a fine gold headed cane on Christmas-eve, as a token of the great esteem in which he is held by all who are connected with the theatre. Mr. Collins is hardly ever seen by the public, but his work is always evident."

"THE TWO ORPHANS" was presented at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., at the matinee on Christmas-day and during the week, to large and appreciative audiences. The play was handsomely appointed and fairly acted by Miss Kate Claxton and the stock company. Where all do equally well, it would be invidious to make special mention. The weather throughout the week was inclement; but it did not seem to materially affect the attendance. At the matinee on Christmas-day the cry of "Fire!" issued from the gallery, and in an instant the immense audience was panic-stricken, and fled in terror for the exit-doors in a manner appalling to behold. The actors, officers and attaches of the theatre did all in their power to allay the excitement, but to no purpose, until the house was nearly emptied, which was done in less than three minutes. The orchestra struck up a popular air, the audience discovered that it was a false alarm, and, laughing at their fright, returned to their seats, and the play went on to its conclusion. Luckily, no one was seriously injured. "The Two Orphans" will be transferred to Baltimore the coming (this) week. Miss Mary Anderson commences a two weeks' engagement Jan. 1 opening in "Romeo and Juliet." The wife of the popular chief-usher of the National, John A. Ellinger, presented him on Dec. 26 with a bouncing boy-baby. Letter of Dec. 29.

MR. SMITH, the agent of the Academy of Music, Fall River, Mass.; Captain L. V. Tilton, the proprietor of the Narragansett Hotel; and Prof. Hayes of the third regiment Band orchestra, offer the theatre, board and music free of charge; also the traveling expenses of any theatrical company that will give a performance there in aid of the fund for the relief of the Brooklyn sufferers.

THE MERRY BISHOPS in their three-act extravaganza entitled "Sparkles" are to open to-night to perform in Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 1, 2, Lockhaven 3, Bellefonte 4, Altoona 5, Johnston 6, Library Hall, Pittsburg, one week, commencing 8.

THE ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP was organized Jan. 12, 1849, and was chartered by the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, in 1854. The last annual report shows a balance in the treasury of $19,388.62. The officers elected for the year commencing Sept. 7, 1876, are as follows: President, George W. Gile; vice-president, W. H. Jones; secretary, B. W. Turner; treasurer, John Paul. Board of Trustees: George W. Gile, B. W. Turner and F. F. Mackay. The total number of members is seventy-five, including the names of Joseph Jefferson, E. A. Sothern, John T. Raymond, Edwin Adams, F. S. Chanfrau, Stuart Robson, L. P. Barrett, and other stellar attractions. The following new members were elected during the past year: Messrs. H. E. Chase, L. F. Barrett, Cornelius Gregory, John McCullough, Thomas F. Brannen, James W. Norris, H. E. Meredith, E. S. Tarr, Harry Hawk, F. C. Heubner and Charles R. Thorne Jr. The deceased members were Barney Williams and William Wheatley. This commendable organization have rooms at No. 528 N. Eighth street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES HEATON, for many years the doorkeeper at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been confined to his residence in that city for the past two weeks with a dangerous fever, but is now convalescent, although not yet able to be at his post of duty.

IMRE KIRALFY of Philadelphia was the recipient of a Christmas gift, his wife presenting him with a very handsome girl-baby.

A. W. GOODRICK, old men and heavies, advertises for an engagement.

IT IS RUMORED that Charles Stanley has severed his connection with the stock company at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where "Love's Sacrifice" and Leonard and Lingard's series of "Our Boarding-house" are now in preparation.

MISS KATE FISHER appears in "Mazeppa" at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 6.

"DAN'L DRUCE," with E. L. Davenport in the title-role, will be produced for the first time in Philadelphia on Jan. 8 at the Walnut-street Theatre.

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY played "Pique" in Syracuse Dec. 27, Utica 28, Troy 29, 30, and are billed in Hartford, Ct., Jan. 1, 2, New Haven 3, Springfield, Mass., 4, Worcester 5, Fall River 6.

FURBISH'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMBINATION began an engagement in Galveston, Texas, Dec. 25, opening in "Divorce" at the matinee to a crowded house. On Jan. 1, the New Orleans Varieties Theatre Company commence an engagement.

JULIE KEAN and Nellie Adams in "Chris and Lena" are booked in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 5, 6.

MRS. JOHN DREW of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, purposes producing the historical drama of "Marie Antoinette" during the present season. Mrs. D. P. Bowers will most likely be secured for the title-role.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 23, 25, and disbanded there.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" was the attraction the past week at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., having been there for the Christmas holidays in a very slim business. The spectacle was mounted in quite an elaborate manner, the scenery being for the greater part new and handsome, the properties and paraphernalia generally bright and attractive, while the costumes throughout were of the most elegant description. The cast comprises T. F. Russell as Sir Rupert, W. J. Gilbert as Schnapps; L. Edinger, Amphibio; Ada Rehan, Lurline; Hattie O'Neill, Idex; Mrs. Eberle, Bridget; Mr. Eberle, the Baron; and Messrs. Anderson, Edmunds, Spangler, Smith, Misses. Ross, Moore, etc., in the minor characters. The ballet consists of about fifteen young ladies who, though not remarkable for physique, were well-trained. "The Naiad Queen" will be continued Jan. 1, 2, 3. Robert McWade is to appear 4, 5, as Rip. Rose and Harry Watkins, supported by a dramatic company, under the management of Lincoln Barnes, commenced a brief season in Tweddle Hall Dec. 25, and with the exception of Thursday evening gave performances the entire week, to very slim business. "Pioneer Patriot" was given 25, 26, "Trodden Down" 27, "Led Astray" 29, and "Katakleen Mavourneen" 30. The assisting company comprised J. R. Grismer, Annie Lee, Messrs. Langdon, Johnson, Raynor, Southgate, Misses Van Buren and Smith. .....At Martin Hall, "The Color Guard" was acted all the week to good business, under the auspices of the G. A. R., the members of which assisted in its production. Charley Collins, the only professional in the cast, proved to a really clever Dutch comedian. Letter of Dec. 31.

FRANK MOSTFORD has closed his engagement with Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination, and is now at his home in Pike, N. Y.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMPANY is to play in Concord, N. H., Jan. 1, Manchester 2, Newburyport, Mass., 3, Biddeford, Me., 4, Portland 5, 6, Boston one week Jan. 8.

MUSICAL.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD OPERA TROUPE were in Memphis, Tenn., during the week ending Dec. 23, Nashville 25, 26, Bowling Green, Ky., 27, Lexington 28, 29, Frankfort 30.

KELLOGG'S ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE operated in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 18, 20, 22, and matinee 23.....The Payson Opera Company sang Gounod's "Love Test" and Offenbach's "Vertigo" in Haverly's Opera-house at the night performance of Dec. 23.

THE "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION performed in Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25, 26, Auburn 28.

BANJO MUSIC for professionals and amateurs can be obtained of Al Baur, who advertises.

BILLY MELVILLE of Mme. Young's Concert Company has canceled his engagement, owing to the illness of his father.

THE BERGER FAMILY AND SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S CONCERT TROUPE closed on Dec. 18 what proved to be the most successful engagement, save Booth's, of the present season in San Francisco, Cal. Originally engaged for but two weeks, the engagement was extended to five weeks, during the whole of which time, we are informed, the company attracted a succession of large and fashionable audiences. The troupe are at present visiting the interior towns. They performed in Petaluma Dec. 18, Santa Rosa 19, 20, Vallejo 21, Napa 22, 23, Oakland 25, 26, Stockton 27, 28, San Jose 29, 30. Thence to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The company will return to the East during the month of February, and will then visit all of the principal cities and towns in New England.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SCORES and parts are wanted of the various operas mentioned in A. Kaufman's card.

HARRY DEAKIN'S Lilliputian Comic-opera Company appears to be meeting with much success in the West. Their specialty is a new musical version of "Jack the Giant-killer," in which Com. Nutt and Miss Jennie Quigley, little people; Col. Ruth Goshen, giant; Maj. Nutt, Maj. Houghton, Miss S. Belton, and Miss Elsa Kirtland appear. The piece is gorgeously costumed, and the troupe is well advertised by a parade given in every city visited, in which a very small coach, drawn by diminutive ponies, figures. Extracts from Chicago, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis., papers, and Mr. Deakin's permanent address, are published in our business department. Managers of first-class Eastern theatres are invited to correspond.

THE SOLDENE ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commenced a season of two weeks' duration at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Christmas afternoon. The initial programme consisted of "Trial by Jury" and "Mme L'Archduc," which introduced for the first time to a Philadelphia audience Rose Stella and Messrs. Knight Aston, C. J. Campbell and J. T. Dalton. Miss Stella as Fortunalto in "Mme. L'Archduc" made a favorable impression, her voice being bright, telling and tuneful. Knight Ashton as the Defendant in the "Trial by Jury" was also favorably received, being possessed of much vocal ability, a sweet tenor voice, and the advantage of a fine stage appearance. Miss Emily Soldene as Marietta and Edward Marshall as the Archduke in "Mme. L'Archduc" were very pleasing representatives of their respective parts; whilst Miss Clara Vesey, as the Plaintiff in "Trial by Jury," was excellent. "La Fille de Madame Angot" was produced Dec. 27 and 28, and at the matinee Dec. 30, being followed Dec. 29 and 30 by "Chilperic," the performance each evening commencing with "Trial by Jury." The attendance during the week was very good.

GEO. C. BONSOR, who advertises, has just issued a reduced price-list of banjos, guitars, etc.

CHEAP MUSIC for that instrument is published by the Dime Banjo Music Company, who publish further particulars in our business department.

MME. ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, the celebrated Russian pianist, made her first appearance in Philadelphia on the evening of Dec. 25 at Association Hall. She was assisted by Miss Agnese Palmer, contralto, and Mons. Alfred Vivien, violinist. A small audience was present. Mme. Essipoff gave other concerts on the evenings of Dec. 27, 29, and at a matinee 30.

AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Philadelphia, Dec. 28, a testimonial concert to Wm. F. Holmes was given. He was assisted by the Misses Rena Campbell, E. Wilson and S. Mayer, Mrs. K. Thayer, and Messrs. Charles A. Knorr, M. Reccardi, George Roden and George Ford.

MR. PECK gave a concert in Music Hall, Boston, Dec. 28. Owing to the indisposition of Miss Julia Rives, pianist, Mr. Sherwood performed in her place. Among the other performers were Old Bull, his "last appearance" in Boston for the present; Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano; Swedish Ladies' Quartet; the Boston Philharmonic Club; Alexander Freygang, Russian harpist; Eugene Thayer, organist; and S. L. Studley and Leon Keach, accompanists.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to show in Woburn, Mass., Jan. 1, Winchester 2, Chelsea 3, Middleton 4, Topsfield, 5, Ipswich 6, Lynn (Sunday) 7, Marblehead 8, Gloucester 9, Salem 10, Lowell 11, Concord, N. H., 12, Manchester 13. Business is reported good.

THE FORREST MANSION MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, was disposed of at Sheriff's sale, in that city, Dec. 30. It had been similarly sold a few weeks before for $93,000; but the purchaser, one W. F. Johnston, failed to make good his bid. At the sale on the 30th ult. it was bid in at $60 000 by the executors of the Forrest estate, who held a mortgage of $75 000 on the property. The bidding started at $50,000, and the only other bidder did not go beyond $55,000. The house and grounds are valued at $130,000.

CHARLES E. LEWIS, flute and piccolo player, died of consumption in his father's residence in Westfield, Mass., Dec. 26, at the age of 28 years. He was performing in the orchestra of the Grand Opera-house in this city, at the time the late James Fisk Jr. was shot, and had traveled with Villa & Miner. For the past two years he had been teaching the piano and flute in Springfield, Mass. He had composed several pieces of music for the piano, among them the "Moonbeam," "Friendship" and "Maple Leaf" polkas, and several waltzes, etc.

JOHN WHITTEY has left the Payson Opera Company and resumed his position as bookkeeper in the Massasoit House, Chicago, Ill.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE, during the past week, performed "Martha," "Fra Diavolo" and "Mignon" in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

THE HYERS' SISTERS COMBINATION is to sing in Newburyport, Mass., Jan. 8, Chelsea 9, Palmer 10, Troy, N. Y., 11, Gloversville 12, 13.

THE BAY STATE OPERA CO. is to perform in Brockton, Mass., Jan. 9.

W. APTOMMAS will play the harp in Portland, Me., Jan. 11.

THE DRAMA may be said to have abdicated the city of New Orleans, La., for the holiday season, in favor of opera-bouffe. At Bidwell's Academy of Music Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination closed Dec. 23, and on the 24th Alice Oates' Comic-opera Troupe appeared, bringing out "La Fille de Madame Angot" to a well-filled house. The lady gave an effective performance of Clariette, and was ably assisted by Mlle. Eva Rosseau as Mme. Lange, and Mrs. Harry Chapman as Amaranthe. The Pomponnet of Charles H. Drew was excellent, his vocalisms eliciting marked approbation. As Ange Pitou, Henri Laurent has not improved since his appearance here two years ago with the Soldene troupe. The remaining characters of the cast were well sustained. Mrs. Oates' engagement is for two weeks.....At the Varieties Theatre Miss Mary Anderson closed Dec. 23, having appeared in new pieces announced in my last letter, and at two of the closing performances as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," and giving to that character a wild and rollicking personation which elicited much merriment. The Aimee Opera-bouffe Troupe were announced to open Dec. 24; but, having arrived by steamer la'e from Havana, and their baggage being detained for inspection at the Custom-house, they were not able to appear on that evening. At the matinee on the 25th, however, they opened to a house completely packed, giving the opera in French entitled "La Fille de Madame Angot," Mlle. Aimee was enthusiastically received as Clairette; and the piece, in cast and scenic appointment, proved a success. The cast was one of great brilliancy and evenness. The season promises to be successful. Letter of Dec. 26.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY have abandoned their trip to the South, in consequence, as the management avows, of the political excitement. Manager Hess and Miss Kellegg have in consequence had an action for damages to the amount of $5,000 brought against them, in the Cook County Court, Ill., for breach of contract, by Chas. T. Howard, proprietor, and Chas. Pope, manager, of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., at which house the company was under engagement for eight performances, commencing between Jan. 8 and 20, the exact date to be announced by Mr. Hess not later than Dec. 16. The company has returned to Chicago, Ill., for an extra engagement of two weeks.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE COLISEUM, Cincinnati, O., first-class variety talent is wanted. See card.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., under W. W. Putnam's management, the following artists are included in the company: Prof. J. Lawrence's statue troupe, Matthew, Ryan, Welsh and Harris, Mlle. Rosa, Lillie Lindon, Mattie Bliss, Kittie Allyne, Ada Lawrence and Charles Morris. H. Walters and Louis Volker are the musical directors.

BENSLEY, dancing-barrel, crystal-pyramid and horizontal-bar performer, can be engaged by applying to his advertised address.

A PARTNER with a small capital is wanted for a sensation canvas show. See P. A. Older's card.

THE NEW VARIETY COMPANY which opened the Virginia Opera-house in Richmond, Va., Dec. 11, collapsed 18, and our correspondent says "the company were left by Managers J. W. Spaulding and O. S. Robinson without salaries."

THE BENEFIT for the sufferers by the Brooklyn fire given in the Paterson, N. J., Opera-house, Dec. 21, yielded about $150.

HEALY'S HIBERNICA is to be exhibited in Lawrence, Kan., Jan. 4, 5, Topeka 6, 7, Wichita 9, 10, 11, 12, Fort Scott 13, 14, Joplin, Mo., 15, 17, 18.

FITZMORSE AND WEST are still with Haverly's Minstrels.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, last week, the fresh features were: Harry Watson and Charles T. Ellis, who elicited great applause in their Dutch specialties; Mlle. Zitella, who performed in the contortion line, and sang songs; the Langlois Brothers in their very clever feats of juggling; John Harris in his act of "Georgie Green and Old Aunt Sally," and the concluding spectacle of "The Naiad Queen," in which Martha Wren as Idex made her reappearance at this theatre, having recovered from her recent illness. "The Naiad Queen" was illustrated by some excellent scenery by Joseph Perry. The attendance was good during the week.

THE MARTINETTIS, Wm. M. Forepaugh, Mlle. Rousselle and the Leopold Brothers were the new people at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, Dec. 25. The Martinettis made a favorable impression in their acrobatic act and pantomimic sketches; Wm. M. Forepaugh sang in an effective manner his ballads; and Mlle. Rousselle and the Leopold Brothers were encored and applauded for the agility and daring displayed in their triple trapeze-act.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE of programme was given to excellent audiences at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during Christmas week, the new faces being the Irwin Sisters in songs-and-dances, Jimmy Mack in a capital clog-dance, McCullough and Casey in their excellent Irish songs-and-dances, Wally Price in sensational songs, and Ada Clifford and Nellie Sanford in serio-comic songs. Harry Butler appeared as tambo in the opening female-minstrel act.

AT STEWART'S VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the new arrivals Dec. 25 were Jennie Lindsay, Lillie McDonald, Kitty Gardner, Irene Charlton, Jessie Lindsay and Les Armand, the latter appearing in her sensational sketch of "On the Sly." Manager Mack is now the only one whom we know of in this city who teaches this specialty for the stage.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,

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PRICE 15 CENTS.

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876.

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Astronomical.

Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

Racing Calendar.

Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat-race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE.
THE MILL OF DEVERS.
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
THE DANCING GIRL.
THE MAD POET'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD.
THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL.
THE RAW MATERIAL—"MY ONLY COMIC SONG."
THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
OUR ART STUDIES—No. 1, MUSIC; No. 2, TRAGEDY; No. 3, COMEDY.
THE PILOT'S MONUMENT IN GREENWOOD.
THE INFANT PRODIGY.
FALLSTAFF REDUCED.

AREA OF UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.
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BASEBALL—THE SEASON OF 1876.
CALENDARS.
CALENDAR, EXPLANATION OF
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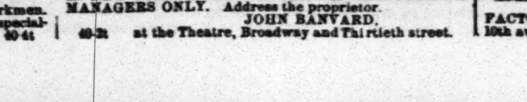

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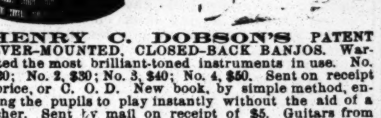

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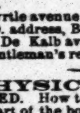

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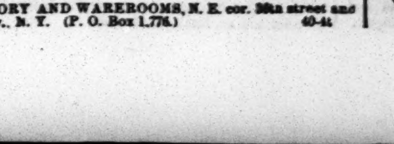

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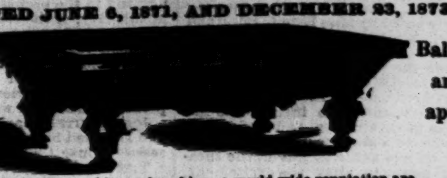

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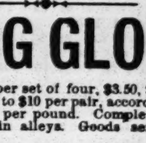

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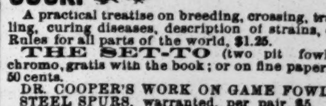

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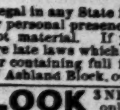

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